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THE BLOOD OF THE WORLD

By Dr. Frank Crane

IN the House of Life I met a woman whose beauty was blinding as the sun, whose voice shook me as a fever, whose hand upon my hand awoke every nerve in my body. When I was near her my imaginations became keen and wonderful, as if I were

drunken; and my soul was sick with sweet longings.

I asked her, "What is your name?" and she answered: "I am Joy. I am the secret of life. I am the reason of motion. I am the cause of the continuous chain of generation. I am the motive of progress, of the accumulation of knowledge, of books, of wars, of commerce, of invention, of art, of luxury, of labor, of rest, and of love. I am the seed of civilization.

"I am the mother of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the undying twins, for because of me men are both good and bad. I am the fountain of good and of evil.

"I am the spring of activity. By me all things function.

"I am Health. When men have me they are well. When they lose me they become diseased.

"I make the sap flow in the trees, the flowers unfold, the pollen fall, the fruits swell and sweeten, and young lovers kiss.

"I make the kitten chase its tail, the thrush sing in the hedge, and the little lambs leap up with all four feet at once.

"By me swallows fly, insects dart and hover, fishes pierce the water, snakes curl, and dogs wag their tails.

"I am the voice of things. By me bulls bellow, sheep bleat, horses neigh, swine grunt, jackals howl, lions roar, geese honk, crickets sing at night and larks of mornings, and children shout, men laugh, and women sing.

"I am the life-juice of Yggdrasil, the tree of life. I am the electric current trembling along the wires of the universe. I am the soul of the Cosmos. I am the breath of God. I am the explanation of existence.

"I am the Blood of the World.

"I am Joy."





Summer's Joys and Gladness
 The spirited rendering of such scenes as those won for Puns the title of the "Tentative Writings"—a characterization more picturesque than precise
 (Puns: Pictorial Pantheist)

COSMOPOLITAN

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PUTZ *Pictorial Pantheist*

By
Christian Brinton

EDITOR'S NOTE — Professor Leo Putz is the most popular painter of the younger generation in Germany. Visitors to Munich, the veritable summer art-capital of Europe, are doubtless familiar with the work of that much discussed group known as "Die Scholle," of which Putz is president, but this is the first time he has been presented to the American public.



Leo Putz, president of the "Scholle" Group of German painters, in his Munich studio

IMPRISONED in a small cabinet in one of the most interesting museums of Europe, the Munich Alte

Pinakothek, is a bright-faced faun playing merrily upon his flute. He fills the foreground of a typically sylvan landscape dotted with trees and rocks, a smiling patch of sky overhead, and flocks grazing in the distance. The picture, which is by Correggio, one of the most sweetly joyous souls the world has ever known, may, in a sense, be taken as the symbol of modern Bavarian painting. It is, beyond doubt, the same care-free little fellow, and others of his kind, who have piped happiness into the hearts of generations of Munich artists. He strayed blithely across the Alps, bringing with him a mellowness that harks back not alone to sunny Italy but to golden Greece, and inspired the rude Teutons with that passionate longing, *Sehnsucht*, as they themselves call it, for the Southland, which has ever been a characteristic feature of their tem-

perament. There is, in truth, something fanciful and faunesque to their production, which can be accounted for in no other way. You find the same note alike in the early canvases of the searching and austere Lenbach, the stirring evocations of the Olympian Böcklin, and the sensuous animalism of Franz von Stuck. And not only is this spirit visible in art; it has also colored the social and intellectual life of the Bavarian capital. The Munich *Künstlerfest*, or Artists' Carnival, at times vividly recalls the freedom and frivolity of former days; while upon the diverting pages of *Jugend*, you will discover a playfulness which, in essence, is but a survival of paganism.

Whatever be its general manifestations, there is always, however, some specific point where such a tendency concentrates itself, and no one familiar with the situation



On the Lake

Putz is, first of all, an outdoor painter, and his scenes are peopled by healthy young women, in all the gladness of their fresh, unfatigued beauty

would fail, in this particular connection, to point to the art and personality of Leo Putz. A true son of the South, Putz reveals in abundance the imaginative fertility and coloristic richness which we instinctively associate with those born under benign skies. He is, nevertheless, by no means an Italian, having first seen the light of day, June 18, 1869, at Meran, in the heart of the Tyrol. And yet the breezes wafted over mountain-tops did not entirely lose their warmth and fragrance, for the lad seemed from the outset endowed with a special measure of responsive sensibility.

It would be difficult to picture anything more characteristic or quaintly attractive than the childhood surroundings and associations of Leo Putz. The son of a distinguished former burgomaster of Meran, he was brought up in a great, roomy house filled with furniture of the *Biedermeier* period and flanked by a spacious garden,

sunflecked by day and mysterious and shadow-haunted at night. His favorite books were fairy tales. He read omnivorously the brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen, but his chief treasure was a big volume of Perrault's "Contes," retold in German by Moritz Hartmann and illustrated after Gustave Doré. His was a veritable make-believe world, watched over by a kindly, clear-headed father, who did not combat the boy's natural inclinations, and a solicitous mother, who added a distinct element of inspiration through playing with taste and spirit selections from Beethoven, Mozart, and kindred composers. Fond though he was of life indoors, he was, nevertheless, a wholesome, outdoor lad. He early learned to love and to comprehend nature, and from nature instinctively absorbed that sense of personality, that feeling of some eloquent, living force in things inanimate, which shortly became the key-note of his art.

Like Courbet and Manet, in France, and his own countryman, Leibl, Leo Putz was one of those rare beings predestined to express themselves through the medium of paint. The facts that he began his studies under his stepbrother, Professor Pötzlberger, continued them with Professor von Hackl at the Munich Academy, passed a couple of years at Julian's in Paris, and completed his apprenticeship under Professor Paul Höcker, are mere matters of biographical record. Leo Putz was a born artist. He drew and painted from the first with that same

spontaneous zest with which a Tyrolese mountaineer cleaves the forest stillness with his clear-ringing, melodious yodel. And, like the song of his green-capped, barekneed compatriot, the art of Leo Putz is an exuberantly physical expression. It springs straight from the heart and chants the radiant beauty of the world in unabashed brightness of tint and fulness of contour.

His preliminary training over, the young man settled in the Bavarian capital, and, within a brief space, had established connections which proved of the utmost ad-



Lady in Blue

Putz is a confirmed impressionist, but has his own broadly coloristic fashion of attacking each problem

vantage. He would unquestionably have succeeded without help; yet such incidents as the founding of *Jugend*, the formation of the now famous art society known as *Die Scholle*, of which he is to-day president, and the opening of Brakl's *Moderne Kunst-handlung* were factors which greatly facilitated his climb toward recognition. He sounded a new note in Bavarian art. He came from the Tyrol bringing with him a more delicate and ingratiating appeal than Munich had hitherto encountered. He possessed style and sensibility, qualities notably lacking in the work of his more heavy-handed colleagues. They early dubbed him the "Bavarian Watteau," the "South German Boucher"; yet he was neither. He was simply a gifted, unspoiled *Sonntagskind* of art, and such he has fortunately remained to this day.

THE FIRST SUCCESS

His first striking success was made with "Vanitas," a composition somewhat in the vein of Franz Stuck, seen at the Secession of 1896. During the ensuing decade, until, indeed, his memorable collective exhibition, which proved the artistic sensation of Germany and Austria throughout the spring and summer of 1906, he moved mainly in the realm of creative fancy. The lad whose initial inspiration dated from the day he opened the big fairy-tale book, with drawings by Doré, lingered as long in that beguiling dream-world as he possibly could. He dwelt there, in fact, until he was able completely to dominate the strange nature-spirit that haunted his soul. Although, largely for diversion, he still now and then crosses the moss-covered entrance to this magic forest, or enters the palace of a Thousand and One Nights, he is, in the main, satisfied with the simpler, though not less significant, aspect of things as they are.

Leo Putz, to-day, paints the changing procession of the seasons—tender spring in birchwood, the sun-splashed stillness of midsummer, and the mellow opulence of autumn. There is little obvious symbolism here. There are no more sinister monsters, no wicked stepmothers in these shimmering canvases. These groves and grass-grown glades are peopled by healthy young women, in all the gladness of their fresh, unfatigued beauty. This art, in place of remaining a dainty fairy *conte*, has gradually become a dazzling hymn to sight and sense. It sings

the fulness of life and nature, the eternal fertility of the soil, and the fecundity of the human race. It is pure pantheism in paint.

Yet Leo Putz has more than one string to his esthetic bow. He can be delightfully artificial as well as frankly and fundamentally natural. Certain of his most attractive effects have been achieved by taking a glimpse backward into the engaging elaboration of the *Biedermeier*, or German crinoline, period, echoes of which were so plentiful about his own home. It was his spirited rendering of certain captivating breakfast scenes in the park, with gracious forms fluttering about the table or chatting under the trees, which won for him the title of the "Teutonic Watteau." The characterization was manifestly more picturesque than precise, for he was here, as elsewhere, an outdoor painter, first and last. He had learned his lesson, not from Watteau of the eighteenth but from Manet of the nineteenth century. He was already a confirmed impressionist with, however, his own broadly coloristic fashion of attacking each fresh problem. And whatever he did, seemed to possess the precious faculty of appealing directly to one's esthetic consciousness. He could carry an ambitious composition to a successful conclusion, or could transcribe little porcelain figurines or bits of still life on table or mantelpiece with a curiously fulfilling richness and charm. He had, in fine, become a painter in the essential significance of the term.

THE PAINTER'S PERSONALITY

Professor Putz, for such is his official title, is still a young man with pointed blond beard, frank, boyish smile, and a manner that savors of genuine good-humor and fellowship. During the gray winter months he lives and paints in Munich—to be explicit, in Pettenkofer Strasse, not far from the villa of his friend and patron, Herr Brakl. His summers are enveloped in mystery. He has been seen sketching in Schleisheim Park, and also in the neighborhood of Chiemsee, but no one—that is to say, very few—know precisely where he finds those enticing combinations of wood, water, and luxurious femininity that figure in so many of his compositions. The Munich studio, which is distinctly easier to locate, is situated on the top floor of a fine old private residence, with entrance from the rear. The place is filled with



Breakfast in the Garden
Some of the painter's most attractive effects have been produced by taking a glimpse backward into the "Hintermeier,"
or German criminal, period. He has learned his lesson from Manet

odds and ends, and light—the light which he paints with such zest—floods the entire apartment. It falls with well-ordered precision upon model and canvas. It plays tricks with the miniature aquarium and its oddly assorted contents. It glistens upon the variegated plumage of the parrot, and picks out amusing details here, there, and everywhere.

of the younger generation, during his sojourn in the city. Earnest, industrious, and jovial, he radiates happiness with every movement and from the gleaming surface of each canvas that leaves his easel.

The situation in summer merely comprises a change from indoors to the more expansive freedom of sun, sky, and untrammelled nature. You must never dis-



A Portrait in Gray

Putz has sounded a new note in Bavarian art

You must make sure to visit this delectable spot in May, when windows are open and birds carol in the nearby tree-tops. In the center of the room you will doubtless discover Professor Putz clad in voluminous gray blouse, exultantly green tie, and capacious black slippers. Should it still be sufficiently early, he would assuredly be working, not with irascible preoccupation but in blithe serenity of spirit. He would now wheel briskly about and address a remark to you in Bavarian dialect or Boulevard slang; now considerably ask the model to hold her pose just a moment longer. And when the great bells outside solemnly signaled five, he would look brightly up, say "*Schluss!*" and drop his brushes for the day. Such is the life of Munich's most popular painter

close the whereabouts of the secluded and sylvan retreat to which you have been suddenly transported. Suffice to say, it is not far distant from one of those lakes that sparkle, like eyelets of the sea, upon the face of the South Bavarian landscape. In a wing, let us say the east, or the west, of a rambling, irregular castle on the edge of a forest, Professor Putz has his congenial quarters. Here he paints, rows upon the lake, reads a bit, and, after a few salubrious months, hies back to town with a score or so of canvases instinct with the feeling of the out-of-doors—glimpses of summer subtilized, intensified, harmonized, as only a born painter-poet can conceive them.

It matters little where this idyllic spot may



The Gray Dress

His bold draftsmanship, broad modeling, and treatment of light-effects make you realize that Putz was born to express himself through the medium of paint

be. Should you, however, chance upon a certain big, white-walled half-château, half farmhouse, you may solve the mystery yourself by asking the rosy-cheeked miss at the wicket gate whether she is called Alyssa. But you will doubtless never get near enough for that, or you may perhaps forget her name. In any event, you would better content yourself with seeing it all through the eyes of one whose

contribution recalls the days of Correggio's piping faun and those *Fêtes champêtres* so beloved of Giorgione and the easeful Venetians. For, modern though it be, the art of Leo Putz is eloquent of that eternal craving for some far-off realm where all is serenity and forgetfulness. In brief, he seems in his work, as you survey it in congenial perspective, to have proved himself an idealist in terms that are brilliantly and stimulatingly real.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALVIN WILLIAMS

"Mother is out," she said; "so I—I came down. I saw you get out of the cab I am very ill, Frank"

It

Do you like stories dealing with the unseen—and the strange forces which are difficult to explain, but which have at times a tremendous influence over us? If so, here is a story that will take a mighty grip on your interest. It deals with the time-old fallacy that it is permissible for our young men to sow their "wild oats" without paying the penalty. Following this idea, It comes to blight the love of two young people—all through a piece of foolish advice. Not only is the soul of the man but that of the girl attacked. Mr. Thompson utters a powerful warning to those who, even with the best intentions, deem it wise to inoculate a pure, idealistic nature with worldly experience.

By Vance Thompson

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

FOR three weeks It had not appeared to him; not since the shuddering night he told her of It—not since then. The mere fact that he had spoken of it to some one else seemed to have driven It away. Mysteriously as It had come, so It had departed. Twenty days and nights of peace! The hours, even the dark hours, passing lightly as homing birds! And how deeply he had slept—going down into the deep springs of life to bathe there and come, regenerate, up into the world again. Never had he known such a wonder of dreamless sleep. And he had told himself, again and again, that It had gone away forever.

Yet to-night, once more, all the signals were set.

He knew It would come.

He was in haste to be gone; gently he bade her good-by. She clung to him, but he loosed her hands and went away. The autumn storm, full of wind and rain, flapped and bellied in the midnight streets. The face he confronted the storm with was hard and hopeless, but he held himself erect, and his eyes were steady.

I

THE THING WITHOUT A FACE

WHEN he had gone, Zanthia stood motionless in the great drawing-room. She was a tall girl of twenty, with quiet, gray eyes and brown hair. Her long, straight body was delicately fashioned, and the evening gown

of silver and gray made her seem taller and lither than she was. After a moment she went toward the door, and her finger was on the knob that shut off the electric light, when suddenly she checked and swung round, facing the room. She had a feeling that he had left something. Perhaps he had forgotten his gloves? She looked about the room. No; he had forgotten nothing. She turned out the light. Behind her the drawing-room was black. In front of her was the lighted hall, and at the end of it the wide, up-going staircase. She traversed the hall swiftly—a slim, silvery figure that rippled and shone like a grayling moving up-stream. Again she turned a knob, and behind her the hall vanished into blackness. She glanced back over her shoulder into the dark. It was a thoughtful look, not timid. And so, as she mounted the stairs, shutting off light after light, she looked back with questioning eyes into the darkness that marched behind her, step for step. And she came to the door of her own room: There, for the first time, the blackness was in front of her. She gave an almost imperceptible start and stepped back. She was hardly conscious she had done so. In a second more she had entered her room, made it safe with light, and closed the door.

Her maid, who had fallen asleep in a chair by the window, rose with sleepy apologies, and "*Pardon, mademoiselle, mais—*"

"It doesn't matter, Elise; make haste," Zanthia said; and as Elise unhooked her she let down her own hair. When she was in

bed, Elise extinguished the last light and went out, closing the door noiselessly. Zanthia lay quite still, with folded hands and feet, staring at the dark above her.

"I know he has forgotten something," she said. She could not get it out of her mind that he had left something behind him. After a while she added, "It is just because I am worrying about him."

She thought of him out in the autumnal storm; she could hear it snarl and slap at her curtained windows.

Abruptly she sat up in bed, her hand on her heart. It was as though a cold wind had blown through her. She waited.

At last she whispered to herself: "The door is open. Elise did not close it."

There was no light to tell her the door was open. Both in the room and in the hall it was dark; but the darkness in the hall—in some obscure way she knew it—was of a different quality from the darkness in her room. She had heard no sound of the door moving, if, indeed, it had moved; but she knew that surely it was open—wide open on alien and terrible darkness. In her vague fear she did not think of the electric lamp at her bedside. Slowly, as one putting foot into an icy stream, she stepped out of her bed and went (a white, groping figure) to the door. It was as she thought—the door stood wide. She shut it and shot the bolt. Then she flashed back into the safety of her bed.

"And now I shall sleep," she told herself; but her eyelids did not close on her wakeful eyes. For a long time she lay thinking of him, until it seemed as if every fiber of her body were being drawn to him—as though its million of sentient cells were marching toward him, a shining army, through the streets of stone and storm. She had but to close her eyes to see him—Frank Hoodspith. How much a part of him the name seemed! He was just such a man as a Frank should be—open, forthcoming, full of laughter and living words.

And the other name? She thought of it as something hooded and mysterious—a shadow and a secret. That, too, was part of him. So well she knew. She had known him all her life. Their love had had no beginning that she could call to mind. It had always been—child-love at first; then youth-love, and now the love—knowing, choosing, willing—that was flowering to perfection. Yes, through closed eyes she

could see him. Across the night his clear, blue eyes signaled love to her—her man, who walked in the shadows. What was it, he had told her, three weeks ago, when he held her with strong, unreleasing hands and whispered to her, his cheek against her own? She had listened vaguely—hearing, rather, the beating of his heart—dazed with physical happiness, so close he held her.

"He is always having queer fancies," she told herself; "now what was that one? Something about the globe of life. I can't remember."

She thought of him as a poet, a seer of hooded things—her poet; she turned in her bed, limp and drowsy, trying to cradle herself into sleep to the rhythm of his name. She was just on the verge of the pool men call sleep when a bell rang.

She started up and took the telephone receiver from its hook on her night-table and set it to her ear. The voice that came from the telephone asked, "What number, please?"

"I didn't call," said Zanthia; "the bell rang here."

"Mistake—sorry," said the voice.

Zanthia hung up the receiver and lay down again. Now, sleep would not come. Wakefulness, keen and bright as ice, lay upon her brain. And her eyes roved through the darkness of the room, from hidden ceiling to window, from invisible wall to unseen floor.

On the floor at the foot of her bed was something that was not darkness, that was not light. It was viscous and opaque. It squatted there at the foot of her bed—a boneless thing like an oyster—a dirty radiance on It, as of tarnished metal. It was like something bloated and leprous and white, washed up from the sunned bottom of the sea. Pallid and formless It squatted there—a Thing without a face.

She stared at It with eyes fixed in terror. Her body was locked in the immobility of stone. If she breathed, she knew it not. And in this blurred night, where all was horror, one compelling horror struck most fiercely at her—the tarnished Thing—the half-human mass of iridescent slime—the Thing without mouth or eyes—smiled at her. (God help and pity those who see it—the smile of the Thing that has no face!)

All night—all the blurred night through—the horror swayed and churned in her immobile body; and her eyes could not

close and her lips could not pray. At last dawn—a blurred, tumultuous dawn, and the formless Thing—the slime that shone and smiled—was not. Zanthia did not move. Still staring with lead-gray eyes at the place where It had squatted, she lay motionless. Her hair fell, moist and flat, down one side of her face and over one white shoulder. Her lips were slightly parted.

A bell rang.

Zanthia
rose
on
her



"It doesn't matter, Elise; make haste," Zanthia said; and as Elise unhooked her she let down her own hair

elbow. She gave a great gasp and breathed deeply. The horror went out of her eyes. She touched her body curiously. It felt cold and hollow, like a shell; then waves of warmth and color bathed her from head to feet, and the tide of life ran home to her heart. She realized the telephone-bell was ringing. She took down the receiver with a feeble hand.

"What is it?"

The voice that came back to her was glad with all the joys of human life; it was Frank's voice, clear and exultant.

"I couldn't wait to tell you, dear; I couldn't wait! Nothing happened, Zanthia; nothing! And I, who thought the signals were set! Nothing—just a glorious, empty night. And sleep—human sleep."

She could hear his laughing happiness.

"All night I slept quietly—like a tree. Dear Zanthia, you have saved me from hell."

And then he spoke to her in lover's speech, mystic, sacred, in which there is no blasphemy, since love itself is divine; as the daughter of Jairus must have spoken to him

who leaned over the bed in the upper chamber, saying, "*Talithi Cumi*," so the man spoke to her. And was she not his savior—she who had taken It away, out of his nights and his life?

"I am very glad, Frank," she answered slowly. "Come to me as soon as you can; I will try to see you."

Then she cowered down into her bed, thinking—thoughts too subtle for words, thoughts too subtle for prayer.

II

THE GHOUL OF SOULS

THEY had known each other all their lives. In a far-off degree they were kin—part of the same human rhythm. Their first memories were of an old garden

with a vista on the sea, where they played together. Frank, in the long years of school and college, had spent all his holidays with the Bewicks—at winter in town and in summer at the country place. He had known no other home. His love for Zanthia was an essential part of his life. Life seemed meant for loving her.

He was graduated from college on his twenty-first birthday. Neither Mrs. Bewick nor Zanthia was present, and by the first train he went to them and found them—as he had hoped he should—sitting together in the old garden. Mrs. Bewick was a thin, gray little woman, bright and bird-like. Her early married life had been full of pretty, social triumphs. She was a widow now, an invalid—"I only live for Zanthia." Lying in the long garden-chair, she sparkled up at Frank Hoodspith and praised him.

"And now that you are out of college, Frank, what are you going to do?" she asked.

"I've come for Zanthia, aunt."

Mrs. Bewick laughed brightly.

"I might have known it! All the better! I'm going to talk seriously to you, Frank. And you, Zanthia dear, go tell them we will have tea indoors. Frank will help me in after we've had our talk."

"Isn't my place here, mother?" Zanthia said quietly. "It's me Frank wants to marry."

She stood up, very tall, and went swiftly to her lover's side. Her face flushed, but she faced her mother bravely.

"You children!"

Mrs. Bewick laughed again in her pretty, urgent way—the way she had been taught to laugh when she was young.

"Surely you can trust your mother, dear? I only want a word with Frank—as between mother and son—and I don't think it would be quite delicate in you, dear, to insist."

Mrs. Bewick had all the hideous cant of her generation, and she made of delicacy something monstrously indelicate—that would give pause to a drunken sailor. For a second, Zanthia was drawn taller—as a woman is drawn taller by pride or anger or death—but in the end she did not speak; without a look at her lover she went slowly up the path to the house.

"And now, Frank, let us be serious. You know I want Zanthia to marry you, and I trust and love you. When I die, I

shall be very glad to feel she is in your hands. But you are only a boy."

He protested.

"Can I trust my little girl to a boy like you?"

"I am a man now, aunt."

"But what do you know of the world—of the dangers of life? In everything that counts you are as much a child as she is. I hope she will always be the same—sweet and innocent. But you, Frank, must be wise for two. You must be a real husband—not only her lover but her guardian and friend. Wait, Frank—I have not finished. I am a woman of the world, and I know. Such a child's marriage as this would only be laying up wretchedness for both of you. Go out in the world, Frank; make yourself fit to meet men and women. Find your place in the world. Learn to be sure of yourself—self-reliant. Then, in a year—if you have proved yourself a man indeed—I shall not say 'no.'"

The boy pled with her; and the only argument he had was his love.

This loving mother spoke out of the depths of her wisdom—all the wisdom she had been able to acquire in a life that had always been artificial, that had been based on sex-slavery and social sham; and she knew nothing else. She believed that a man should come full-made to a woman—a guardian, a patron, adept in life, as her captain-husband had come to her. How should she know that the man cannot find his place in the world, save with the woman at his side, going step by step with him; that the man has no more right to face alone the "dangers of life" than the woman has—how should she know?

Then, out of the mean cave of her wisdom came another of those precepts of her generation—a precept black and loathsome as a flying toad; what she said, smiling at him lightly, was, "You must sow your wild oats first, Frank."

"Good God!" he said, shocked into angry shame; then he added sullenly, "I'm not going to sow any wild oats."

"Then you will after you're married," she replied, out of her wisdom. "I'm a worldly-wise old woman."

She had her way—how should she not? Frank dined at the house. Mrs. Bewick did not wish to leave them alone, but her daughter said, "I, too, wish to speak to Frank alone," and the lovers went out into

the lighted conservatory beyond the dining-room. They were out of ear though not of eye. Zanthia, with her nineteen years, was a woman sure of herself—and sure of him. She gave him both her hands and stood in front of him, white and brave and steadfast.

"We must yield to mother in this," she said, "but it will not make any difference—except in the dreary waiting."

"Only that—our love cannot change."

"Our love change? Why, it is us! It's just us and everything we are."

He put his arms round her and kissed her, and she clung to him and kissed him again and again—until her young, pure soul seemed to hang upon his lips.

"Always mine," she whispered.

"Always yours."

"No, always ours," she said softly; she touched his face with her hand and went back from him toward the room.

He sailed the next day. This is not the history of Frank Hoodspith's travels

He saw many cities, always alone. He made acquaintances here and there, but none of them interested him. He did not care to go racing; cards did not amuse him—for money-loss meant little to him; he was not a drinking man, and the barrooms of continental Europe, haunted by Americans, were noisy, tawdry, and foul; so the men he might have met he did not meet. Mrs. Bewick was right in a way; he was a boy—clean-bodied, high-minded, rather shy, a dreamy lover of beautiful thoughts. He went his way alone.

One summer night found him in Paris—that ghoul of souls who has but to whistle and, from all the extremities of the earth,



She stood up, very tall, and went swiftly to her lover's side. Her face flushed, but she faced her mother bravely

men and women flock to kiss her dirty feet. (The dreamers come, too, and the poets—with their white dreams.) It was a radiant night. The summer moon fought with the electric lights in the streets below. The air was like warm wine. Hoodspith walked out of his hotel into the Place Vendôme. At that hour it was a quiet place—a moon-drenched pool of silence out of which rose the tall pillar, whereon stands, implacably alone, the vanished greatness of France. A few minutes' walk away the boulevards flamed and clanged. Frank had no mind for them. He wandered in the moonlit square, wondering a little that the blood in his body was so heavy, and his brain so dark.

Now, there is a strange thing. An unknown woman passes you in the street and goes her way; and afterward and through the long years you think of her and wonder—wonder that beauty should have called to you with so imperative a voice and nothing come of it—nothing. And again, in the quiet of a moonlit square, a woman confronts you; and you loathe her painted mouth and ophidian eyes, and yet, when she lays her hand on your arm and laughs, you walk on by her side.

That night Frank Hoodspith had gone out without his armor on. Oh, Mrs. Bewick was right—he did not know the world! He had no weapons of defense—weapons neither of laughter, contempt, nor pity. This is not the history of his life in Paris. Innocence falls swiftest and deepest. Only this need be said: He sowed wild oats in the fair field of his youth; he let in the wild boars to his rose-garden. There were moments when he thought of Mrs. Bewick—with grim, sardonic laughter. There were moments when Zanthia's face rose before



Then she drew back and looked at him intently

him, and his soul shuddered and sickened within him. There came a time when he dared not think of her. . . .

One night he was motoring from Trouville. He was driving the car himself and at high speed. A black stretch of road. And in the road Something. It was Something that shone, glairous, indistinct in the night. He swerved the car abruptly and wrecked it between mile-post and tree. He came to consciousness in his bed in the hotel on the Place Vendôme, where he had kept on his rooms. There was a nurse in white-and-blue uniform at his bedside. His man, at the door, was just admitting the physician. They said he could pull through. Indeed, in three days he was able to get out of his bed for an hour. That day he sent away the nurse. He hated her; he hated her clear eyes and her clean womanhood; the very atmosphere of purity she radiated was a reproach—it burned him like acid, and his very soul was raw with shame and remorse. That night he spent with them—with remorse and with shame. His sin seemed a living thing. In his agony of soul he cried aloud—a sharp and bitter cry. He buried his face in his pillow; then slowly he uncovered his eyes and stared out into the darkness of the room, for he knew he was not alone. Formless, monstrous, shining, a Gray Thing squatted at the foot of his bed.

III

THE HOME OF THE GRAY THING

In mid-space, in mid-time, there floats a pale and shirring globe. A fetid mass, so loosely aggregated, it is held together only by the universal rhythm, as slowly it revolves—slowly, ceaselessly. There are no stars above it or below; it floats forever in mid-space, in mid-time. Now and then the surface heaves, as though formless things were trying to escape, but the slow revolutions of the sphere bind them fast. They are prisoned in that dull, ceaseless, circular movement. A torpid ball, shining with glairous light—and it is made up of souls kneaded together as putty is kneaded together—soul-matter, sin-matter, souls of the insufficient and the unachieved, souls of suicide and sin, the wasted and frustrate souls that found no way of life. Unborn souls, the blind and dumb souls that never had lips, the souls that never looked

through eyes—kneaded together by the eternal and universal rhythm, they swing forever—a swarming ball—in mid-time, in mid-space. . . .

There is one note struck on the piano which will set a dog howling; one note to which the bird will come; one note that will call the deer from his hiding-place; one violin-string sings, and in uttermost space its mate vibrates to the same note. . . .

Pallid and leprous, the sphere floated in a world where there is neither space nor time. Suddenly, through the sonorous ether sped a great cry, bitter and loud, and, as a knife hews, it hewed off a fragment of the viscous mass. And the fragment entered time and space. . . .

Monstrous, formless, with the sheen of impure light on It, the Gray Thing sat in the dark of his room, at his bedside. Not always motionless; sometimes there was a vague palpitation that stirred It into a horrible semblance of human life. Night after night, he fled from It, with the sickness of fear on him, into lighted places. There It never came. So he lived fierce, sleepless nights, full of light and flame and tumult, but sooner or later he found himself—somehow, somewhere—waking from sleep in the dark; and It sat by his bedside, the dumb Thing—monstrous, unborn. At last he came to question It—the faceless Thing! Why had It come to him? What cry, bitter and loud, had called It from Its home in nothingness? To what hideous part of him was Its vibration akin? And "God! It's my living sin," he said.

At times he had almost a kind of pity for It, as for something unhuman, deformed. By day or under the electric lights of midnight, he felt in some obscure way that It was hunting him—as a blind dog hunts for a spring of water. Then he would decide to face It and, making a darkness in his room, he would lie down on couch or bed. Always It was there, eyeless, mouthless, gray.

He went by day to Havre; but at night It was on the ship with him. It was with him in New York, his first night ashore.

IV

THE BROKEN RHYTHM

The Bewicks were at their town nouse in lower Fifth Avenue. When he was shown into the drawing-room, Zanthia

kissed him. He did not take her in his arms. Then she drew back and looked at him intently.

"You are ill, Frank?"

The face he showed her was haggard and white, dry-lipped, hollow-eyed. He sat down weakly.

"I have been very ill—a motor-car accident—I did not like to write you—I am better now. But I cannot sleep."

She went to him with startled sympathy and took his head in her hands, murmuring, "My poor boy!" He closed his eyes. From her hands a healing quiet seemed to flow into his brain and into his heart. He drew her down on his knee and kissed her gently. She lay in his arms and let him kiss her face and hair and throat—softly. Physical happiness went over her in waves, slow and sweet and warm. And she questioned him, in a low voice, about his illness. He laid his cheek against hers and whispered to her of mad nights, of darkness, of It—a confession hushed and shamed and confused that did not cross the threshold of her understanding. How could he tell her, or how could she comprehend? In what words can sin speak to virtue—the unclean speak to the pure?

"You have suffered away from me," she said, "and I, too, have suffered, dear. I have ached for you. You will not go away from me again?"

He held her face up gently and looked into her clear, gray eyes with the soul-stricken look of a sinful man; but what she saw in the look was love—love, and a sweet fear like her own. It was as though their two human forms of the universal rhythm had blended in an indivisible accord.

"I will not live except in your love; I will not live except in your life, and in you," he told her. Then they whispered something.

He did not wait to see Mrs. Bewick.

Early that night he went to his room in a hotel, locked the door, put out the lights, and lay down on the bed, waiting with clenched hands and teeth. The minutes passed; he waited. An hour dragged by—nothing. Slowly his hands relaxed; he sat up and with keen eyes peered into the darkness—nothing. And the night passed as he sat there, staring wide-eyed for the Thing that did not come. Joy crept slowly over him like a tide. When dawn came he could have shouted his gladness. Oh,

well he knew it was she who had banished the foul, dumb ghost of his sin! Her purity had slain It, and It was dead. Then a dread grew on him that It might come another night; it had not found him and was questing him, like a blind dog in the alien city. He dared not hug his joy too close. The next night he watched again, and the next, and many nights—even for three weeks. It was on the last night that he had gone, radiant and confident in his glorious escape, to Zanthia's house; and there—even as she clung to him—even then!—he felt that the signals of Its sinister approach were set in the very core of his being. He went out into the storm with the soul of a man going to meet damnation. Again nothing. The whole long night was empty. The blind dog did not even fumble at the door. Day had no sooner come than he cried his triumphant happiness to her over the telephone that tied their beds together. "Oh, my darling, your love and purity have killed It—the Thing without a face!" With that, words of laughter and prayer; and then her voice, faint and thin, asked him to come to her as soon as he could.

He called at nine o'clock; at eleven o'clock he saw Mrs. Bewick and heard: "Poor Zanthia has a frightful headache. No, of course you can't see her." Thrice he called. It was near dusk when he was admitted. The great drawing-room was empty and the light in it gray and dim. At last Zanthia appeared; she wore a house gown and her thick hair was massed roughly on her head, one great strand falling over her cheek and throat. She tried to put it away with a shaking hand. A pitiable figure, she steadied herself against the door-post and lifted her white face to his. Her chin trembled piteously when she tried to speak.

"Mother is out," she said; "so I—I came down. I saw you get out of the cab. I am very ill, Frank."

He helped her to a sofa at the far end of the room, away from the street windows. He could feel the tremor that shook her slim body as he half carried her across the room and laid her down. He knelt beside her and asked her for God's sake what was the matter. She fought for courage and self-control. Most of the day she had spent blindly, in sobbing prayer; but at intervals had come to her a knowledge subtle and implacable, of what this Thing was that

had come out of hell to sit at the foot of her bed and smile. It may be the confession he whispered to her the night he came first to her from abroad, had found lodging in her subconscious mind, and had risen to her waking memory at the shock of Its appearance. Certainly, she knew. And she fought for strength to keep it from him. That was the wedding-gift he had brought her! His living sin! That was the Thing that was slaying him, then. Her poor Frank, her poor, sad, broken man—her poor, sin-tortured lover! No; she would not tell him; she would not send It back to him; it should bide with her and slay her—if God would only let her save him from It and the horror of It. Fiercely she fought for self-mastery—for will. He knelt by the sofa holding her hands, trying to soothe her, seeking to understand.

Suddenly she wrenched away from him and sat up, her hands on her temples.

"God!" she said hoarsely, "it's dark in here!"

She feared the dark! He knew as well as though she had told him what had happened. So, often, he had cowered in the dark. He drew her down on the sofa. His voice came in a harsh whisper, "Not you—you have not seen It—not you!" She was staring beyond him with eyes hallucinate, fixed, metallic. He turned and looked. Behind him the Thing squatted, shapeless, swaying a little, shimmering with foul light, and on the faceless Thing a smile as though happiness, horrible and vague, pulsed in It.

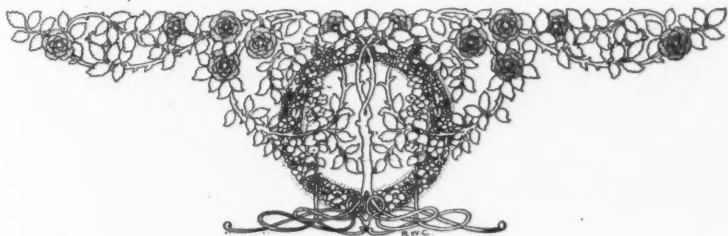
With his hands, with his face, with his body, he covered her that he might shut the sight of It from her eyes and fend her from Its touch. So close he held her his very body seemed to form a shell about her to shield her from that unclean ghost of

hell. So close his very soul seemed to melt into her. And, in their terror and their love, they whispered God's name again and again.

A sense of cold touched them. A faint whimper traversed the room. Down-looking, he saw It was not there. Where It had glimmered foully in the dark, It was not; out of the darkness had It been driven forth—by a new and mightier vibration than that which had called It earthward—for the love of woman is mighty, aye, even unto the destruction of the living sin.

Then there was light in the great drawing-room; they stood and looked at each other, long and deep, with soul-searching eyes and white, amazed faces. Love!

Into mid-space and mid-time the out-cast Thing fled; an eyeless and mouthless Thing that seemed to wail and weep. Hopeless now; for the note that called It out of hell was fused into a new note of white purity that sent no vibrations down those black caverns of ether. Vainly It had tried to cling to her, obscurely realizing that, in her great love, she really had more of the man than he had of himself; that night when he went away he left his soul behind in the great house. Vainly It had sought to live on her pure vibration—too white and keen. That same note, which struck on muddy copper attracts, when sounded from a silver bell repels. Vainly. The new eurhythm of perfect love had severed Its connection with earth forever. Deaf now to the cries from earth, blind and dumb, It was drawn back to Its eternal prison in the writhing ball, turning slowly in mid-time and in mid-space—a torpid mass, fetid and glairous, kneaded together of soul-matter and sin-matter, of lives unaccomplished and loves unfulfilled and souls unborn—forever.





DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

All in all, she was a figure to awaken interest in the nightly performance at the Palace Garden, and to cause men customers to forget their change

The Auction Block

A STORY OF STAGE LIFE AND A YOUNG GIRL'S SACRIFICE

By Rex Beach

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er-do-Well," "Rope's End," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS—The removal of the Knight family from Vale to New York city, after Peter's defeat in local politics, is necessary in order that he may accept a minor clerkship in a city department, but is desired by Mrs. Knight and the good-for-nothing son, Jim, chiefly as an opportunity for the advancement of the beautiful daughter, Lorelei, who, they imagine, can go on the stage and easily make a rich marriage. Before long, Lorelei finds herself burdened with the entire support of the family, since the father is crippled by an accident, and the brother will not work. The girl's beauty has attracted attention in the chorus, and at the end of two years, having been promoted to a small speaking part in one of Bergman's Revues, she is interviewed by Campbell Pope, a critic, as one of the reigning theatrical favorites. That same night, in company with Lilas Lynn, who shares her dressing-room, she attends a gorgeous supper party given by Jarvis Hammon, a steel magnate, to some business associates, at which the feminine element is drawn from the theatrical world. Her supper-partner proves to be John T. Merkle, financier, a cynical and dyspeptic bachelor but a man of high moral principles. Lorelei learns that Hammon's infatuation for Lilas threatens not only the steel man's home but his business interests as well. Merkle is most anxious to know more of Lilas' influence over Hammon, and tells Lorelei she may name her price if she will keep him informed as to what is going on. But Lorelei says, "There won't be any price," and will only agree to think the matter over. Professional people entertain the party. Among the performers is Adorée Demorest, of unenviable notoriety. For an encore, she dances with an amateur, who proves to be Bob Wharton, whose father, one of the guests, has forbidden his presence at the supper, and who takes this means of getting there. Young Wharton is greatly attracted to Lorelei, but the girl resents his condition, which is now far from sober, and finally slaps his face. But this rebuff does not deter the young man from turning up constantly at the theater and forcing his attentions upon her.

Before long, Lorelei learns that there is some plot being hatched against Hammon and that one Max Melcher, a noted figure in the underworld life of Broadway, and a friend of Lilas, is at the head of it. To her distress she finds out, also, that her brother is an associate of Melcher. She communicates with Merkle, and one night he calls for her in his car, taking her for a drive over on Long Island, in order that she may have an opportunity to tell her story. Close to The Château, a well-known motoring-resort, the car meets with an accident, and the pair, arriving on foot, encounter Jim Knight and some companions leaving the place in haste. Presently Hammon appears, in a towering rage. He had brought Lilas out there for supper; their private room had been entered, and a flash-light photograph taken. The magnate is sure the occurrence will lead to blackmail or worse. Merkle and Lorelei return to town with Hammon and Lilas. The latter, in tears, accuses Melcher, and admits knowing that something was on foot, but Hammon cannot believe that Lilas has knowingly conspired against him.

WHEN Lorelei awoke on the following afternoon, her first inquiry was for Jim, but he had not come home, and her mother knew nothing of his whereabouts. Lorelei ate her breakfast in silence; then, in reply to a question, accounted for the lateness of her arrival by saying that she had dined with Mr. Merkle.

At the name, Mrs. Knight pricked up her ears; vulture-like, she undertook to pick out of her daughter all that had occurred, down to the most insignificant detail. Lorelei had always made a confidante of her mother in such cases, even to the repetition of whole conversations; but this time the latter's inquisitiveness grated on her, and she answered the questions put to her grudgingly. Just why she felt resentful, she scarcely knew. Certainly she had no interest in

Mr. Merkle, or suffered the least embarrassment over their exploit. Rather, on this afternoon, she beheld with unusual clarity her present general life and that of her family, feeling more keenly than usual the utter sordidness of their whole scheme of existence. Unwelcome thoughts of this sort had come of late, and would not be banished. Once she had made a pet of a magpie, but the bird's habits had forced her to dispose of it. She remembered the way it forever pried into things—how nothing was safe from that sharp beak and inquisitive eye. Its waking hours had been busied in a tireless, furtive search for forbidden objects: now she could not help likening her mother to the bird, although the thought shocked her. There was the same sly angle of countenance, a similar furtiveness of purpose; the very expression of Mrs. Knight's keen, hard eyes was like nothing so much as

that of the magpie. Displeased at her own irritation, Lorelei made the excuse of a shopping-trip to escape from the house.

At the nearest news-stand she bought the afternoon papers, and was relieved to find no mention of the incidents of the night before. It appeared that Hammon and Merkle had succeeded in their attempt to suppress the story, if, indeed, there had ever been any intention of making it public.

Looking back upon last night's home-ward ride, she was wholly at a loss. In view of Jim's words and of what she had gathered at the theater, she had felt sure of Lilas' complete knowledge of the blackmail plot, but Hammon's unwavering faith in the girl, and Lilas' own story of her relations with Max Melcher, had awakened a doubt. If Lilas had told the whole truth, and if she really cared for Hammon, the affair, despite its clandestine nature, would bear a more favorable construction, and Lorelei could not entirely withhold her sympathy from the offending pair. Of the two, Hammon was the more blameworthy; but his domestic unhappiness in a measure canceled his guilt—so, at least, said the code under which Lorelei lived. What concerned her far more than the moral complexion of the liaison, was her brother's connection with the unlawful scheme of extortion. Jim, she saw, had gone wrong with a vengeance, and the consequences to him troubled her, for, in spite of all that he might be or do, she cherished a sisterly affection for him. Family ties were very real and very strong to her—strong enough to keep her loyal to her kin, even after the demoralizing change in her whole mode of life. The firmest, in fact the only bond that she had ever known was that of blood—obédience, faithfulness, and affection had been born in her, and she never thought to question their sacredness.

Idling down Fifth Avenue, she found herself in front of a fashionable department store. A knot of curious people were gaping at a unique automobile which stood in the line of vehicles along the curb, and she paused to look. The equipage was snow white in color; its upholstery was of soft, white leather; the chauffeur and a stiff-backed footman were in blood red with white facings on their livery. Upon their left sleeves was worked a gold monogram, "A.D." In their caps both men wore cockades that resembled shaving-brushes. A tiny mop of a lap-dog, imprisoned within

the closed body of the car, was barking frenziedly at the throng. He was an animated bundle of cotton, with shoe-button eyes sewed into one end. As for the car itself, Lorelei decided it to be a combination of every absurd tradition of the coach-builder's art. Across the doors, in gold letters an inch high, was the name, "Adorée Demorest."

As she entered the store, Lorelei reflected with some disgust that no visiting rajah, no barbaric potentate, no one, in fact, except a self-advertised musical-comedy queen would so flagrantly defy good taste as to ride in such a vehicle.

She was engaged in her final purchase, when a dazzling creature in red and white descended upon her with exclamations of surprise and delight. It was Mlle. Demorest herself, and her greeting was so effusive that the stream of shoppers halted in the aisle. Mlle. Demorest wore a gown of a style that proved her taste in dress as individual as her choice of motor-cars. A warlike head decoration of aigrette feathers burst into spray above her right ear; the wrists of her white gloves bore her monogram worked in gold thread to match those that ornamented the livery of her servants. A heavy string of white-coral beads, the size of cherries, was looped about her neck, and she carried the mate to the excitable poodle that defied the curiosity seekers outside. All in all, she was a figure to awaken interest in the nightly performance at the Palace Garden, and to cause men customers to forget their change.

"Miss Knight! I'm so glad to see you again," she burred. "How sweet you look!" The poodle pawed frantically and yelped a shrill appreciation of the meeting. "I hoped we'd meet again; but where have you been? I— Hush, François! Shake hands with the lady; there's a dear." François squirmed violently and snapped at a small boy whose mother had pushed forward to stare at the notorious beauty.

Lorelei laughed. "How well he minds!"

"He hates children—they excite him."

The woman with the child turned to a companion, exclaiming audibly:

"Those are the king's rubies, see! Ain't they nice and white?"

A fat matron beside Lorelei elbowed her way forward. In one hand she carried a pair of embroidered silk stockings; with the other she raised a lorgnette. After a meas-

ured scrutiny, her lips tightened, her nose lifted, she blew loudly like a porpoise, and, gathering her skirts closely, waddled away, as if fleeing from contagion. She continued to clutch the hosiery, until a floor-walker, in answer to the clerk's frantic signal, intercepted her. Another crowd promptly gathered to listen to her indignant denial of guilt.

"Have you finished your shopping?" Adorée inquired. "Then do come and help me match some *rose du Barry*. I've no more eye for color than François. Pink is just another shade of blue to me."

"Gee! He's alive, all right," piped the small boy, whose eyes were glued upon the poodle. "Ma, what does a live dog cost?"

Lorelei felt herself flushing uncomfortably under the stares of the onlookers, and, glad to escape, she moved away beside the undisturbed cause of all the furor.

Miss Demorest seemed genuinely delighted at this encounter; she clung to her companion, chattering vivaciously, then, when the *rose du Barry* had been matched, she suggested tea.

"We'll run right over to the Waldorf—my car is outside."

But Lorelei declined, explaining lamely that she did not care for public places.

"Really?"

"Really. People point out one—and I get enough of that."

The dancer's expression and tone changed abruptly. "I supposed you were like all the others."

"Well, I'm not. When I'm away from the theater, I try to forget it. I—hate the business."

The reply, which came with sincere feeling, widened Lorelei's eyes with uncontrollable surprise.

"Here, too," said Adorée Demorest quietly. "But I'm not allowed to forget it. Our first meeting made me think you were—out with banners. I was hired on that occasion to be naughty. What do you say to some real tea at my house? Just you and I?"

Lorelei's heart sank at thought of that gaudy machine outside, but there was an honest appeal in the speaker's eyes, and, moreover, the memory of her own obligation rose to prevent her from appearing ungrateful. "I'd be delighted," she falsified, and, gurgling with appreciation, Miss Demorest hurried her toward the nearest

exit. In the street, however, Adorée paused, and her next words showed that she was not wanting in womanly intuition.

"I shan't inflict you with a ride in that circus wagon. It's all right for me, but—you're one of the decent kind. If you have a reputation, it won't do to parade it in a show-case. We'll take a taxi." Lorelei's relief must have been obvious, for Adorée sped swiftly to the corner, then was back again, without the dog. "If there's anything more conspicuous than a blonde with a white poodle," she explained, "it's two blondes with two poodles." Then she flung herself into the cab and slammed the door.

"You must think I'm very rude," her guest ventured.

"Nothing of the sort. I know just how you feel." Miss Demorest's smile was a trifle strained. "Only—I'm awfully lonesome, and—I'll take care that nobody sees us."

"Now I *know* I've been nasty." Lorelei felt her embarrassment growing, for this woman differed entirely from what she had expected. Underneath the dancer's extravagant theatricalism she appeared natural and unaffected. Adorée changed the current of the conversation by saying,

"I hope those bloodhounds get to fighting."

"Don't you like them?"

"Hate 'em! I'd use 'em to scrub the wind-shield if I had my way."

"Why—aren't they yours?"

"Oh, I suppose so—as much as that rubber-tired igloo is mine. They're my props, like the two British peers on the box. Gee! I'd like to stick chewing-gum in the side whiskers of the tall one—the one with the cramps in his elbows. His name's Riley, and he gets nine dollars a week for looking like that. A man's board-bill isn't particular how it's made, nowadays."

"How—funny." Lorelei was eyeing the speaker with undisguised curiosity. "You're not a French woman?"

"Agnes Smith is the name. Decent by descent, but an actress by advertising. What's *your* game?"

"Um—m! My nose is straight: I don't limp; so I'm an actress by force of feature."

"Married?"

"Hardly."

"Want to be?"

"Got to be."

The Auction Block

Both girls laughed unaffectedly.

"I like you," said the dancer. "Do you mind if I get out of this cast-iron corset and into a kimono when we get home?"

"That will be lovely. And let's make the tea weak."

"Oh, I can't drink anything strong! I'm an awful counterfeit."

"I'm beginning to think so. I—wonder if I'm dreaming."

The girls had much in common; they chattered continuously through the short ride, and when they alighted from the taxicab, they disputed over the right to pay for it. When the guest was ushered into Adorée's apartment, she received another surprise, for the place was neither elaborate nor showy. It consisted merely of two large, comfortable rooms overlooking a side street lined with monotonous brownstone houses, which, for the most part, were inhabited by doctors, dressmakers, and boarding-places.

A battered teakettle was set to boil over an absurd alcohol stove that required expert assistance to maintain its equilibrium. Adorée flung out of her finery and donned a Japanese robe. A plate of limber crackers was unearthed from somewhere, also the disreputable remains of a box of marshmallows; and these latter, Mlle. Demorest toasted on a hatpin.

"You're the most extraordinary person," her guest at length remarked. "Aren't you going to show me your jewels or—anything like that?"

"You probably have better jewels of your own," carelessly replied Adorée; then she voiced a very tame and womanly oath as a marshmallow dripped into the flames. "Pickles! I spoiled that one."

"But the *cabochon* rubies are real."

"Sure. So is the 'square toe' who brings 'em and takes 'em away: so is the bond that covers 'em. Lordy; but they are pretty!"

"Then the king didn't give them to you?"

"My dear, I never saw a king—outside of a pinochle deck. If I lost one of those rubies, the Maiden Lane Shylock who owns them would tear enough curled hair out of his beard to fill a mattress. You never really believed that king stuff, did you?"

"Why—yes."

"I had no idea it worked so well." Again Miss Demorest smiled crookedly. "No wonder you didn't want to go to the Wal-

dorf with me. I wonder you consented to come here."

"Your advance work is great——"

"I knew the public swallowed it, but I supposed the profession knew press stuff when they saw it. I sang and danced for ten years in this country, and never got better time than the *Schützen* parks and air-domes—seven shows a day, and a change of act each week. I was Agnes Smith then. Somehow I got the price of a ticket to England, and I figured the music-halls would rave over a good kid imitation; but, bless you, I starved. I was closed the first place I played—got the hook. I ate crackers till I got another date, then I pulled the air-dome stuff that had scored in Little Rock and Michigan City, and it got by, somehow. My mother was a Canuck, so I knew some French, and eventually I reached the continent. There I met the Old Nick. You may think the devil is a tall, dark man with the ace of spades on his chin and a figure-six tail—that's what he looks like on the ham-cans; but, in reality, he's a little fat, bald man with a tenor voice, and he eats cloves. His name is Aubrey Lane, and he can't stand hot weather. Never heard of him, eh? Well, neither had anybody else until I met him. He was in Paris selling patent garters at the time. He saw me work at a *cabaret* and told me I was good, but not good enough. I'd known that for years, so he didn't hurt my feelings. He confessed that he was tired of working and intended to have me make a lot of money for him; but warned me that he had expensive tastes, and I'd have to pay well for the privilege. He was right; I did. But here I am in electric lights on Broadway, while he is exercising a wheeled chair at Atlantic City."

"He's your manager?"

"He is that very little thing. He told me I could sing until my back ached, and never get anywhere because I lacked brains. Then he offered to make me a star if I'd allow him to hitch his chariot to me—on a share of the gross. There was one trifling sacrifice I had to make, in the nature of my personal reputation—so he told me. He said I'd have to be the best or else the worst actress in the world, in order to land big and support him in the luxury he craved. I couldn't hope to be the best, so he made me the worst. He began by tying a can to the 'Agnes Smith,' and handed me 'Adorée

Demorest' instead. Then he went to work. He really did work, too, although it nearly killed him, and he's never done anything since. I forgot to mention that I signed a contract with him, which lawyers tell me is the finest example of air-tight, time-, weather-, and water-proof construction that has been seen since the Declaration of Independence. It fits closer than a rubber shirt, always retains its shape, lasts longer than old age, and—no metal can touch you. The king fable is a joke on the 'other side,' but New York swallowed it clear up to the sinker, and Aubrey gaffed the Palace Garden management for a three-years' contract. Of course, my advertised salary is phony, just like the rubies and the wrecked throne and that gilded band wagon with the poodles and the stuffed supers on the box. Aubrey owns them all, except the rubies, which he rents. I'm billed as the most notorious woman in America, and the shred of reputation I have left wouldn't make a necktie for a gnat, whereas, in reality, I love marshmallows and tea much more than men. But I'm a star at the head of my own company, and playing to sidewalk prices. Do you think it was a good bargain?"

Lorelei had listened with breathless interest. Now she burst out impulsively,

"You poor dear!"

Miss Smith smiled, but her eyes were tragic.

"Sometimes I cry when I think about it. I—cry a good deal," said she. "I didn't realize until too late what it meant, but you see I was tired of working, tired of ambition, and I wanted to come home. Thank God, I have no people! I save all the money I can, and when I get enough I'm going to take 'Agnes Smith' out of the moth-balls, dust her off tenderly, and go to raising ducks."

"Ducks? What do you mean?"

"What I say. That has always been my ambition."

"Why not quit now?"

"What's the use? I'm half-way through the swamp; the mud is as deep behind as it is in front. But I'm deathly afraid all the time that I'll be found out. I'd—rather be notorious than ridiculous. Of course, Aubrey sees to that."

"Are you fond of him?"

Adorée turned up her nose. "He's a little pink rabbit. I don't like any man, and I never have. There's only one I'd really care to meet—his name is Campbell Pope."

"The critic? He is nice."

"The beast! Did you read what he said about me? I'll never rest until I have a lock of his hair that I've plucked myself. I'd love to have his whole scalp—with, say, one ear attached—hanging on my bureau, where I could see it every morning when I wake up. Somehow I don't seem to mind the press stuff that Aubrey puts out, but Pope—actually *believes* what he wrote. And other people will believe it, too. I—I—bosh! I'm going to cry again."

Lorelei nodded in perfect sympathy; she did not laugh. "I haven't any girl chum; let's be friends," said she.

"I'd love to—I'm simply bursting to confide in somebody—but we couldn't go around together."

"Why? I don't care what people think."

"You can't afford to be reckless. We're each playing our own game and chasing the dollar in our own way. The men you meet would make life unbearable for you if they knew we were pals. Aubrey was right—a girl must either be mighty good or mighty bad in this business—or make people think she is, which amounts to the same thing. You have had easy going, because you're known to be straight; but if you ever get into the papers, watch what will happen. You'll have to fight. You wouldn't like that kind of fighting, either, and—I'm not sure you could stand it."

As Lorelei walked homeward that afternoon, she felt an unaccustomed warmth in her breast, and realized that she, too, had been very lonely in the city. The certainty that she had made a friend gladdened her heart. She looked forward with a thrill to the morrow when she could see Adorée again.

During her absence Jim had returned and departed; but a note was waiting for her. It had been brought by a messenger and read:

Things look bad. I'm afraid we'll be implicated, too. Better see your brother quickly.

M.

IX

LORELEI was not a little mystified by Merkle's cryptic message, for she could imagine no possible way in which she or the writer himself could be connected discred-



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Then the King didn't give them to you?" "My dear, I never saw a king out-



side of a pinochle deck. You never really believed that king stuff, did you?"

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itably with Jarvis Hammon's affair. She gained some light, however, when that evening she read the note to Lilas.

"Why, they're going to blackmail Merkle, too!" Lilas exclaimed. "Well, they'd be foolish to let him off, wouldn't they? Two millionaires out with two show girls! Hilarious foursome at The Château! Automobile wreck! Foxy Pinkertons and flashlight photographs! Nice story."

"So they think he'll pay to keep his name out of the papers?"

"Exactly. And he will—for your sake."

"I won't let him."

Lilas was surprised. "Why? He's rich. He wouldn't miss a few thousand."

"You wouldn't allow Mr. Hammon to be robbed, would you?"

"Oh, wouldn't I? If he didn't care enough for me to protect me from scandal, I'd want to know it."

"Lilas, you puzzle me," confessed Lorelei doubtfully. "You say things that make me think you don't care for him at all; then again you seem to be crazy about him. How *do* you feel? How far would you go for him?"

Lilas laughed airily. "Perhaps I'd go farther *with* him than *for* him. He asked me to marry him if his wife gets a divorce; and I agreed. Does that answer your question?"

"I—suppose it does."

"Now that he has come to the point, I'm not sorry things happened just as they did. A woman must look out for herself—no man will ever help her. It's worth some notoriety to become Mrs. Jarvis Hammon."

Something in the speaker's words rang false; but just what that something was, Lorelei could not decide.

"Then you'd like to see the story made public?" she queried.

"Naturally."

"I dare say if I loved a man, I'd want him at any price, but I—hope I'm not going to be dragged into this matter."

"My dear, New York has blackmailing newspapers, just as it has blackmailing men. They live off people like Merkle. You'd be foolish to let him escape from this, just to save a few dollars, for the notoriety will injure you where it benefits me. It's not often that girls in our business know men like these two. You have a family; they can make Merkle do the right thing by you."

"I don't want him to do anything," protested Lorelei. "There's nothing to do."

"You could make him marry you."

Lorelei winced. "Nonsense! I don't care for him. He's an old man. There's no reason why he should."

"He could be made to pay, at least, and you'll be sorry if you don't get something out of him. Just wait and see what a difference the story makes with your other men friends."

During the ensuing performance, Lorelei pondered her friend's disquieting prophecy; yet she could see no reason for grave apprehension. Publicity of the kind threatened would, of course, be disagreeable; but how it could seriously affect her, was not apparent.

Later in the evening, Robert Wharton appeared, as usual, and so resentful was he at the deceptions previously practised upon him, that Lorelei with difficulty escaped a scene. He declared positively that he was not to be discouraged; that he proposed to have his attentions accepted at any cost, even if it became necessary to use force. He seemed sufficiently drunk to execute his threat, and his invitation to supper was couched, this time, more in the terms of a command. At last he borrowed a stool from "The Judge," who by now was his willing vassal, and planted himself in the hallway, where he remained throughout the performance, a gloomy, watchful figure. Lorelei came down boldly, dressed for the street, and, since she could not pass the besieger, excused herself briefly. Descending the basement stairs, she crossed under the stage, made her way into the orchestra pit, and managed to leave the theater by the front door.

She was waiting when Jim came home, and followed him into his room where they could talk without disturbing their father. Lorelei made her accusation boldly, prepared for the usual burst of anger, but Jim listened patiently until she paused.

"I knew you had to spill this, so I let you rave," said he. "But it's too late: somebody has been after Hammon for a long time, and he's been got—yes, and got good. Take a flash at 'The Chorus Girl's Bible.'" He tossed his sister a copy of a prominent theatrical paper. "I waited until it came out."

Lorelei gasped, for on the front page glared black-typed headlines of the Ham-

mon scandal. John Merkle's name was there, too, and linked with it, her own.

"Jim!" she cried aghast. "They promised to kill the story."

"Humph! Charley Murphy himself couldn't kill that."

"What is—*this*?" She ran her eye swiftly down the column. •

"Sure! Melcher commenced suit against Hammon this afternoon. Fifty thousand dollars for alienation of Lilas' affections. Joke, eh? Well, there was a common-law marriage, all right, and Maxey will get the coin."

"But Mrs. Hammon?"

"The evidence is in her hands already—dates, places, photographs, everything."

"Why, it sounds like a—*a* deliberate plot. But I don't understand who's behind it. What part did you have in it, Jim? Were you helping Mr. Melcher in his blackmail scheme, or—" another possibility came to her—"were you, by any chance, working for Mrs. Hammon?"

Divining his sister's prejudice, Jim lied promptly and convincingly. "Why, Mrs. Hammon, of course. I had a chance to turn a few dollars, and I took it."

"But why did they drag me in? Couldn't you keep me out of it? This is dreadful."

"What's dreadful about it?" inquired her brother. "That sort of advertising does a show girl good. You've got to make people talk about you, sis, and this'll bring a gang of high-rollers your way. You've been so blamed proper that nobody's interested in you any more."

For a moment Lorelei scrutinized her brother in silence, taken aback at his outrageous philosophy. Jim had changed greatly, she mused; not until very lately had she observed the full measure of the change in him. He was no longer the country boy, the playmate and confidant of her youth, but a man, sophisticated, hard, secretive. He had been thoroughly Manhattanized, she perceived, and he was as foreign to her as a stranger. She shook her head hopelessly.

"You're a strange brother," she said. "I hardly know what to make of you. Has the city killed every decent instinct in you, Jim?"

"Now don't begin on the old-home stuff," he replied testily. "I haven't changed any more than you have. Why, ma used to think you'd play dead or jump through

whenever she snapped her finger, but—you're getting tough-bitted. You're getting sanctimonious in your old age. Where you got it from, I don't know—not from ma, surely, or from dad—he's a cheater and always has been."

"Jim!"

"Oh, you know it. I'm wondering—how long you'll stand pat."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you really intend to marry a bunch of coin?"

"That's the program, isn't it? I've been raised for that and nothing else."

"Well, ma can't put it over, so I guess it's up to me. Just leave things to Brother Jim and don't worry over what happens. Nobody along Broadway pays any attention to this rot"—he indicated the newspaper with a wave of his cigar. After a moment he added, "Would you accept Merkle?"

Lorelei shivered. "Oh—no! Not Mr. Merkle."

"Why not? He's all right, and he won't last long."

"The idea is—ugh! He wouldn't ask me, and I shan't allow you to use this scandal to—urge him. The proposition sounds all right in the abstract—marriage, money, comfort, everything I want—but when it comes right down to the point—I—always balk."

"Humph! You ought to consider the rest of us a little bit. Pa could be cured; ma'd be happy; I could get on my feet. How about Bob Wharton?"

"He's a drunkard."

"Good Lord! You don't expect to grab a divinity student, do you? That kind never has anything."

"Let's not talk about it, please. Mr. Wharton is getting nasty, and—I'm beginning to be afraid of him."

"I'll bet you could land him—"

"Please. I—don't want to think about it. I dare say I'll bring myself to marry some rich man some day; but—Merkle—Wharton—" She shuddered for a second time. "If Mr. Wharton is serious, this scandal will scare him off, or else he'll become—just like the others. I could cry. He threatened me to-night; I don't know how I'll manage to avoid him to-morrow night."

"Hm—m! He's coming that strong, eh?" was Jim's interested query; but on hearing his sister's account of the young mil-

lionaire's determined pursuit, he volunteered in his offhand way to assist her.

"I'll come for you myself, and we'll whip over to a café for supper."

"You'll save me from him," said Lorelei, with a wan smile, "and I'll know that you are in good company for one evening, at least."

"Don't lose any sleep over my habits," he told her lightly, "and don't worry yourself about this newspaper story, either. Melcher is in the right, for Hammon cut him out with Lilas. He's after Merkle, too; so you'll have to stand the gaff, this time. I'll look up this chap Wharton tomorrow, and find out what sort of a farmer's son he really is."

As Jim and his mother breakfasted together on the following morning, he broached the subject of his recent conversation with Lorelei.

"She's sore about the story," he said. "We had a long talk last night."

"I knew she would be, and I'm not sure it was a good thing."

"We'll drag something out of it, if you do your part. Merkle will pay. Don't mention money—nothing but marriage—understand? Outraged motherhood, ruined daughter, blasted career—that's yours. I'll be the brother who's in the position of a father to her. I can threaten, but you mustn't. Goldberg will close for us."

"I don't see why we have to divide with a lawyer, when it's our affair and we can handle it ourselves," his mother complained.

"I tell you it's got to go through the regular channels. This was Melcher's idea, and since I'm in on the Hammon money, Max is entitled to his bit of this. Gee! If she'd only told us she was going out with Merkle, we might have framed something worth while—I don't mind telling you this is a pretty weak case."

"He won't stand publicity—they never do," averred Mrs. Knight.

"Oh, he's not like Hammon. He hasn't got a family—and Lorelei won't back us up, either. We've got to bluff it through."

"Wouldn't he marry her?"

"Not a chance. In the first place, she wouldn't have him. Bob Wharton is the white hope."

"She hates him, too. Goodness knows what we're going to do with her!"

"I think she'll stand for Wharton if we

work her right—it's him or nobody. She's getting harder to handle every day, though, and one of these times she'll fall for some rummy. If she ever does lose her head, she'll skid for the ditch, and we can kiss ourselves good-bye. She'll be as easy to steer as a wild boar by the tail. I guess you're sorry now that you didn't listen to me and let Max handle her before she got wise."

"I wouldn't feel safe with any of that crowd. I'd be terribly afraid." Mrs. Knight shook her head dubiously.

"Say! She's got you doing it, too. Why, they don't take a chance. Goldberg handles the legal end, and his brother is in the legislature. But that's not all: Melcher's partner in his gambling-house is Inspector Snell. You can't beat that. I could have Merkle killed for five hundred bucks, and never stand a pinch. I'd merely tip one of Maxey's gunmen, and some night old Dyspepsia Dick would wake up with a harp in his hand. They'd get him coming out of his bank, or going to his club, or leaving the theater; and nobody would dream who did it, for there wouldn't be a motive. It's done every day, ma. Even if they grabbed one of the boys, Melcher would spring him from the Tombs. 'Alibi' is Maxey's middle name, and he *makes* bondsmen. How do you suppose politics are run in this town, anyhow?"

"That isn't politics—that's murder." Mrs. Knight was deeply shocked. "This is a terrible city, Jim."

"Sure, but Max is in politics for the protection it gives him in his other lines of business. His gambling-house is as safe as a church. There's big money in this banker hunting, too. Did you read about the two old guys at the King William Hotel last month? Well, Max laid 'em against two squabs, friends of Tony's. He got the girls into the hotel, paid their bills, and all that. They've cleaned up about twenty thousand, so far. Of course, Lorelei won't stand for anything like that, so we've got to marry her, I suppose."

"Just the same I'm frightened—and this isn't honest. I wish she would listen to Robert Wharton."

James winked meaningly. "Leave that to me. She's going to Proctor's with me to-night. Maybe he'll join us. But meanwhile we've got Merkle for some quick money, if we work him right. I'm off for Goldy's office now. I'll meet you at three."

When Jim reappeared, dressed for the street, he gave a bit of parting advice:

"Better lay on the hysterics when she wakes up. It'll make it easier for me to-night."

Lorelei found her mother visibly upset by the story in the morning's newspaper.

"You told me you only went to supper with that man," Mrs. Knight cried tragically. "Instead of that, you two were off in the country together all night. Here's the whole thing." She brandished the paper dramatically.

"Well; I told you a fib. But there's no harm done."

"Harm, indeed? You're ruined. I never read anything more disgraceful; I daren't show it to Peter—it would kill him. What-ever possessed you, after the way we've watched over you, after the care we've taken of you? It's terrible."

"Please don't carry on so. It was too bad, of course, but—I'll live through it."

The shock of this callous assertion seemed to rob Mrs. Knight of speech. She stared at her daughter in grief and amazement.

"Mr. Merkle is a gentleman," Lorelei defended.

"The wretch! I'll teach him to spoil an innocent girl's career, and drag her name in the mud." Mrs. Knight glared balefully.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said her daughter sharply.

"He—ought to marry you."

"Why, mother—you're more insulting than that newspaper. The career of a show girl is something of a joke." Lorelei undertook to laugh, but the attempt failed rather dismally.

"Indeed! What will the other men say? You had a character; nobody could say a word against you until now. Do you think any decent man would marry a girl who did a thing like this? Of course, I know you're a good girl, but *they* don't, and they'll believe absolutely the worst. You've spoiled everything, my dear. I'm completely discouraged." Mrs. Knight began to weep in a weak, heart-broken manner, expecting Lorelei to melt, as usual; but seeing something in her daughter's expression that warned her not to carry her reproaches too far, she broke out: "You're *so* hard, *so* unreasonable. Don't you see I'm frantic with worry. You're all we have, and—the thought of an injury to your prospects nearly kills me. You misunderstand every-

thing I say. I—*wish* you were safely married and out of danger. I think I could die happy, then. It means so much to all of us to have you settled right away—Peter is failing every day; Jim is going to the dogs, and—I'm sick over it all."

"I wish I *were* married and out of the way. You would all be fixed, at least. I—don't much care about myself." Lorelei sighed in hopeless weariness of spirit, for variations of this scene had been common of late, and they always filled her with the blackest pessimism.

"Maybe, Mr. Merkle——"

"We'll leave him out of this," declared Lorelei; "he's too decent to have a person like me foisted upon him—and there's no reason whatever why he should be held responsible for my notoriety." She turned away from the dining-room with a shudder of distaste. "I don't want any breakfast. I think I'll get some air."

As soon as she was out in the street, she turned southward, involuntarily, and set off toward the establishment of Adorée Demorest.

Mrs. Knight dried her eyes and began to dress herself carefully, preparatory to a journey into the Wall Street section of the city, for the hour was drawing on toward three o'clock.

Meanwhile Jim, having transacted his business at Goldberg's office, sought a more familiar haunt on one of the side streets among the Forties. Here, just off Broadway, was a famous barber shop—a spotless place with white interior and tiled walls. Six Italians in stiff duck coats practised their arts at a row of well-equipped chairs. A wasp-waisted girl sat at the manicure-table next the front windows. As Jim entered, she was holding the hand of a jaded person in a light-gray suit, and murmuring over it with an occasional upward glance from a pair of bold, dark eyes.

Tony the Barber's place was thoroughly antiseptic. Dirt was a stranger there; germs found life within its portals a hazardous business—what with the vitrified walls, the glass shelves, and enameled plumbing. Even the towels were handled with tongs; the nickel-plated steamer in which they were heated to an unbearable temperature seemed to puff its cheeks with a consciousness of painful and almost offensive cleanliness. The men who worked here had hard, black eyes, but their hands

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were soft and white. The rows of mugs that stood inside the glass cupboards were inscribed with the names of prominent actors, managers, and booking agents of the Rialto—for this was a famous place in its way. Tony, engaged in administering a shampoo, nodded at Jim, and from force of habit murmured politely,

"Next!" Then, with a meaning glance, he indicated a door at the rear of the shop. In the third chair Jim recognized Max Melcher, although the face of the sporting man was swathed in steaming cloths.

Jim passed on and into a rear room, where he found three men seated at a felt-covered card-table. They were well-dressed, quiet persons—one a book-maker whom the racing-laws had reduced from affluence to comparative penury; another, a tall, pallid youth with bulging eyes. The third occupant of the room was an ex-light-weight champion of the ring, Young Sullivan, by name. His trim waist and powerful shoulders betokened his trade. His jaw was firm and a cauliflower ear overhung his collar, like a fungus. Jim drew up a chair and chatted idly until the book-maker yawned, rose, and went out. Then Jim and the others relaxed.

"Gee, he's a sticker!" exclaimed the pugilist. "I thought he'd broke his back."

"Max is getting his map greased," the pop-eyed youth explained. Taking a paste-board box from his pocket, he removed a heroin tablet therefrom, and crushed it. The powder he held in the indentation between the base of his closed thumb and first finger, known as "the thimble"; then, with a quick inhalation, he drew the drug up his nostrils. "Have an angel?" he inquired, offering the box. Jim accepted, but Young Sullivan declined.

"What's the news?" the latter inquired.

"I've seen Goldy," replied Jim. "Mother and I will call on Merkle at three. I finally got her to consent."

Sullivan shook his head. "He *might* fall, but I doubt it. How does your sister feel?"

"That's the trouble. She's square, and we can't use her," Jim explained.

"Some doll!" admiringly commented Armistead, the third member of the group. Armistead had once been famed in vaudeville for dancing, but the drug habit had destroyed his endurance, and with it his career. "She's a perfect thirty-six, all

right. She could rip a lot of coin loose if she tried."

At this moment Mr. Melcher, freshly perfumed and talcumed, entered the room. His white hair was arranged with scrupulous nicety; his pink face, as unwrinkled as his immaculate attire, was beaming with good-humor.

"Well, boys, I'm the pay-car," he smiled.

"Hammon came through, eh?" Sullivan inquired eagerly.

"Not exactly; we compromised. Quick sales and small profits—that's business."

"How strong did he go?" queried Armistead.

"Now what's the difference, so long as you get yours? Photography is a paying business," Melcher laughed agreeably.

"Sure." Young Sullivan carelessly accepted the roll of currency which Melcher tossed him, and the others did likewise.

"I suppose that's curtain for us," Jim said regretfully.

"It is. The rest is Lilas' affair."

"Say, will the old man fall *again*?" queried Armistead.

"He's going to marry her!" The three others stared at him in amazement. "Right!" confirmed Melcher. "She's got a strange hold on him."

"Hm—m! Maybe we haven't lost the last car yet," Sullivan ventured.

Jim seconded the thought. "She's got an ace buried somewhere. There's a lot more in her head than hairpins. I wish Merkle would marry my sister."

"Not a chance," Melcher declared. "You'll be lucky to shake him down for a few thousand. How about Wharton? Will she stand for him?"

Jim frowned, and his voice was rough as he replied,

"I'll *make* her stand for him—if it's a marry."

"He's a lush. If you got him stewed he might go that far. It has been done; but, of course, it's all up to the girl. Anyhow, if he balks at the altar, we might get him for something."

"I'm not sure I'll need any help in this." Jim looked up coldly. "If he marries her, that ends it; if we have to frame him, of course I'll split."

"How are you going to frame him, with a square dame like Lorelei?" asked Armistead.

"Frame both of them," Melcher said.

shortly. "By the way, he's a gambler, too, isn't he? Bring him in some night, Jim, and I'll turn for him myself."

"Save his cuff buttons for me," laughed Young Sullivan, idly riffing the cards. "Gee! Money comes easy to some folks. Don't you guys *never* expect to do any honest work?"

X

JIM'S appearance when he entered the dressing-room that night was a surprise. He was clad in faultless evening attire.

"Why the barbaric splendor?" inquired Lorelei. "Don't you know I'm only your sister?"

"I've got these, so I might as well wear 'em. I'm tired of running a moth-garage," he replied, laying aside his stick, gloves, and hat with a care that betrayed his unfamiliarity with them. "What have you got, to go with this scenery?"

"Do you want me to dress, too?"

"Sure thing. Look your best, and make me think I'm a regular 'John.'"

"Bergman dropped in to see me to-night," she told him, after they had gossiped for a moment. "He referred to that story in this morning's *Despatch*."

"Yes?"

"I don't like the way he talked."

"Fresh?"

"He's always that, but this time he was something more. He thinks he owns the girls who work for him."

Jim replied carelessly: "Blow him and his job. You can get on at the Palace Garden."

"There's my contract: he can discharge me, you know, but I can't quit—that's one of the peculiarities of a theatrical contract. Well—he insisted on taking me to supper."

"A brother is a handy thing, once in a while, but for every-day use, you need a 'steady' with a kick in each mit."

"I wish *you* would punch him."

"Who, me? And go joy-riding with a 'square-toe'? Nix. I'm too refined. Did you see to-night's papers?"

"There wasn't much in them."

Jim smiled wisely. "There would have been, if things hadn't gone right. I'm glad for your sake."

"Oh, the harm's done, I suppose. But there's one good thing about it: Bob Wharton hasn't bothered me this evening."

Jim, with an expressionless face, turned to speak to Lilas Lynn, who had just come in. When his sister came down after the last act, he was waiting at the door and helped her into a cab, despite her protestations that she would much prefer to walk.

"What are you going to do with all the coin you save—slip it to the shoemakers?" he laughed. "I don't go out often; you'd better spring me good."

As they seated themselves in the main room at Proctor's, he appraised her with admiring eyes. "You're the candy, sis. There's class to that layout."

"It's part of the game to look well in public, but I'd have enjoyed myself more if we had gone to Billy the Oysterman's and dressed the part." She surveyed the gaudy dining-room with its towering marble columns, its tremendous crystal festoons showering a brilliant but becoming light upon the throngs below, then nodded here and there to casual greetings.

Proctor's was a show place, built upon the site of a former resort, the fame of which had been nation-wide; but the crowds that frequented it now were of a different type from those that had gathered in "the old Proctor's." Nowadays the customers were largely visitors to the city in whom the spirit of bohemianism was entirely lacking. The new resort was too splendid for the old-time atmosphere. Magnificent panels done by a gifted artist were set into the walls and distant ceiling; an elaborate marble stairway rose from the street-level to the hall itself, but, instead of extending an air of cheerful welcome, it seemed to yawn hungrily for the occupants of the place, rudely inviting them to descend when they had sufficiently admired the costly furnishings. A superb orchestra was playing; hordes of waiters hovered about the serving-tables and sped noiselessly along the carpeted spaces between the dining-tables; but, despite the lights and the music, it was evident that the servitors outnumbered the guests. Nominally high wages were offset by the various deceptions open to an ingenious management; prices were higher here than elsewhere; the coat-rooms were robbers' dens infested by Italian *mafiosi*; tips were extravagant and amounted, in effect, to ransom, and each meal-check was headed by an illegible scrawl which masked an item termed "service." The figure opposite would have covered the cost of a repeat at



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"You're a strange brother," she said. "I hardly know what to make of you. Has the city killed



every decent instinct in you, Jim?" "Now don't begin on that old-home stuff," he replied testily

Childs'. But New York dearly loves to be pillaged; it cherishes a reputation for princely carelessness of expenditure. It follows that freedom from extortion in places of entertainment argues a want of popularity, than which nothing can be more distressing to contemplate. Nothingspeeds the Manhattan sleep-hater more swiftly to a change of scene than the knowledge that he is getting his money's worth.

"Speaking of clothes," Jim continued, staring past his sister to another table, "there seems to be a strike-breaker in the room. Pipe the gink with the night-shirt under his coat, and the shoe-string tie! There must be a masquerade— Say! He's bowing to you."

"Hush! It's Campbell Pope, the critic."

Mr. Pope had risen and was slouching toward them; he took Lorelei's hand; then shot a sharp glance at her escort, as the girl introduced them. Accepting Jim's mumbled invitation, he seated himself and instructed a waiter to bring his coffee. Jim continued to eye him with poorly concealed amusement, until Pope led him into conversation, whereupon the youth began to take in the fact that his guest's intelligence and appearance were entirely out of harmony. Wisely, Jim sheltered himself behind an assumption of pleasantry he was far from feeling. He also watched the nearest entrance with some anxiety, for the reviewer's presence did not fit well with his plans. As he finished ordering, he heard Pope say:

"I was sorry the story got out, Miss Knight, but it was pretty well smothered in this evening's papers. Of course, you were dragged in by the hair to afford a Roman spectacle. We all saw what it meant when it came to us."

"What did it mean?" queried Jim, with brotherly interest.

"Blackmail. The word was written over it. Melcher's connection with the affair was proof of that; then—the way it was handled! Nobody touched it except the *Despatch*, and of course it got its price."

"I thought newspapers paid for copy," innocently commented Jim.

"Yes, real newspapers—but the gang had to publish the stuff somewhere. It is reported that Hammon paid fifty thousand dollars to prevent Melcher from filing suit. I dare say things will be quiet around Tony the Barber's now."

"You press people certainly have got a lot up your sleeves." James' involuntary start of dismay did not pass unnoticed. He did not relish the gleam in Pope's eyes, and he hastily sought refuge in a goblet of water, notwithstanding his distaste for the liquid.

"We sometimes know as much as the police, and we invariably tell more," continued Pope. "Yes; a business man can get a hair-cut in Tony's without fear of family complications, now. I suppose Armistead is smoking hop; Young Sullivan is probably laying an alcoholic foundation for a wife-beating, and—the others are spending Hammon's money in the cafés."

Jimmy Knight paled, for behind Pope's genial smile were both mockery and contempt. A panic swept him, lest this fellow should acquaint Lorelei with the truth. Jim lost interest in his clams, and thereafter avoided conversation with the wariness of a fox.

He was still glowing with resentment when Robert Wharton paused at the table and greeted its occupants cheerily. In response to Jim's invitation, Bob drew up a fourth chair, seated himself, and began to beam upon Lorelei. Noting the faint line of annoyance between her brows, he laughed.

"Retreat is cut off," he announced complacently; "escape is hopeless. I've left orders to have the windows barred and the doors walled up."

"Eh? What's the idea?" inquired Pope.

Wharton answered sadly: "My vanity has suffered the rudest jolt of its young career. I mourn the death of a perfectly normal and healthy self-conceit, aged twenty-eight. Services at noon; only friends and relatives invited."

"Oho! You've heard the seductive song of the Rhine maiden?" Pope's eyes were twinkling.

"Eh? I'm tangled up like a basket of ticker-tape. You see, Campbell, I drink; candor compels me to acknowledge that much. In a moment of folly I was indiscreet, and ever since I have been trying to apologize. I have borne garlands of roses, offers of devotion, plaintive invitations to dine, but—the Circuit is a trick theater and it has a thousand doors. All I have to show for my efforts at reparation is a bad cold, a worse temper, and a set of false teeth which the doorman pledged with me for a loan of ten dollars. I have Mr. Rogan's dental

frieze in my bureau drawer—but they only grin at me in derision. In short, I'm 'in Dutch,' and there sits the adorable cause of my sorrows."

In spite of Wharton's reproachful tone, the gaze he bent upon Lorelei was good-humored, and she saw that he was in a mood different from any she had ever seen him in. Strange to say, he was sober, or nearly so, and he was plainly determined to make her like him.

"Has he annoyed you, Miss Knight?" asked Pope.

"Dreadfully."

Wharton explained further. "The first time we met I deserved to be slapped, and I was. You see, I was ruder than usual. But I have sobered up purposely to apologize. I have repented, and—well, here we are, thanks to Brother James."

"Thanks to—Jim?" Lorelei raised her brows.

Pope turned to young Knight and said politely, "That is my foot you are stamping on."

Ignoring Jim's mute appeal, Wharton ran on, smilingly. "He promised to shackle you to a table until I could stammer out my halting apologies, and now that I've done so in the presence of press and public, won't you forgive me and help me to bury the hatchet in a Welsh rarebit?" He was speaking directly to her with a genuine appeal in his handsome eyes. Now that she saw him in his right mind, it was unexpectedly hard to resist him, for he was very boyish and friendly—quite unlike the person who had so grievously offended her.

When she and Jim had first entered the restaurant, they had received a polite but casual recognition from the head waiter, whose duty it was to know all the stage favorites; but there attentions had ceased. With Wharton as a member of the party, however, there came a change. The head waiter himself hustled forward, and, catching Lorelei's eye, signaled her with an appreciative droop of the lid. Her arrangement with Proctor's was of long standing, and her percentage was fixed; but this time she did not respond to the sign. Mr. Proctor himself paused momentarily at the table and rested a hand upon Wharton's shoulder while he voiced a few platitudes. Then, in some inexplicable manner, Robert found himself not only ordering for himself but supplementing Jim's menu with rare and

expensive viands. As a great favor, he was advised of a newly imported vintage wine which the proprietor had secured for his own use. If Mr. Wharton wished to try it, the steward would appeal directly to Mr. Proctor and secure the keys as a personal favor. Nothing like this wine had been seen in New York for years, possibly in a lifetime; it was an opportunity, and Mr. Proctor was eager to accommodate those who really knew wines. A visiting prince had offered him a fabulous price for the remaining bottles, but he had refused. To partake of this vintage was almost like drinking up the sunshine; darkness, complete and eternal, would follow when this precious shipment was exhausted.

Of course, Mr. Wharton wished to sample such a vintage—any vintage, in fact, since a thousand fires were consuming him, and his nerves were on edge from the night before. The first draft electrified him, his spirits rose, and he swept his companions along with his enthusiasm. From surrounding tables people accosted him—men paused in passing to exchange a word about stocks, polo, scandal, Newport, tennis, Tuxedo; none was in the least stiff or formal, and all expressed, in one way or another, their admiration for Lorelei. Women who, she knew, were not of her world beamed and smiled at the young millionaire. It was a new experience for the girl, who felt herself, as the supper progressed, becoming conspicuous without the usual disagreeable accompaniments. Men no longer openly ogled her; women did not nudge each other and whisper; her presence in company with a member of the idolized rich was causing gossip, but gossip of a flattering kind.

All this attention, however, had quite the contrary effect upon Campbell Pope. Much to Jim's relief, he excused himself shortly, whereupon the former, after allowing Wharton to pay the score, suggested a dance, breezily sweeping aside his sister's mild objections. Of course, Bob was delighted, and soon the trio had set out upon a round of the dancing-café.

At the first place they visited, they had difficulty in gaining entrance, for a crowd was held in check by a heavy plush cord stretched across the door to the restaurant proper; but here again Wharton's name proved potent. The barrier was lowered, and the party managed to squeeze their way into a badly ventilated Turkish room,

The Auction Block

where a demented darky orchestra was drumming upon various instruments ranging in resonance from a piano to a collection of kitchen utensils. Tables had been crowded around the walls and into the balcony so closely that the occupants rubbed shoulders, but the center of the lower floor was occupied by a roped corral in which a mass of dancers were revolving like a herd of milling cattle. Dusty, tobacco-smoked Oriental rugs, banners, and lanterns, suspended from walls and balcony railings lent a semblance of "color" to the place; little Moorish alcoves were set into the walls, in and out of which undersized waiters dodged like rabbits in a warren. The attendants were irritable; they perspired freely; they bumped into people, squeezed past, or, failing in that, crawled over the seated guests.

After a breathless half-hour of this, the three sought a resort further up-town, where they found the entire upper floors of a restaurant building given over to "trotting." During the previous winter the craze for dancing had swept New York like a plague, and the various Barbary Coast figures had reached their highest popularity. Here, too, the rooms were thronged and the tables taken, despite the lateness of the season, but, for a second time, Wharton demonstrated that, to a man about town of his accomplishments, no place is really closed.

However loud the protest against this latest fad, it is doubtful if its effect is wholly harmful, for it at least introduced vigorous exercise and rhythmic movement into the midnight life of the city. Women went home in the gray dawn with faces flushed from natural causes: exquisite youths of nocturnal habits learned to perspire and to know the feeling of a wilted collar.

Bob Wharton had drunk heavily, but up to this time he had shown little effect from his potations, beyond a growing exhilaration. Now, however, the wine was taking toll, and Lorelei felt a certain pity for him. Waste is shocking; it grieved her to see a man so blessed with opportunity flinging himself away so fatuously. The hilarity which greeted him on every hand spoke of misspent nights and a reckless prodigality that betokened long habitude. Only his splendid constitution—that abounding vitality which he had inherited from sturdy, temperate forebears—enabled him to keep up the pace; but Lorelei saw that he was

already beginning to show its effect. Judging from to-night's experience, he was still, in his sober moments, a normal person, but once he had imbibed beyond a certain point, his past excesses uncovered themselves like grinning faces. Alcohol is a capricious master, seldom setting the same task twice, or directing its slaves into similar pathways: he delights, moreover, in reversing the edge of a person's disposition, making good-natured people pettish or morose, while he sometimes improves those of naturally evil temper. Often, under his sway, the somber and the stoical become gay and impulsive, while the joyful sink into despondency. But with Robert Wharton, liquor intensified a natural agreeableness till it cloyed. His amenities were monstrosously magnified; he became convivial to the point of offensiveness. In the course of this metamorphosis he was many things, and through such a cycle he worked to-night, while the girl looked on.

Overcoming his niggardly instincts, Jimmy Knight, as the evening progressed, assumed the burden of entertainment. He, too, adopted a spendthrift gaiety and encouraged Wharton's libations, although he drank little himself.

There came a time when Bob could no longer dance—when, in fact, he could barely walk—and then it was that Jim proposed leaving. Bob readily agreed—having reached a condition of mellowness where he agreed enthusiastically to anything—and Lorelei was only too glad to depart. She had witnessed the pitiful breaking-down of Bob's faculties with a curious blending of concern and dismay, but her protests had gone unheeded. Having had a glimpse of his real self earlier in the evening, and being wise in the ways of intemperance, she felt only pity for him, now, as the three made their way down stairs.

While Jim went in search of their belongings, Bob propped himself against the wall and regarded her admiringly through eyes that were filmed and unfocusable.

"Fairy Princess, you are more adorable every minute," he said thickly. "Yes! A thousand yeses. And I'm your little friend, eh? No more slaps; no more mysterious exits, what?"

"That depends upon you."

"I'm behaving finely," he vaunted. "I usually act much worse than I have to-night, but I like you. I like you differently



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"I've got these, so I might as well wear 'em. I'm tired of running a moth-garage," he replied, laying aside his stick, gloves, and hat with a care that betrayed his unfamiliarity with them

—understand? Not like the other girls. You're so beautiful! Makes me dizzy. You forgive my little joke, eh?"

"What joke?"

"Meeting you the way I did to-night. Jim's nice boy—obliged to him."

"I see. Then it was all planned?"

He nodded vehemently and nearly lost his balance.

"How much—did you pay him?" Lorelei queried with difficulty.

Mr. Wharton waved his hand in a magnificent gesture. "What's money, anyhow? Somebody's bound to get it."

"Fifty dollars?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "That's an insult to Jim—he's a business man, he is. More than that— Oh, yes, and I'll take care of him again—this very night. I'll stake him. He knows a place."

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked, after a pause.

Wharton assured her with abnormal emphasis that her lightest wish was law.

"Then go straight home from here," she pleaded.

"I say; that's not fair." Bob looked ludicrously shocked. "I promised Jim—wouldn't have me break a sacred promise, would you? We're expected—a little game all arranged where we can bust it quick. If you hear a loud noise—that'll be Melcher going broke."

"Melcher!" Lorelei looked sharply at her brother, who was approaching with her wraps, and noted that he was perfectly sober. A moment later she checked Bob in the act of giving directions to the cab-driver.

"Wait. Where do you live, Mr. Wharton?"

"The Charlevoix." It was the most expensive bachelor-apartment building in the city.

"Drive to the Charlevoix," she told the chauffeur.

"Hold on, sis," cried Jim. "We're going to take you home first."

"No."

"But—" Jim saw in his sister's face something that brought a smothered oath to his lips. Drawing her out of hearing, he muttered angrily, "Mind your business: I've got something on."

"I know you have." She met his eyes unflinchingly. "But you sha'n't rob him."

Jim thrust his thin face close to hers, and

she saw that it was distorted with rage. "If you don't want to go home, stay here. He's going with me."

"We'll see."

She turned, but he seized her roughly. "What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"I'm going to tell him he's being taken to a crooked gambling-house, and that you're working for Max Melcher. He isn't too drunk to understand that."

Her brother clenched his fist menacingly, but she did not recoil, and he thought better of his impulse.

"Are you grand-standing?" he queried brutally. "Are you stuck on the boob, or do you want your bit?"

Without reply she walked back to the cab, redirected the driver to the Charlevoix, then seated herself beside Wharton, who was already sinking into a stupor. Jim slunk in behind her, and they were whirled southward.

It was a silent ride, for the besotted young millionaire slept, and Jim dared not trust himself to speak. Lorelei closed her eyes, nauseated, disillusioned, miserable, seeing more clearly than ever the depths into which she had unwittingly sunk, and the infamy into which Jim had descended. Nor was the change, she reflected, confined to them alone. Upon the other members of the family the city had stamped its mark just as plainly. She recalled the ideals, the indefinite but glorious dreams of advancement that she had cherished upon leaving Vale, and realized with a shock how steadily she had degenerated. Where was her girlhood? Where was that self-respect, that purity of impulse and thought that all men recognize as precious? Gradually, bit by bit, they had slipped away. Wisdom had come in their place—knowledge was hers, but faith had rotted. Time was when the sight of a drunken man filled her with terror; now the one beside her scarcely awakened disgust. Bad women had seemed unreal—phantoms of another world. Now she brushed shoulders with them daily, and her own maidenhood was soiled by the contact. She was a girl only in name; in reality she was a woman of the streets, or so she viewed herself in the bitterness of this hour.

At his hotel, Wharton roused himself, and Lorelei sent him reeling into the vestibule. Then she and Jim turned homeward through the deserted streets.



FROM AN OLD PRINT

Confederate
cavalry charg-
ing through the
streets of Cham-
bersburg, Pennsylv-
ania, June 16, 1863

The Wartime Story of General Pickett

By Mrs. General
George E. Pickett

EDITOR'S NOTE—The red tide of warfare now rolls for the second time from the South into the North. The hopes of the Confederacy are high. Its soldiers are eager to leave their war-burdened land and repeat the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville in an alien land. Mrs. Pickett describes the great advantages, political, diplomatic, and military, to be derived from a Southern triumph on Union territory, and tells the interesting story of Lee's advance into Pennsylvania and his remarkable progress until a strange turn of fate brought the opposing armies together on the field of Gettysburg.



Mrs. George E. Pickett, as she looks to-day

DESPITE its victories, the spring of 1863 was a hard one for the Confederacy. The hand of war lay heavily on the Southland. Meal was twenty dollars a bushel. Bread was high; meat a luxury, and coffee, sugar, and salt were almost unattainable, sorghum being substituted for sugar, and much of our salt was procured by digging and boiling the earth in smoke-houses. Not only luxuries but essentials had been bought up by speculators, who laid the all-absorbing hand of greed upon the food-supplies of our country.

On April 2d, the first mob ever known in Richmond appeared upon our streets. Hundreds of women and half-grown boys, representing the rougher element of the city, armed with knives and hatchets, congregated at Fifteenth and Main Streets crying: "Bread! Bread! Bread!" Soon they were a wild, excited mob, breaking into

The Wartime Story of General Pickett

and robbing stores, taking dry-goods, shoes, brooms, meat, jewelry, etc. The fact that they took unessential things indicated that they were not actuated wholly by hunger. They looted the commissary on Cary Street, the riot act, read by Mayor Mayo, passing over their heads unnoticed. In the midst of an earnest, loving appeal which President Davis was making from the top of a wagon, some one threw at him a loaf of bread, which he took up, saying, "See, see, my children, bread is so plentiful that you are throwing it away." After a time, soldiers were called out and quiet restored, but the next day the mob came out again, though in smaller number, and was soon dispersed by military authority.

It was a time of need, and in recognition of our necessities a day of fasting and prayer had been appointed for March 27th, even though the condition of the Confederacy at that time had a tendency to rob such a day of a part of its meaning. We, however, were a religious people, and fervently believed that God was on our side and might be more firmly riveted to our cause if the subject were seriously brought to his mind from time to time. That our prayers were not availing, in this instance at least, was borne in upon us when, in May, General Lee sent to the Bureau of Subsistence a requisition for provisions and it was returned with the notation, "If General Lee wants rations, let him go and look for them in Pennsylvania."

SOUTHERN EYES ON THE NORTH

Lee had spent the winter of 1862-63 in recruiting his army to its full strength. Never before had he led so many soldiers to the defense of their homes. The outlook in the field was most promising. To Chancellorsville, Hooker had led what he called the finest army on the planet, and it had met overwhelming defeat. Filled with the enthusiasm of success, might not our army win on a field in the heart of an alien land?

In the President's office on the third floor of the old Custom House building on the corner of Main and Bank Streets, grave conferences were held between the commander-in-chief of all the armies and the general of the Army of Northern Virginia. The details of these discussions have been better kept than are most of the secrets which touch upon public interest, for, to the

minds of many, it has never yet been fully substantiated whether General Lee assented to the Pennsylvania campaign, or merely consented because of circumstances too forcible to be opposed, though Mr. Davis said, years afterward, that the campaign would never have been entered into without Lee's approval.

PRESIDENT DAVIS' HOME

Clouded spirits and a brooding mind President Davis carried from the office to his home—the old Brockenbrough House on Clay and Twelfth Streets. The previous year this house had been bought as a gift to the President, but he had declined to accept it as offered, consenting to live there only upon payment of rent, saying that he was not willing to accept so costly a present when many of his people had lost their homes and possessions. Thus, at the ominous opening of 1863, the presidential family were in this grand Colonial home of the olden days, with its old-fashioned garden shaded by beautiful trees. Old Virginia gentlemen who remembered the stately home in early years would say, "This old house was perfect when lovely Mary Brockenbrough used to walk there, singing among her flowers." Mrs. Davis said that they were so accustomed to the thought of the presence of that charming lady that they formed the habit of referring domestic matters to her, and Mr. Davis, in considering changes of household arrangement, would say, "I wonder what Mary Brockenbrough thinks about that." Old-time roses, the name of which was unknown, growing in the garden, Mr. Davis called the "Mary Brockenbrough" rose, gathering and carrying them into the house in memory of the fair Mary.

When he was living in this home, Mr. Davis suffered a signal defeat in an earnest effort to make peace between the "Hill Cats," the boys who lived on the brow of the hill on which the mansion stood, and the "Butcher Cats," the lowland boys. "Mr. Pres'den' Jeff," said the leader of the "Butcher Cats," "we likes you en' we don' want ter hurt none o' your boys, but we ain' never, never a goin' ter be friends with them 'Hill Cats.'" To make up for their obstinacy and show their appreciation of the friendly effort of Mr. Davis, they sent him a bag of chincapins "fer you en' the prayin' chap." The "prayin' chap" was

little Joe Davis, the "Cats" having heard the story of his petition sent up from the nursery, one day, when the children were unusually headstrong and beyond the control of the nurse and little Joe: "Oh, Lord, do take hold and give me a hand and help me to manage these children! Their pa's got the Confederacy on his hands, and it's bran span new and he don't know a thing about it, and their ma's got society, and if you don't take hold and help me, I don't know what will become of them."

THE FEUD OF THE "CATS"

The feud between the "Hill Cats" and the "Butcher Cats" had been of long standing, having descended from generation to generation, and grown stronger with each recurrent wave. It was raging in the time of a former governor of Virginia who, in the effort to negotiate a peace between them, suggested prayer as a preliminary step to an amicable convention. "Now, Gov'ner," remonstrated the valorous chief of the "Hill Cats," "you 'member when that preacher and the other man was tryin' ter git 'cross the river, the preacher 'cided hisself that he'd better pray en' let the other man row, en' they did en' come out safe. Now, it's the same with we-all; you do the prayin', en' we'll do the fightin'." So the warfare had continued as of old, and now the President of the Confederacy had been laid low, as was the governor in days before. This governor was a great temperance advocate and in reference to this, Tom August, coming into the club one day, greeted his friends with the query: "Have you heard the news? The governor has appointed two new aides." "What! Two more?" "Yes; Lemonade and Promenade."

The conferences in the President's office brought a final decision, and the northward movement began. Marching over the storm-blown, fire-swept, battle-scarred ground of Virginia, the peaceful fields of Pennsylvania were enchantingly fair to the imagination that turned wistfully to their golden seas of ripening grain, their bending fruit-trees turning pink and gold and red under the life-giving sun, their cattle on a thousand hills—all the comforts that had passed away from Southern homes and camps.

Not alone for these advantages was a victory on Northern ground important to the Southern cause. Foreign countries were

watching the scene with the greedy eyes of vultures hovering over perishing victims, ready to descend to the gruesome feast when the last breath should falter and fail. The British Parliament was discussing the American situation from the standpoint of a rival who, as one of their strongest men declared, "could successfully compete with the States when they were separated but never could when they were united." The French people were friendly to the Union, but Napoleon III was France in those days, and he had fixed his ambitious mind upon an imperial domain on this side of the ocean, and a lodgment could be easily effected if the two sections of the United States should stand in opposition to each other. Spain, who had early recognized the Confederacy as a belligerent power, held gorgeous reminiscences of the luxuriant lands she had once possessed upon the new continent, and would gladly have welcomed the opportunity to regain them at the small cost of extending an apparently friendly hand to the struggling new nation. Wealth and power unspeakable lay in that possible victory beyond the border.

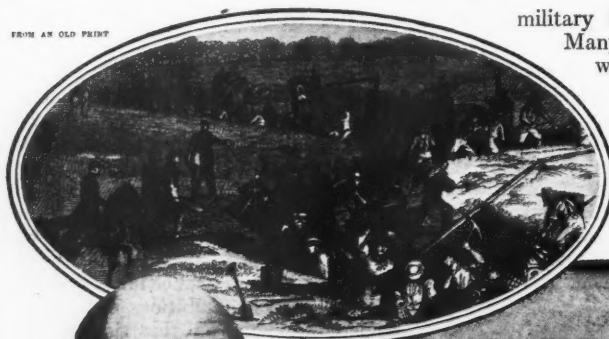
When the red tide of warfare should have rolled from the South to the North and the Federal government should be fighting for its life upon its own soil, the birds of prey that had been hovering in the distance, greedily awaiting their opportunity, would descend upon their victim and remove it from the field of competition. Foreign alliances with the South would be made; money would come in from the markets of London and Paris; a fleet could be fitted out in foreign waters, and success would crown our flag.

IMPORTANCE OF THE MOVEMENT

One very important result of a movement to the northward would be the removal of the pressure from the West. If Washington should be threatened, Grant would be recalled from Vicksburg and Rosecrans from Tennessee, thus giving opportunity for joining with the Western branch of the Confederate army.

The troops whose duty and intention it was to defend the Northern capital had been weakened by defeat and were, moreover, subject to General Halleck, in Washington, whose long arm could reach out in all directions to blight the laurels that might have blossomed in the Federal garden.

FROM AN OLD PRINT



FROM MR. ARP'S COLLECTION

General R. H. Ewell, commander of the Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, which led the advance in Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. (Above) Citizens of Pennsylvania working on fortifications near Harrisburg, to protect the state capital from Lee's approaching army, June, 1863



FROM AN OLD PRINT

The most spectacular cavalry engagement of the Civil

The entire cavalry force of the Army of Northern Virginia, under of Pennsylvania, was assembled south of the Rappahannock, at General Pleasanton, commanding the Cavalry Corps of the ascertain the disposition of Lee's army. On June 9th, Buford clash of horsemen of both armies is here shown. Meanwhile, Stuart. The battle raged all day, and ended

The term of enlistment of nearly forty thousand of Hooker's men would soon expire and, because of their discouragement and loss of confidence in their commander, it was not to be expected that many of them would reenlist.

The greatest danger that threatened the Northern cause lay in the dissensions that prevailed at home. The Cabinet had reached a crisis, the control of which demanded all the strength of President Lincoln. The misfortunes of the Federal army had strengthened the anti-war party, and New York had elected a Southern sympathizer as governor. New York city was a political battle-field no less hot and no more certain as to results than were the

Having carefully laid out the northern route of his army, General Lee set out upon the campaign, which he hoped would result in the evacuation of Washington and the recall of Grant from the siege of Vicksburg. This anticipation was not shared by all his officers, some of whom thought that an attack upon the North would be likely to cement the ties that bound the community,

military battle-fields of the South. Many of the Northern citizens were Southern born, and a large number of them retained their fealty to their native states. A victory across the line might create a revolution which would recall a part of the Federal force from Southern ground.

sweep away political discords, and unite all in the defense of their homes. But whatever might be the varying convictions, all followed the great and beloved leader with faithful hearts and loyal purpose.

At this time, the Army of Northern Virginia comprised about sixty thousand—the artillery, led by General Pendleton, with two hundred guns, and Stuart's cavalry, about six thousand, under Generals Fitz-

burg to conceal the movements of the army and to prevent Hooker from attacking Richmond. Scouts sent out to learn the movements of General Lee were captured by Hill. On the 5th, Hooker ordered a corps to the south side of the Rappahannock, but Hill perceived that it was only an observation party and it was not molested.

The two corps of infantry and Stuart's cavalry met at Culpeper, and on the 8th of June, General Lee reviewed the riders, much to the satisfaction of the dashing leader. War-horses dashed into the conflict; sabers flashed; guns roared—all with such realistic effect that the Federals on the other side of the river thought a battle was on and prepared to take their part when the opportunity should offer. The gallant and graceful cavaliers under their famous leader had been called



War—Battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863

Stuart, left to prevent Hooker's pursuit in the invasion Brandy Station, Virginia, for review by General Lee. Army of the Potomac, wished to cross the river and with his division crossed at Beverly Ford, and the great General Gregg's division crossed by another ford and attacked in a tactical victory for the Confederates

ugh Lee, Hampton, Chambliss, Robertson, and Jones. The infantry was divided into three army corps, known as the First, Second, and Third Corps, under Generals Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill.

On June 3, 1863, Longstreet and Ewell pushed on to Culpeper, leaving General Hill in front of Fredericks-



FROM REPERTOIR COLLECTION

General John Buford, who began the battle of Brandy Station, and staff

The Wartime Story of General Pickett

"the eyes and ears of the army," and as the general admiringly watched their brilliant evolutions, he may have looked forward to a great victory won through their vigilance and prompt reports. In a letter written that day to Mrs. Lee he mentioned the review:

It was a splendid sight. The men and horses looked well. They had recuperated since last fall. Stuart was in all his glory.

THE FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION

The next day, General Pleasonton, who, with three Federal cavalry divisions and two infantry brigades, had been watching the upper fords of the Rappahannock, sent his cavalry across to surprise Stuart at Brandy Station, with the infantry posted to cover the attack. "Jeb," being more accustomed to giving than to receiving surprises, had his whole force in readiness, and, the third division of the Federal cavalry being delayed, the attacking party was defeated and driven across the river. As General Lee rode upon the field he met his son, General W. H. F. Lee, being carried off, wounded. The advantage gained by Pleasonton was the capture of Stuart's papers, including the marching-orders, and this mishap compelled General Lee to change his course. The Federal commander had also gained the information that the Confederate cavalry was a third stronger than that of the Army of the Potomac. This engagement was of especial interest, for it was the first regular cavalry fight of the war.

It was at this time that General Lee gave evidence of a political sagacity that might have placed him high in civic affairs, had he not early in life started out to follow in the footsteps of his warlike race. The peace party in the North had been augmented by dissatisfaction with what was regarded as the President's assumption of authority and, encouraged by the calamities that had befallen the Army of the Potomac, the Southern newspapers had treated with scorn the suggestions of peace held out by the discontented faction. General Lee maintained that this attitude was not wise and, after calling attention to the diminishing resources of the South and the increasing power of the North, which would continue if united, said:

"Under these circumstances, we should neglect no honorable means of dividing and weakening our enemies, that they may

feel some of the difficulties experienced by ourselves. It seems to me that the most effectual mode of accomplishing this object now within our reach, is to give all the encouragement we can, consistently with truth, to the rising peace party of the North."

On June 13th, A. P. Hill was still on guard at Fredericksburg; Longstreet's corps was camped at Culpeper; Ewell had taken Martinsburg; the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was in the control of Imboden, and Jenkins was riding northward to Williamsport. On June 15th, Ewell defeated Milroy at Winchester, captured four thousand of his men and twenty-nine guns, and drove the Federals from Harper's Ferry across the Potomac. Hooker was marching northward, trying to obey orders to keep his army between Lee and Washington, raging in his heart because Halleck manifested his antagonism to him by preventing the concentration of his troops. Hill, having seen Hooker's army disappear behind the Stafford Hills, had broken camp and was marching on Culpeper. On the 17th, the Confederates were outstretched from Culpeper to Chambersburg, which had been raided by Jenkins. Ewell occupied Hagerstown and Sharpsburg. Longstreet guarded the Blue Ridge pass, and Stuart was at the gap of the Bull Run mountains, concealing the movements of the army. On the 18th, Lee's army crossed the Potomac.

ALARM IN THE NORTH

The Federal government called for a hundred thousand men to defend Pennsylvania; consternation reigned in Washington, and, according to Mr. Lincoln's statement afterward, he was praying, "Oh, Lord, this is your fight; but we, your humble followers and supporters here, can't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville."

General Pickett and his division had but recently rejoined the main army, following an expedition to Suffolk in which they had taken part. On the day that Lee actually entered the Northland, my Soldier wrote me a letter containing certain lines which were prophetic, if not of the military outcome of this movement, at least of its effect on human hearts.

Each day takes me farther and farther away from you. We have been guarding the passes of the Blue Ridge. To-day, under orders from Marse Robert, we cross the Potomac. McLaws' and



FROM AN OLD PRINT
The invasion of the North. Confederate cavalry crossing the Potomac, June, 1863

Hood's divisions and the three brigades of my division follow on after Hill. May our Heavenly Father bless us with an early and a victorious return. But even then, the price of it—the price of it—the blood of our countrymen! God in his mercy temper the wind to us!

As I returned the salute of my men, many of them beardless boys, the terrible responsibility as their commander almost overwhelmed me, and my heart was rent in prayer for guidance and help. Oh, the desolate homes—the widows and orphans and heart-broken mothers that this campaign will make!

On the 23d of June, "Jeb" Stuart started on his ride around the Army of the Potomac in order to cross the river, a movement which resulted in not only much calamity to the Southern cause but many acrimonious discussions that have continued to the present time, growing more bitter as the passage of the years brings to the veteran more leisure for the patriotic service of fighting his battles over and introducing skilful maneuvers which, unfortu-



FROM MESSYER COLLECTION
(Center) General Alfred Pleasonton, commander of the Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac

nately, did not dawn upon the horizon of the military mind of half a century ago. It is unthinkable that either the great soldier who led the army into Pennsylvania or his brilliant cavalryman would have planned or entered into so important a movement without careful thought and instruction upon the one hand and the desire of faithful observance on the other. We all know the usual fate of "the best laid schemes," and have had occasion to observe that in war "Man proposes and Mars disposes."

The instructions were to cross at whichever ford Hooker's movements left open and to connect with Ewell's advance, under Early, at York, giving Stuart discretion as to passing around the rear of Hooker's army and crossing to the eastward. With three brigades, under Fitzhugh Lee, Hampton, and Chambliss, the

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.
C. S. A.

The Wartime Story of General Pickett

dashing cavalier crossed the Potomac, leaving two brigades under General Robertson to guard the Blue Ridge and to watch Hooker. Unexpected movements cut off Stuart from his own army, and he went on his northward way, passing within seven miles of Early without receiving any notice of the latest order of General Lee—to concentrate at Cashtown. On the way, Stuart had captured a train of mule teams, which did not accelerate his movements. Robertson's cavalry was delayed at the Blue Ridge, and thus began the succession of disasters which lost the battle of Gettysburg to the Confederacy before the first shot had been fired.

INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH

On the 25th and 26th, Hooker crossed the Potomac and marched directly to Frederick, Maryland. Here he intended to connect with the troops at Harper's Ferry and attack the rear of Lee's army, destroying communications, capturing trains, and exposing him to a general attack, but General Halleck would not permit the troops to be withdrawn from Harper's Ferry, saying that the heights must be held as the key to Maryland. "Fighting Joe" professed himself unable to see the advantage of holding the key "now that the door had been smashed in," and sent in his resignation, which was accepted at once, and General Meade, much to his surprise and dismay, was immediately appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac.

The Southern soldiers in Pennsylvania took what supplies they needed and insisted upon paying for everything, the only money they had being Confederate notes. When objection was made to this purchasing medium, they explained that it was the only kind they had and assured the unwilling vendors that it would be worth its face value if they would only join in with Lee's army and help make good the financial promises of the Confederacy.

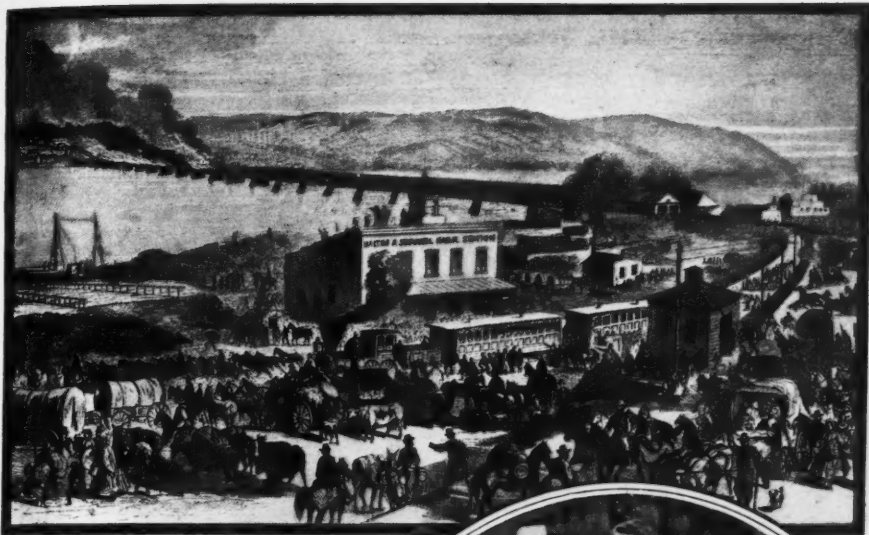
Pickett's division, marching along the pleasant roads of Pennsylvania, between green fields and past luxuriant orchards and little farmhouses under the trees that Nature had planted and tended especially for the comfort and delight of those peaceful homes, held home memories in their hearts in sad contrast with the rich and beautiful country around them. But they marched on with cheerful words and gay laughter. No repining, no memories of losses and sor-

rows, no lagging of weary feet dragged the time to which they marched, as the bands played "My Maryland" and "Bonnie Blue Flag."

Along a street in Greencastle they were marching to the invigorating strains of "Dixie." As they passed a white cottage, half hidden away in the greenery of its vines, a little girl came out on the veranda carrying a United States flag. Waving it defiantly she called out: "Traitors, traitors, traitors! Come and take this flag, the man of you who dares!" Many of the men in that weary, dust-covered line had come from the war-swept region of Suffolk, and their leader was not sure what would be the effect of the sudden appearance of that flag and the defiant challenge. Halting, he took off his cap, bowed to the girl, and reverently saluted her flag. Then, turning to the long line, he waved his hand, and every cap was lifted and every head bowed in deference. The little maid had never before received the homage of a whole division, and she cried out, "I wish I had a rebel flag; I'd wave that, too." The music changed to "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the maiden watched the Southrons as, with laughter and cheers, they marched on to death and glory. General Early, who never became reconciled to the Union, asked General Pickett how he could bring himself to salute that flag. The latter replied that he saluted the womanhood in the heart of the brave little girl, and the glorious old banner under which he had won his first laurels.

IN AN ALIEN LAND

The general and three of his brigades went on to Chambersburg, the remaining two having been left in Virginia. Because of the incident at Greencastle, General Pickett had given orders that the bands should not play when going through the towns, thinking that the music of a hostile army might be an offense to peaceful citizens. As the division was marching silently by a cottage, some girls came out upon the porch and called out, "Would you mind shooting off the bands a bit?" The command was given, and the bands played "Home, Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "Nellie Gray," and "Hazel Dell." This apparently did not fill the preconceived ideas of Southern music, and the young ladies asked the next band to play "Dixie." In answer, they



FROM AN OLD PRINT

In fear of the invader

Terror-stricken citizens of Pennsylvania fleeing from the approach of the Confederate army. Scene at Wrightsville, opposite Columbia, on the Susquehanna, June 28, 1863. The railroad bridge has been set on fire to prevent Lee's using it as a means of crossing.

struck up "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Old Folks at Home," and "Auld Lang Syne."

"Thought you was rebels," the disappointed audience called out. "Where'd you come from, anyhow? Can't play 'Dixie,' none of you." The musicians did not take up the challenge; the soldiers marched on through the town, and on the night of the 27th camped four miles beyond, on the York River road. Here Pickett's men remained to guard trains, while the rest of the army pushed on.

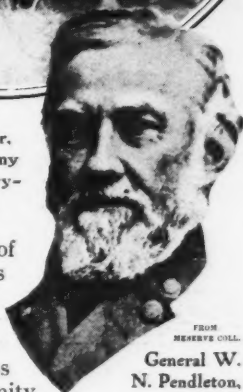
General Lee was still in ignorance of the Federal advance, for, on this 27th of June, Stuart was crossing the Potomac above Washington, and it was not until the following night that information of the movements of the Army of the Potomac was brought to General Lee at Chambersburg by the scout, Harrison, whereupon orders were immediately issued for the concentration of the army east of the mountains at Cashtown. The order reached General Ewell at Carlisle and recalled him from the attack he was about to make upon Harris-



FROM NEESEY COLLECTION

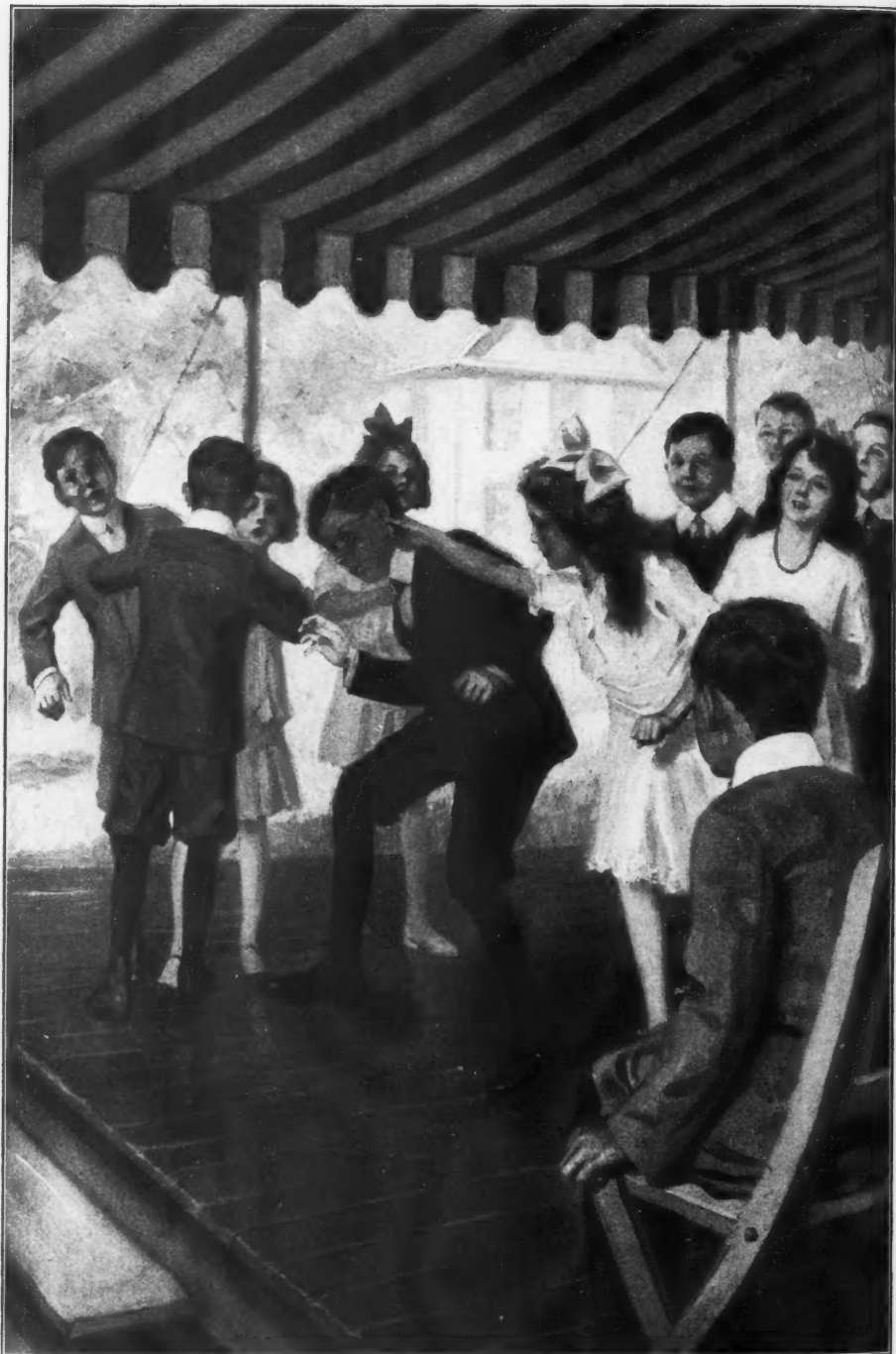
General Joseph Hooker, commander of the Army of the Potomac, January-June, 1863, and staff

burg. At sunset of the 29th, the heads of the two armies were near each other, but neither commander was aware of the proximity of the other.



FROM NEESEY COLL.

General W. N. Pendleton, C. S. A.



DRAWN BY WALTER DODD

This remarkable girl took Penrod by the ear. By his ear she swung him away from Fanchon and faced him toward the lawn

Twelve!

The great day is here—Penrod arrived at the “very top of boyhood!” Preparations worthy of the event have been made. It is Penrod’s supreme chance to make good. Will the Fates be kind and enable him to shed his title of “the worst boy in town,” forever? The doings of the birthday party are here related. Penrod’s friends undoubtedly had a good time, but not so good a time as you will have when you read the story—one of the best “real kid” stories, we think, since Tom Sawyer and “Huck” Finn.

By Booth Tarkington

Author of “The Little Gentleman,” “The Fall of Georgie Bassett,” etc.

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

THIS busy globe which spawns us is as incapable of flattery and as intent upon its own affair, whatever that is, as a gyroscope; it keeps steadily whirling along its lawful track, and, thus far seeming to hold a right of way, spins doggedly on, with no perceptible diminution of speed to mark the most gigantic human events. It did not pause to pant and recuperate even when what seemed to Penrod Schofield its principal purpose was accomplished, and an enormous shadow, departing westward over its surface, marked the dawn of his twelfth birthday.

To be twelve is an attainment worth the struggle. A boy just twelve is like a Frenchman just elected to the Academy.

Distinction and honor wait upon him. Younger boys show deference to a person of twelve—his experience is guaranteed, his judgment, therefore, mellow; consequently his influence is profound. Eleven is not quite satisfactory; it is only an approach. Eleven has the disadvantages of six, of nineteen, of forty-four, and of sixty-nine. But, like twelve, seven is an honorable age, and the ambition to attain it is laudable. People look forward to being seven. Similarly, twenty is worthy, and so, arbitrarily, is twenty-one; forty-five has great solidity; seventy is most commendable, and each year thereafter an increasing honor. Thirteen is embarrassed by the beginnings of a new colthood; the child becomes a youth. But twelve is the very top of boyhood.

Dressing, that morning, Penrod felt that the world was changed from the world of

yesterday. For one thing, he seemed to own more of it; this day was *his* day. And it was a day worth owning. The midsummer sunshine, pouring gold through his window, came from a cool sky, and a breeze moved pleasantly in his hair as he leaned from the sill to watch the tribe of chattering blackbirds take wing, following their leader from the trees in the yard to the day’s work in the open country. The blackbirds were his, as the sunshine and the breeze were his, for they all belonged to the day which was his birthday, and therefore most surely his. Pride suffused him: he was *twelve!*

His father and his mother and Margaret seemed to understand the difference between to-day and yesterday. They were at the table when he descended, and they gave him a greeting which, of itself, marked the milestone. Habitually, his entrance into a room where his elders sat brought a cloud of apprehension. They were prone to look up in pathetic expectancy, as if their thought was, “What new awfulness is he going to start *now?*” But this morning they laughed; his mother rose and kissed him twelve times; so did Margaret, and his father shouted: “Well, well! How’s the *man!*”

Then his mother gave him a Bible and “The Vicar of Wakefield”; Margaret gave him a pair of silver-mounted hair-brushes, and his father gave him a “Pocket Atlas” and a small compass.

“And now, Penrod,” said his mother, after breakfast, “I’m going to take you out in the country to pay your birthday respects to Aunt Sarah Crim.”

Aunt Sarah Crim, Penrod's great-aunt, was his oldest living relative. She was ninety, and when Mrs. Schofield and Penrod alighted from a carriage at her gate, they found her digging with a spade in the garden.

"I'm glad you brought him," she said, desisting from labor. "Jinny's baking a cake I'm going to send for his birthday party. Bring him in the house; I've got something for him."

She led the way to her sitting-room, which had a pleasant smell, unlike any other smell, and, opening the drawer of a shining old what-not, took therefrom a boy's sling-shot made of a forked stick, two strips of rubber, and a bit of leather.

"This isn't for you," she said, placing it in Penrod's eager hand. "No. It would break all to pieces the first time you tried to shoot it, because it is thirty-five years old. I want to send it back to your father. I think it's time. You give it to him from me and tell him I say I believe I could trust him with it now. I took it away from him thirty-five years ago, one day after he'd killed my best hen with it accidentally, and broken a glass pitcher on the back porch with it—accidentally. He doesn't look like a person who's ever done things of that sort, and I suppose he's forgotten it so well that he believes he never *did*; but if you give it to him from me, I think he'll remember. You look like him, Penrod. He was anything but a handsome boy."

After this final bit of reminiscence—probably designed to be repeated to Mr. Schofield—she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, and returned with a pitcher of lemonade, and a blue-china dish sweetly freighted with flat ginger cookies of a composition that was her own secret. Then, having set this light collation before her guests, she presented Penrod with a superb, intricate, and very modern machine of destructive capacities almost limitless. She called it a pocket-knife.

"I suppose you'll do something horrible with it," she said composedly. "I hear you do that with everything, anyhow; so you might as well do it with this, and have more fun out of it. They tell me you're the worst boy in town."

"Oh, Aunt Sarah!" Mrs. Schofield lifted a protesting hand.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Crim.

"But—on his birthday!"

"That's the time to say it. Penrod, aren't you the worst boy in town?"

Penrod, gazing fondly upon his knife and eating cookies rapidly, answered, as a matter of course and absently, "Yes'm."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Crim. "Once you accept a thing about yourself as established and settled, it's all right. Nobody minds. Boys are just like people, really."

"No, no!" Mrs. Schofield cried involuntarily.

"Yes they are," Aunt Sarah persisted. "Only they're not quite so awful, because they haven't learned to cover themselves all up with little pretenses. When Penrod grows up he'll be just the same as he is now, except that whenever he does what he wants to do, he'll tell himself and other people a little story about it, to make his reason for doing it seem nice and pretty and noble."

"No, I won't!" said Penrod suddenly.

"There's one cooky left," observed Aunt Sarah. "Are you going to eat it?"

"Well," said her great-nephew thoughtfully, "I guess I better."

"Why?" asked the old lady. "Why do you guess you'd 'better'?"

"Well," said Penrod, with a full mouth, "it might get all dried up if nobody took it, and get thrown out and wasted."

"You're beginning finely," Mrs. Crim remarked. "A year ago, you'd have taken the cooky without the same sense of thrift."

"Ma'am?"

"Nothing. I see that you're twelve years old—that's all. There are more cookies, Penrod." She went away, returning with a fresh supply and the observation, "Of course you'll be sick before the day's over; you might as well get a good start."

Mrs. Schofield looked thoughtful. "Aunt Sarah," she ventured, "don't you really think we improve as we get older?"

"Meaning," said the old lady, "that Penrod hasn't much chance to escape the penitentiary if he doesn't? Well, we do learn to restrain ourselves in some things, and there *are* people who really want some one else to take the last cooky, though they aren't very common. But it's all right—the world seems to be getting on." She gazed whimsically upon her great-nephew, and added, "Of course, when you watch a boy and think about him, it doesn't seem to be getting on very fast."

Penrod moved uneasily in his chair; he

was conscious that he was her topic, but could not quite make out whether or not her observations were complimentary. Mrs. Crim settled the question for him.

"I suppose Penrod is regarded as the neighborhood curse?"

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Schofield. "He——"

"I dare say the neighbors are right," continued the old lady placidly. "He's had to repeat the history of the race and go through all the stages from the primordial to barbarism. You don't expect boys to be civilized, do you?"

"Well, I——"

"You might as well expect eggs to crow. No; you've got to take boys as they are, and learn to know them as they are."

"Naturally, Aunt Sarah," said Mrs. Schofield, "I *know* Penrod."

Aunt Sarah laughed heartily. "Do you think his father knows him, too?"

"Of course, men are different," Mrs. Schofield returned apologetically. "But a mother knows——"

"Penrod," said Aunt Sarah solemnly, "does your father understand you?"

"Ma'am?"

"About as much as he'd understand Sitting Bull!" she laughed. "And I'll tell you what your mother thinks you are, Penrod. Her real belief is that you're a novice in a convent."

"Ma'am?"

"Aunt Sarah!"

"I know she thinks that, because whenever you don't behave like a novice, she's disappointed in you. And your father really believes that you're a decorous, well-trained young business man, and whenever you don't live up to that standard, you get on his

nerves and he thinks you need a walloping. Does whipping do you any good, Penrod?"

"Ma'am?"

"Go on and finish the lemonade; there's about one glassful left. Oh, take it, take it, and don't explain why! Of *course* you're a little pig."

Penrod laughed gratefully, his eyes fixed upon her over the rim of his glass.

"Fill yourself up uncomfortably," said the old lady.

"You're twelve years old, and you ought to be happy—if you aren't anything else. It's taken over nineteen hundred years of Christianity and some hundreds of thousands of years of other things to produce you, and there you sit!"

"Ma'am?"

"It'll be your turn to think and struggle and muss things up for the betterment of posterity soon enough," said Aunt Sarah Crim. "Drink your lemonade!"

II

"AUNT SARAH'S a funny old lady,"

Penrod observed, on

the way back to the town. "What's she want me to give papa this old sling for? Last thing she said was to be sure not forget to give it to him. *He* don't want it; and she said herself it ain't any good. She's older than you or papa, isn't she?"

"About fifty years older," answered Mrs. Schofield, turning upon him a stare of perplexity. "Don't cut into the leather with your new knife, dear; the livery man might ask us to pay if— No, I wouldn't scrape the paint off, either—or whittle your shoe with it. *Couldn't* you put it up until we get home?"

"We goin' straight home?"

"No. We're going to stop at Mrs.



Pride suffused him: he was twelve!

Gelbraith's and ask a strange little girl to come to your party this afternoon."

"Who?"

"Her name is Fanchon. She's Mrs. Gelbraith's little niece."

"What makes her so queer?"

"I didn't say she's queer."

"You said——"

"No; I mean that she is a stranger. She lives in New York and has come to visit here."

"What's she live in New York for?"

"Because her parents live there. You must be very nice to her, Penrod; she has been very carefully brought up. Besides, she doesn't know the children here, and you must help to keep her from feeling lonely at your party."

"Yes'm."

When they reached Mrs. Gelbraith's, Penrod sat patiently humped upon a gilt chair during the lengthy exchange of greetings between his mother and Mrs. Gelbraith. That is one of the things a boy must learn to bear. When his mother meets a compeer, there is always a long and dreary wait for him, while the two seem to be using strange symbols of speech, talking for the greater part, it seems to him, simultaneously, and employing a wholly incomprehensible system of emphasis, at other times not in vogue. Penrod twisted his legs, his cap, and his nose.

"Here she is!" Mrs. Gelbraith cried unexpectedly, and a dark-haired demure person entered the room wearing an air of gracious social expectancy. In years she was eleven, in manner about sixty-five, and evidently had lived much at court. She performed a curtsy in acknowledgment of Mrs. Schofield's greeting, and bestowed her hand upon Penrod, who had entertained no hope of such an honor, showed his surprise that it should come to him, and was plainly unable to decide what to do about it.

"Fanchon, dear," said Mrs. Gelbraith, "take Penrod out in the yard for a while and play."

"Let go the little girl's hand, Penrod," Mrs. Schofield laughed, as the children turned toward the door.

Penrod hastily dropped the small hand, and exclaiming with simple honesty, "Why, I don't want it!" followed Fanchon out into the sunshiny yard, where they came to a halt and surveyed each other.

Penrod stared awkwardly at Fanchon, no other occupation suggesting itself to him, while Fanchon, with the utmost coolness, made a thorough visual examination of Penrod. Finally she spoke.

"Where do you buy your ties?" she asked.

"What?"

"Where do you buy your neckties? Papa gets his at Skoone's. You ought to get yours there. I'm sure the one you're wearing isn't from Skoone's."

"Skoone's!" Penrod repeated.

"On Fifth Avenue," said Fanchon. "It's a very smart shop, the men say."

"Men?" echoed Penrod.

"Where do your people go in summer?" inquired the lady. "We go to Long Shore, but so many middle-class people have begun coming there, mamma thinks of leaving. The middle classes are simply awful, don't you think?"

"What?"

"They're so boorjaw. You speak French, of course?"

"Me?"

"We ran over to Paris last year. Don't you *love* the Rue de la Paix?"

Penrod wandered in a labyrinth. It was his first meeting with one of those grown-up little girls, wonderful product of the winter apartment and summer hotel; and Fanchon, an only child, was a star of the brand. He began to feel resentful.

"I suppose," she went on, "I'll find everything here fearfully Western. Some nice people called yesterday, though. Do you know the Magsworth Bittses? Auntie says they're charming. Will Roddy be at your party?"

"I guess he will," returned Penrod, finding this intelligible. "The mutt!"

"Really!" Fanchon exclaimed airily.

"Aren't you great pals with him?"

"What's 'pals'?"

"Good heavens! Don't you know what it means to say you're 'great pals' with anyone? You *are* an odd child!"

It was too much.

"Oh, bugs!" said Penrod.

This bit of ruffianism had a curious effect. Fanchon looked upon him with sudden favor.

"I like you, Penrod!" she said, in an odd way, and whatever else there may have been in her manner, there certainly was no shyness.



Penrod, gazing fondly upon his knife and eating cookies rapidly, answered, as a matter of course and absently, "Yes'm"

"Oh, bugs!" This repetition lacked gallantry, but it was uttered in no very decided tone. Penrod was shaken.

"Yes, I do!" She stepped closer to him, smiling. "Your hair is ever so pretty."

Penrod was even more confused than he had been by her previous mysteries; but his confusion was of a distinctly alluring nature—he wanted more of it. Looking intentionally into another person's eyes is an act unknown to childhood, and Penrod's discovery that it could be done was sensational. He had never thought of looking into the eyes of Marjorie Jones.

For a long time, despite all anguish, contumely, and Maurice Levy, he had secretly thought of Marjorie, with pathetic constancy, as his "beau"—though that is not how he would have spelled it. Marjorie was beautiful; her curls were long and the

color of amber; her nose was straight, and her freckles were honest; she was much prettier than this accomplished visitor. But beauty is not all.

"I do!" breathed Fanchon softly.

She seemed to him, then, a fairy creature from some rosier world than this. So humble is the human heart, it glorifies and makes glamorous almost any poor thing that says to it, "I like you!"

Penrod was enslaved. He swallowed, coughed, scratched the back of his neck, and said disjointedly:

"Well—I don't care—if you want to. I just as soon."

"We'll dance together," said Fanchon, "at your party."

"I guess so. I just as soon."

"Don't you want to, Penrod."

"Well, I'm willing to."

"No. Say you *want to!*"
 "Well——"

He used his toe as a gimlet, boring into the ground, his wide-open eyes staring with intense vacancy at a button on his sleeve. His mother appeared upon the porch, in departure, calling farewells over her shoulder to Mrs. Gelbraith, who stood in the doorway.

"Say it!" whispered Fanchon.

"Well, I just as soon."

She seemed satisfied.

III

A DANCING-FLOOR had been laid upon a platform in the yard, when Mrs. Schofield and her son arrived at their own abode; and a white-and-scarlet striped canopy was in process of erection overhead, to shelter the dancers from the sun. Workmen were busy everywhere under the direction of Margaret, and the smitten heart of Penrod began to beat rapidly. All this was for him: he was *twelve!*

After lunch, he underwent an elaborate *toilette* and murmured not. For the first time in his life he knew the wish to be sand-papered, waxed, and polished to the highest possible degree. And when the operation was over, he stood before the mirror in new bloom, feeling encouraged to hope that his resemblance to his father was not so strong as Aunt Sarah seemed to think.

The white gloves upon his hands had a pleasant smell, he found, and, as he came down the stairs, he had great content in the twinkling of his new dancing-slippers. He stepped twice on each step, the better to enjoy their effect, and, at the same time, he deeply inhaled the odor of the gloves. In spite of everything, Penrod had his social capacities.

Then came from the yard a sound of tuning instruments—squeak of fiddle, croon of 'cello, a falling triangle ringing and tinkling to the floor; and he turned pale.

Chosen guests began to arrive, while Penrod, suffering from stage fright and perspiration, stood beside his mother in the drawing-room to receive them. He greeted unfamiliar acquaintances and intimate fellow criminals with the same frigidity, murmuring, "'M glad to see y'," to all alike, largely increasing the embarrassment which always prevails at the beginning of children's festivities. His unnatural pomp and

circumstance had so thoroughly upset him, in truth, that Marjorie Jones received a distinct shock, now to be related. Doctor Thrope, the kind old clergyman who had baptized Penrod, came in for a moment to congratulate the boy, and had just moved away when it was Marjorie's turn, in the line of children, to speak to Penrod. She gave him what she considered a forgiving look and, because of the occasion, addressed him in a perfectly courteous manner.

"I wish you many happy returns of the day, Penrod."

"Thank you, sir," he returned, following Doctor Thrope with a glassy stare, in which there was absolutely no recognition of Marjorie. Then he greeted Maurice Levy, "'M glad to see y'."

Dumfounded, Marjorie turned aside, and stood near, observing Penrod with gravity. It was the first great surprise of her life. Customarily, she had seemed to place his character somewhere between that of the professional rioter and that of the orang-outan; nevertheless, her manner, at times, just hinted a consciousness that this Caliban was her property. Wherefore, she stared at him incredulously, as his head bobbed up and down in the dancing-school bow, greeting his guests. Then she heard an adult voice near her exclaim,

"What an exquisite child!"

Marjorie glanced up, a little consciously—though she was used to it—naturally curious to ascertain who was speaking of her. It was Sam Williams' mother who spoke, addressing Mrs. Bassett, both being present to help Mrs. Schofield make the festivities festive.

"Exquisite!"

Here was a second heavy surprise for Marjorie: they were not looking at her. They were looking, with beaming approval, at a girl she had never seen, a dark and modish stranger of singularly composed and yet modest aspect. Her downcast eyes, becoming in one thus entering a crowded room, were all that produced the effect of modesty, counteracting something about her which might have seemed too assured. She was very slender, very dainty, and her apparel was disheartening to the other girls; it was of a knowing picturesqueness wholly unfamiliar to them. There was a delicate trace of powder upon the lobe of Fanchon's left ear; and the outlines of her eyelids, if very closely scrutinized, would

have revealed successful experimentation with a burnt match.

Marjorie's lovely eyes dilated; she learned the meaning of hatred at first sight. Observing the stranger with instinctive suspicion, all at once she seemed to herself awkward. Poor Marjorie underwent that experience which hearty, healthy little girls and big girls undergo at one time or another—from heels to head she felt herself, somehow, too *thick*.

Fanchon leaned close to Penrod and whispered in his ear, "Don't you forget!"

Penrod blushed.

Marjorie saw that blush. Her lovely eyes opened even wider, and in them there began to grow 'a light.' It was the light of indignation; at least, people whose eyes glow with that light always call it indignation.

Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, approached Fanchon when she had made her curtsy to Mrs. Schofield. Fanchon whispered in Roderick's ear, also.

"Your hair is pretty, Roddy. Don't forget what you said yesterday!"

Roderick likewise blushed. Maurice Levy, captivated by the newcomer's appearance, pressed close to Roderick.

"Give us an intaduction, Roddy."

Roddy being either reluctant or unable to perform the rite, Fanchon took matters into her own hands, and was presently very favorably impressed with Maurice, receiving the information that his tie had been brought by his papa from Skoone's; whereupon she privately informed him that she liked wavy hair, and arranged to dance with him. Fanchon also thought sandy hair attractive, Sam Williams discovered a few minutes later, and so catholic was her taste that a ring of boys quite encircled her before the musicians in the yard struck up their thrilling march, and Mrs. Schofield brought Penrod to escort the lady from out of town to the dancing-pavilion.

Headed by this pair, the children sought partners and paraded solemnly out of the front door and round a corner of the house. There they found the gay marquee, with the small orchestra seated on the lawn at one

side of it, and a punch-bowl of lemonade inviting attention under a tree. Decorously the small couples stepped upon the platform, one after another, and began to dance.

"It's not much like a children's party in our day," Mrs. Williams said to Penrod's mother. "We'd have been playing 'Quaker meeting,' 'clap in, clap out,' or 'going to Jerusalem,' I suppose."

"Yes, or 'post-office' and 'drop the handkerchief,'" said Mrs. Schofield. "Things change so quickly. Imagine asking that little Fanchon Gelbraith to play 'London Bridge.' Penrod seems to be having a difficult time with her, poor boy; he wasn't a shining light in the dancing class."

However, Penrod's difficulty was not precisely of the kind his mother supposed. Fanchon was showing him a new step, which she taught her next partner, in turn, continuing instructions during the dancing. The children crowded the floor, and in the



They came to a halt and surveyed each other

kaleidoscopic jumble of bobbing heads and intermingling figures, her extremely different style of motion was unobserved by the older people, who looked on, nodding time benevolently.

Fanchon fascinated girls as well as boys. Many of the former eagerly sought her acquaintance and thronged about her between the dances, when, accepting the deference due a cosmopolite and an oracle of the mode, she gave demonstrations of the new step to succeeding groups, professing astonishment to find it unknown. It had been "all the go," she explained, at the Long Shore casino for fully two seasons. She pronounced "slow" a "fancy dance" executed during an intermission by Baby Rennsdale and Georgie Bassett, giving it as her opinion that Miss Rennsdale and Mr. Bassett were "dead ones," and she expressed surprise that the punch-bowl contained lemonade and not champagne.

The dancing continued, the new step gaining instantly in popularity, fresh couples adventuring with every number. The word "step" is somewhat misleading, nothing done with the feet being vital to the evolutions introduced by Fanchon. Fanchon's dance came from the Orient by a roundabout way—pausing in Spain, taking on a Gallic frankness in gallantry at the Bal Bullier in Paris, combining with a relative from the South Seas encountered in San Francisco, flavoring itself with a care-free negroid abandon in New Orleans, and accumulating, too, something inexpressible from Mexico and South America. It kept, throughout its travels, to the underworld or to circles where nature is extremely frank and rank, until at last it reached the dives of New York, when it immediately broke out in what is called civilized society. Thereafter, it spread, in variously modified forms, to watering-places and thence—carried by hundreds of older male and female Fanchons—over the country, being eagerly adopted everywhere and made wholly pure and respectable by the supreme moral axiom that anything is all right if enough people do it. Everybody was doing it.

Not quite everybody. It was, perhaps, some test of this dance that earth could furnish no more horrifying sight than that of children doing it.

Earth, assisted by Fanchon, was furnishing this sight at Penrod's party. By the time ice-cream and cake arrived, about

half the guests had either been initiated into the mysteries by Fanchon or were learning by imitation; and the education of the other half was resumed with the dancing, when the attendant ladies, unconscious of what was happening, withdrew into the house for tea.

"That orchestra's a dead one," Fanchon remarked to Penrod. "We ought to liven them up a little."

She approached the musicians.

"Don't you know," she asked the leader, the 'Slingo Sligo Slide?'"

The leader giggled, nodded, rapped with his bow upon his violin, and Penrod, following Fanchon back upon the dancing-floor, blindly brushed with his elbow a solitary little figure standing aloof on the lawn, at the edge of the platform.

It was Marjorie.

In no mood to approve of anything introduced by Fanchon, she had scornfully refused, from the first, to dance the new "step," and, because of its bonfire popularity, found herself neglected in a society where she had reigned as beauty and belle. Faithless Penrod, dazed by the sweeping Fanchon, had utterly forgotten the amber curls; he had not once asked Marjorie to dance. All afternoon the light of indignation had been growing brighter in her eyes, though Maurice Levy's defection to the lady from New York had not fanned this flame. From the moment Fanchon had whispered familiarly in Penrod's ear, and Penrod had blushed, Marjorie had been occupied exclusively with resentment against that guilty pair. It seemed to her that Penrod had no right to allow a strange girl to whisper in his ear, that his blushing, when the strange girl did it, was atrocious, and that the strange girl, herself, ought to be arrested.

Forgotten by the merrymakers, Marjorie stood alone upon the lawn, clenching her small fists, watching the new dance at its high tide, and hating it with a hatred that made every inch of her tremble. And, perhaps because jealousy is a great awakener of the virtues, she had a perception of something in it worse than lack of dignity—something vaguely but outrageously reprehensible. Finally, when Penrod brushed by her, touched her with his elbow, and did not even see her, Marjorie's state of mind (not unmingled with emotion) became dangerous. In fact, a trained nurse, chancing

to observe her at this juncture, would probably have taken her home and sent for a doctor to give her something quieting. Marjorie was on the verge of hysterics.

She saw Fanchon and Penrod assume the double embrace required by the dance; the "Slingo Sligo Slide" burst from the orchestra like the lunatic shriek of a gin-maddened nigger, and all the little couples began to bob and dip and wiggle.

Marjorie could bear no more. She made a scene. She sprang upon the platform and stamped her foot.

"Penrod Schofield!" she shouted. "You BEHAVE yourself!"

This remarkable girl took Penrod by the ear. By his ear she swung him away from Fanchon and faced him toward the lawn.

"You march straight out of here!" she shouted. Penrod marched.

He was stunned, obeyed automatically without question, and had very little realization of what was happening to him. Altogether, and without reason, he was in precisely the condition of an elderly spouse detected in flagrant misbehavior. Marjorie, similarly, was in precisely the condition of the party who detects such misbehavior. It may be added that she had acted with a promptness, a decision, and a disregard of social consequences, all to be commended to the attention of ladies in like predicament.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she raged, when they reached the lawn. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"What for?" he inquired helplessly.

"You be quiet!"

"But what'd I do, Marjorie? I haven't done anything to you," he pleaded. "I haven't even *seen* you, all after——"

"You be quiet!" she cried, tears filling

her eyes. "Keep still, you ugly boy! Shut up!"

She slapped him.

He should have understood from this how much she cared for him. But he rubbed his cheek, and declared ruefully,

"I'll never speak to you again!"

"You will, too!" she sobbed passionately.

"I will not!"

He turned to leave her, but paused.

His mother, his sister Margaret, and their



At the same time, he deeply inhaled the odor of the gloves

grown-up friends had finished their tea and were approaching from the house. Other parents and guardians were with them, coming for their children; there were carriages and automobiles waiting in the street. But the "Slingo Slide" went on, regardless.

The group of grown-up people hesitated and came to a halt, gazing at the pavilion.

"What are they doing?" gasped Mrs. Williams, blushing deeply. "What *is* it? What *is* it?"

"What *is* it?" echoed Mrs. Gelbraith, in a frightened whisper. "What——"

"They're tangoing!" cried Margaret Schofield, "or bunny-hugging or grizzly-bearing, or——"

"They're only turkey-trotting," said Mr. Robert Williams.

With fearful outcries, the mothers, aunts, and sisters rushed upon the pavilion.

IV

"Of course it was dreadful," said Mrs. Schofield, an hour later, rendering her lord an account of the day, "but it was every bit the fault of that one extraordinary child. And of all the quiet, demure little things—that is, I mean, when she first came. We all spoke of how exquisite she seemed—so well trained, so finished! Eleven years old! I never saw anything like her in my life!"

"I suppose it's the New Child," her husband grunted.

"And to think of her saying there ought to have been champagne in the lemonade!"

"Probably she'd forgotten to bring her pocket-flask," he suggested.

"But aren't you proud of Penrod?" cried the mother. "It was just as I told you: he was standing clear outside the pavilion."

"I never thought to see the day. And Penrod was the only boy not doing it, the only one to refuse? *All* the others were——"

"Every one!" she returned triumphantly. "Even Georgie Bassett!"

"Well," said Mr. Schofield, patting her on the shoulder, "I guess we can hold up our heads at last."

V

PENROD was out in the yard, staring at the empty marquee. The sun was on the horizon line, so far behind the back fence, and a western window of the house blazed in gold unbearable to the eye. His day was nearly over. He sighed and took from the inside pocket of his new jacket the sling-shot Aunt Sarah Crim had given him that morning.

He snapped the rubbers absently. They held fast, and his next impulse was entirely irresistible. He found a shapely stone, fitted it to the leather, and drew back the ancient catapult for a shot. A sparrow hopped upon a branch between him and the house; and he aimed at the sparrow, but the reflection from the dazzling window struck in his eyes as he loosed the leather.

He missed the sparrow, but not the window. There was a loud crash, and, to his horror, he caught a glimpse of his father, stricken in mid-shaving, ducking a shower of broken glass, glittering razor flourishing wildly. Words crashed with the glass—stentorian words, fragmentary but colossal.

Penrod stood petrified, a broken sling in his hand. He could hear his parent's booming descent of the back stairs, instant and furious; and, then, red hot above white lather, Mr. Schofield burst out of the kitchen door and hurtled forth upon his son.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, shaking Penrod by the shoulder. "Ten minutes ago, for the very first time in our lives, your mother and I were saying we were proud of you, and here you go and throw a rock at me through the window when I'm shaving for dinner!"

"I didn't!" Penrod quavered. "I was shooting at a sparrow, and the sun got in my eyes, and the sling broke——"

"What sling?"

"This'n."

"Where'd you get that devilish thing? Don't you know I've forbidden you a thousand times——"

"It ain't mine," said Penrod. "It's yours."

"What?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy meekly. "Aunt Sarah Crim gave it to me this morning and told me to give it back to you. She said she

took it away from you thirty-five years ago. You killed her hen, she said. She told me some more to tell you, but I've forgotten."

"Oh!" said Mr. Schofield.

He took the broken sling in his hand, looked at it long and thoughtfully; then he looked longer, and quite as thoughtfully, at Penrod. Then he turned away and started back toward the house.

"I'm sorry, papa," said Penrod.

Mr. Schofield coughed, and, as he reached the door, called back, but without turning his head.

"Never mind, little boy. A broken window isn't much harm."

When he had gone in, Penrod wandered down the yard to the back fence, climbed upon it, and sat in reverie there.

A slight figure, appeared, likewise upon a fence, beyond two neighboring yards.

"Y a y, Penrod!" called comrade Sam Williams.

"Yay!" returned Penrod mechanically.

"I caught Billy Blue Hill," shouted Sam, describing retribution in a manner perfectly clear to his friend. "You were mighty lucky to get out of it."

"I know that."

"You wouldn't of, if it hadn't been for Marjorie."

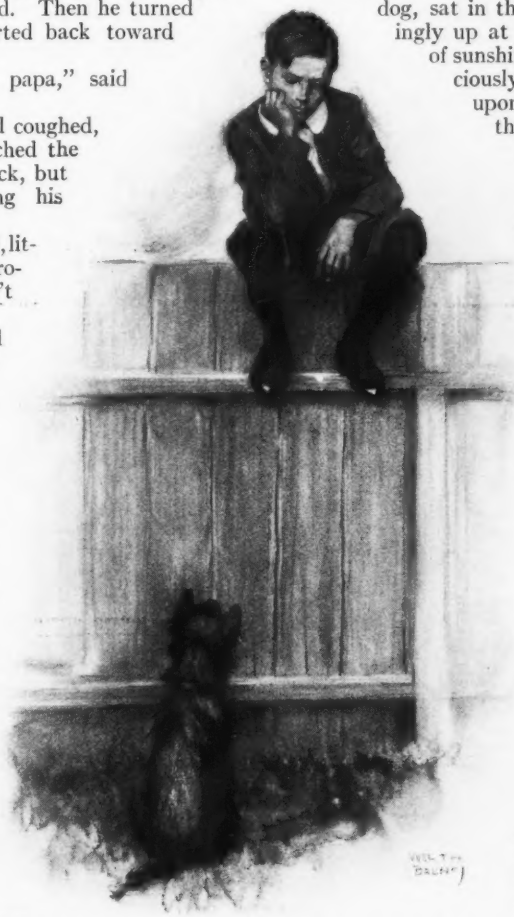
"Well, don't I know that?" Penrod shouted, with heat.

"Well, so long!" called Sam, dropping from his fence, and the friendly voice came then, more faintly. "Many happy returns of the day, Penrod!"

And now, a plaintive little whine sounded from below his feet, and, looking down, he saw that Duke, his wistful, little, scraggly dog, sat in the grass, gazing seekingly up at him. The last shaft of sunshine of that day fell graciously and like a blessing upon the boy sitting on the fence. Years afterward a quiet sunset would recall to him, sometimes, the gentle evening of his twelfth birthday, and bring him the picture of his boy-self sitting in rosy light upon the fence, gazing pensively down upon his wistful, scraggly, little old dog, Duke. But something else, surpassing, he would remember of that hour, for, in the side street, close by, a pink skirt flickered from behind a shade-tree to the shelter of the fence.

There was a gleam of amber curls, and Penrod started as something like a tiny white wing fluttered by his head, and there came to his ears the sound of a light laugh and of light footsteps departing, the laughter tremulous, the footsteps fleet.

In the grass, between Duke's forepaws, there lay a white note, folded in the shape of a cocked hat, and the sun sent forth a final amazing glory as Penrod opened it and read, "Your my Bow."



Looking down, he saw that Duke, his wistful, little, scraggly dog, sat in the grass, gazing seekingly up at him



G. PATRICK
NELSON

A Perfect Gentleman Pelham Bay Park

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by
G. Patrick Nelson

If you were to ask who are the five most popular short-story writers in America to-day, we would say that Gouverneur Morris would come pretty near the top. Like O. Henry, he writes of life—*real* life as it is—as we all know it, not as he chooses to imagine it. That, it seems to us, is the great charm and heart-pull of Mr. Morris' work. That is why he stands in the very first rank. The present story is not cast in the usual Morris surroundings, but we think it is as full of true appeal as anything he has ever done. He takes an unusual situation and makes a little classic of it.

I SELDOM pick up a magazine nowadays without reading a story about a man and a girl on a desert island; and I seldom pick up a pen without wishing to write such a story. It's the most tempting situation imaginable. Anything can happen and usually does. And they always fall in love.

The usual desert island is a tropical paradise, not yet settled by mosquitoes. And the artist always manages to dress the girl stylishly, and, if he knows his business, she's always pretty.

There are desert islands in Greater New York. There is one in Pelham Bay Park, not a quarter of a mile from the railway bridge across Westchester Creek. But it wasn't always a desert. Mother Goose used to live there, and to this day the island is called by her name.

Mother Goose lived in the smallest white cottage I ever saw. She kept a flock of white geese, and sometimes there appeared to be a sort of corn patch on the island. It's a little bit of an island. A man, with a glass-arm, can throw a stone from the beach on one side into the water on the other. It's just a rock with a few pockets of soil and a few stunted cedars, and a little goldenrod in autumn and some wild asters and a few mallows.

Years and years ago, Mother Goose vanished. But for a long time her little house withstood the weather, and served to remind us that such a woman had actually existed and kept geese.

The miracle is not how they drifted under Pelham Bridge without knowing it, but how they drifted under the railroad bridge as well. It merely goes to show

that if a fog is thick enough you actually cannot see your hand in front of your face.

Of all the men who ever took a girl out rowing and was cast away with her upon a desert island, I think that Red Monday was the most to be pitied—at first. He, Mary Flynn (the girl he thought he loved), Tom Brady, and a girl friend of his (Red Monday thought the name was Ryan, but wasn't sure) had elected to spend a happy Saturday in Pelham Bay Park.

It was during the swimming that Red Monday fell from favor in his lady-love's eyes. A good swimmer (though an indifferent boatman), it occurred to him that it would be humorous to dive, swim under water, and pinch the calf of her leg. As a matter of fact, this would not only have convinced Mary of his humor but of his (sometimes doubted) statement that he was always thinking of her.

The lower classes have somewhat crude ways of showing thoughtfulness. And what a relief it is, by the way, now that our legislature has passed a discriminating income tax, that we are legitimized in dividing people into two classes—an upper class, or aristocracy, which pays the tax, and a lower class, composed of riffraff, which doesn't. Before this happened, one was always afraid of treading on toes. But the will of the people, as expressed by the Democratic majority, has at last accomplished what even the most royal and purple Republican feared to do.

Our swimming party, then, belonged to the lower classes, and for these reasons: They were short on education and income, and their sense of humor was altogether practical.

Mary Flynn did not make a fuss because her lover pinched the calf of her leg. She made a fuss because he didn't. Pelham Bay waters were not very clear that day, and in the submarine murk Red Monday selected a perfectly strange calf, and gave it the most sudden and affectionate pinch imaginable.

When he came to the surface, ready to burst with laughter, a young man of about his own age and twice his size blacked his eyes for him, ducked him, and held him under till he was nearly drowned. And while this was going on, the lady of the strange calf (that isn't my exact shade of meaning, but let it pass) screamed piercingly.

And Mary was very cold with him and unpitiful, and instead of inviting him to take

her for a row (as she had promised), she invited Brady. And Red Monday was confronted with the proposition of either inviting the Ryan girl to go rowing with him or of playing the cad (a word not in his vocabulary).

Well, he sullenly invited her, and she, having longed to be rowed by Brady, as sullenly accepted. And then the girls went to their bath-house to dress, and the young men went to theirs. And half an hour later they had hired rowboats, and were heading for the Stepping Stone light.

Although he couldn't be in the same boat with his Mary, it was Red Monday's open intention to keep the boat in which she fared with Brady within sight and hearing. But his work was cut out for him. Brady not only had the better boat but knew how to row. And what the Ryan girl knew about steering and sitting in the middle could have been printed on a postage-stamp in letters a foot high. She was one of those girls who are no sooner in a boat than they have to lean to one side and trail one hand in the water.

His eyes swollen, his breath gone, the skin rapidly coming off the palms of his hands, his rival's boat leading, now, by a quarter of a mile, Red Monday was a youth to be pitied. And he pitied himself almost to excess, but he pitied no one else. Mary Flynn and Tom Brady he hated with a great hatred. But most of all he hated the Ryan girl; pale and delicate in appearance, it seemed to him that she must weigh at least half a ton.

"Say," said he, at last, "can't you find the middle of the boat and stay there?"

She merely giggled.

"Quit your kiddin'," he said sternly.

"What's the use?" said she. "You couldn't catch up with Tom Brady in a million years, and I like to paddle my hands."

Red Monday rested on his oars.

"All right; paddle," he cried angrily.

"All right; I will."

And they sat looking at each other for some time.

"Gawd!" said the Ryan girl suddenly, "but you're a sight with them eyes. You're enough to make a sick calf laugh."

"When you laugh," said Red Monday sternly, "you *look* like a sick calf."

She glanced over his head and said, in a tone of great interest,

"Yes—no."

Red Monday looked over his shoulder and saw only Tom and Mary far off, the former resting on his oars and leaning forward.

"Yes—no—what?"

"Nothing. It looked for a moment as if Tom was going to kiss her. She was trying to get him to."

"Aw, shut up!" said Red Monday.

"Aw, shut up yourself!" said the Ryan girl.

"Do you know what I'd do to you for two cents? I'd tie a sinker round your neck and heave you into the briny."

"Well I'm sure," said the Ryan girl, "if I thought I was to have much more of your company, I'd be obliged to you."

"I should worry," snarled Red Monday.

"Then you must have found out what people think of you."

The youth bit his lips, and then he quoted from a play which he had once seen from the gallery.

"Your mother," he said, "must have been awful fond of children to raise you."

The Ryan girl, unable to think of a crushing repartee, contented herself with throwing a large handful of salt water into his open mouth.

"That ends it!" cried Red Monday, and he gave a furious tug at both oars. They both came out of their locks, and our hero's head went over backward against the bow seat with such violence that he was knocked senseless.

He lay limp and still, and the Ryan girl's unseemly mirth came to a sudden end. She began to call to Tom and Mary, but had no answer. They appeared infatuated with one another.

As she looked and called and tried to make them hear, she wondered why they and their boat had such a misty appearance. And looking beyond them for a cause, she saw that the Long Island shore had disappeared behind a low-hung curtain of fog, from which there issued presently the long-drawn melancholy note of a fog-horn. A moment later, Tom and Mary disappeared utterly from view, and the Ryan girl, in her thin summer dress, was shivering with cold.

Meanwhile Red Monday stirred, opened his eyes, groaned, and then swore in a whining, bitter voice.

"Lucky you hit your head," said the Ryan girl, "or you'd 'a' been killed."

Red Monday raised himself to a sitting position. The boat, thanks to the wind

which had blown the fog in from the Sound, was now bobbing smartly up and down.

"Where's the oars?" asked Red Monday, ready to place blame where it belonged.

"How do I know? You trowed them overboard. Say, do you often have 'em?"

"Have what?"

"Fits."

"Gee!" said Red Monday, "but you've got the feminine appeal strong, I don't think."

He looked this way and that, and presently stood up, a flash of alarm in his battered eyes. In every direction, at a distance of a few yards, his vision was cut sharp off by the smoky fog.

"Talk about the babes in the wood!" said the Ryan girl, and she bit her lip to keep from shivering. Not for the world did she wish Red Monday to know that she was even physically uncomfortable.

"This is real pleasant," she said, "after all the hot weather."

Red Monday reached for his jacket and put it on.

"Glad you like it," he said, "because I need this rag."

He seated himself and folded his hands over his knees.

"Do you mind smoke?" he asked sweetly.

"Yes," said the Ryan girl.

Red Monday found a cigarette and lighted it, remarking in a still sweeter voice, "Some do."

The Ryan girl made the snorting noise of the outwitted. The smoke of the young man's cigarette blew into her face. She sniffed reminiscently.

"What brand do you smoke?"

"Why?"

"Nothing; only it smells just like a Russian Jewish family's swill-can."

"Well," he acquiesced, "you ought to know. But it's news to me, as I ain't never made a practise of—"

"Oh, you know what I mean!" was torn from the Ryan girl.

"Sure, I do," he said soothingly. "It ain't nothing to be ashamed of—if you fight against it, and do your best to break the habit."

The Ryan girl, against her own sweet will, shivered from head to foot.

"Cold?"

"With a difference. It's the way you feel in the reptile house."

"Me being the snake?"

"You get me, Steve." Then, in a casual tone. "How long you going to keep me here?" she asked.

"I ain't keeping you," he said hurriedly. "Don't stay on my account."

To have been able to say, "Oh, very well," to have leaped overboard, to have swum ashore through the fog, would have seemed heaven to the Ryan girl. Unfortunately, she could only swim when the water wasn't over her depth.

Her lovely coloring was yielding to a bluish tint. The fog was not only cold but heavily damp. She was only thankful for one thing—that her hair curled naturally.

"If I had oars," said Red Monday, "I could row——"

"Not if you lived to be a million. But you could catch crabs with a baby's rattle."

"If the fog don't blow off," he continued, "and if we don't drift ashore, we'll be out here all night. There's only one thing I mind about that. People'll say I done it on purpose."

As the French say, this gave the Ryan girl seriously to think. Her reputation being about the only thing she possessed aside from her beauty and a rhinestone horse-shoe, was very precious to her.

"I don't mind being called a fool," continued Red Monday, "but I'd hate to have my friends think that, even in the thickest fog there ever was, I'd picked *you* for company."

She merely set her teeth, and for half an hour neither of them spoke. But Red Monday watched her closely out of his battered eyes. It was obvious that she was suffering mentally and physically. And he could not but admire the stiffness of her upper lip.

"This bay's full of currents—" he began.

"So's a fruit-cake," she replied, and bit back the tears.

"And sooner or later we'll get somewhere."

"I may, but you won't—not on the help of brains you got when they passed round the b-b-basket."

"Better not let your teeth knock together like that—china breaks easy."

"Shows how much *you* know! I've never even had a filling."

"Then I guess when they made the rest of your head, they allowed they couldn't spare you any more cavities."

"There's hopes for a hollow head but none for a solid one."

The girl's dress was so wet now that the lines of her pretty figure began to come into relief.

And Red Monday, a gentleman at heart, was disturbed and embarrassed. And he kept his eyes off her.

He noticed that the surface of the water visible for several yards around the boat had the whirling, eddying, oily aspect of a strong tide in a narrow way, and he was secretly relieved. "At least," he thought, "we must be getting somewhere."

As a matter of fact, they were at that very moment being carried under Pelham Bridge by the rising tide, and not many minutes later they had passed under the railroad bridge and were drifting in the closest proximity to Mother Goose Island.

"Why, there's the shore!" exclaimed the Ryan girl, all other thoughts forgotten. At the same moment, Red Monday perceived that the water was shallow enough for wading, and stepped out of the boat onto a submerged bank of mussels that



Ducked him, and held him under till he was nearly drowned

crunched under his feet. And wading gingerly, he dragged the boat ashore.

The Ryan girl leaped out and faced him.

"Just to let you know," she said, "that I hate you worse than anybody in this world, and I hope to Gawd I never see you again!"

And she ran off into the fog.

II

HAVING discovered that he was on a tiny island and that the Ryan girl, for all her heroics, could not be far off, Red Monday was vastly amused. He did not even take the trouble to look for her. Once or twice, as he explored the limitations of the place, he heard her teeth chattering, and that amused him so much that he actually improvised a song, words and music:

If I was cold as a cu-cum-ber,
I'd jump and swing my arms.
If I was cold as a cu-cum-ber,
I'd jump and swing my arms.

Whether the Ryan girl took this advice or not is unknown. But it is known that, free at last from observation, she was weeping bitterly—because she was cold, because she was afraid, because it was getting dark; but, most of all, because she knew that the anticlimax to the haughty escape from Red Monday's vicinity not only made her look very cheap in his eyes but made her feel very cheap in her own.

Meanwhile, Red Monday was saying to himself, "Give her time and she'll come and eat out of my hand."

And having discovered the remains of Mother Goose's little white cottage, he set himself to the task of making a fire. There remained of the house many broken boards of good white pine, and many shingles worn paper-thin. There remained, also, naked to the winds of heaven, the old goose-woman's fireplace and a few feet of its chimney.

Herein, with infinite precautions, for he had very few matches, Red Monday got a fire going. And here later, warm and comfortable, he began to grow a little alarmed about the Ryan girl. It was really biting cold and wet anywhere away from the fire. She might have fallen and hurt herself; she might even die of exposure. And so he stood up and remarked in a voice

loud enough to be heard over the entire island,

"Some people don't know enough to come in out of the rain."

There was no answer.

Then he thought,

"Maybe the little fool don't know I've got a fire going," and he said aloud,

"Say, I've got a nice fire."

Silence.

The silence frightened him. Much as he had learned to dislike the girl, he did not want anything serious to happen to her while under his protection. He had invited her (against his will) to go rowing with him, and he purposed to return her safe and sound to her family. And he began to look for her.

He would look for her for a while—growing more and more anxious, and then he would look for his fire, to see that it shouldn't go out. Sometimes he could see the pale glow of it clear across the island—sometimes not. And sometimes the glow he saw would turn out to be only a reflection of the real glow.

Whether the Ryan girl had found a secure hiding-place or whether she was merely dodging him, he could not be sure. Sometimes he thought he could hear her moving about, stumbling over the rocks; sometimes he was sure he couldn't hear her, and hadn't at any time heard her. Now and again, he argued and expostulated.

"Don't be a fool." "You'll get your death o' cold." "Come ahn in out of the wet." "I got a cracking fire for you." "I won't eat you," etc., etc.

And he became more and more worried. There must be something wrong, he thought. And the more he worried about her, the less he hated her. The sting of her uncompromising repartees no longer smarted. Mean she might be, bad tempered, and stuck up, and indeed all these things she doubtless was, but she was also a young girl, wet to the skin and perishing of cold and anxiety. He returned to his fire and sat awhile in thought. Then he smiled, not gloatingly, because he was very anxious, but still with a certain satisfaction. And he said to himself, "If this don't fetch her, she's dead."

And he stood up and cried banteringly: "You're afraid of me! You *dassent* show yourself!"

And she appeared upon the instant; like

some watery spirit summoned by an enchanter's wand. Game to the last!

"What'll you bet I'm afraid of you," she stammered through her chattering teeth, "you p-p-p-poor little p-p-puppy?"

Red Monday said nothing. In her voice and in her look he detected incipient hysteria. She kept snuffling, as if she had a cold in her head.

"I h-h-h-hate you. But I'm not afraid of you," she half moaned.

Red Monday put more wood on the fire. The flames leaped.

"Get as close to it as you can," he said, "without setting fire to yourself."

Her body obeyed if not her spirit.

And presently steam was rising from her clothes.

Now and then a galvanic shudder went over her from head to

Unperceived by the girl, Red Monday had taken off his jacket and was baking the lining; when this was hot to the touch he suddenly folded it about her quivering shoulders. The delicious warmth went all through her, and she burst into a storm of sobs. And Red Monday waited for them to pass, as, in time, pass they did. Then he left her and went down to the shore and was gone some time. He returned with an old tin can that was still water-tight and a handful of mussels. He cracked the mussel shells with his fingers and dropped the meats into the can, half full of salt water, and set it presently upon the fire to boil.

"It must be late night," said the Ryan girl.

"It is," said Red Monday; "there's a moon somewhere."

At that she whimpered.

"My father'll turn me into the streets," she said, "if I'm out all night."

Red Monday said nothing. He knew that in their walks of life explanations

sort of through foot.

R y a n

There was no doubt about that. The thought made Red Monday more angry than uncomfortable. What right had anybody to suppose that *he*, Red Monday, wasn't decent and to be trusted? He'd show 'em!

They ate the boiled mussels and found them—eatable.

"Kid," said Red Monday, "I've got you into a mess. It's all my fault."

"Aw, shut up!" she said. "You know it's nobody's fault."

"Now," he went on placidly, "you've got a good fire and enough sand not to be scared of being out alone. When this fog lifts and people find you, I won't be here. That'll clear *you*! You'll say the boat upset and you swam ashore, found this fire burning, and don't know what ever became of me."

"How'll you get away from here?"

"In the boat. I'll just push off in her and drift."

"You got some decency, after all," she said.

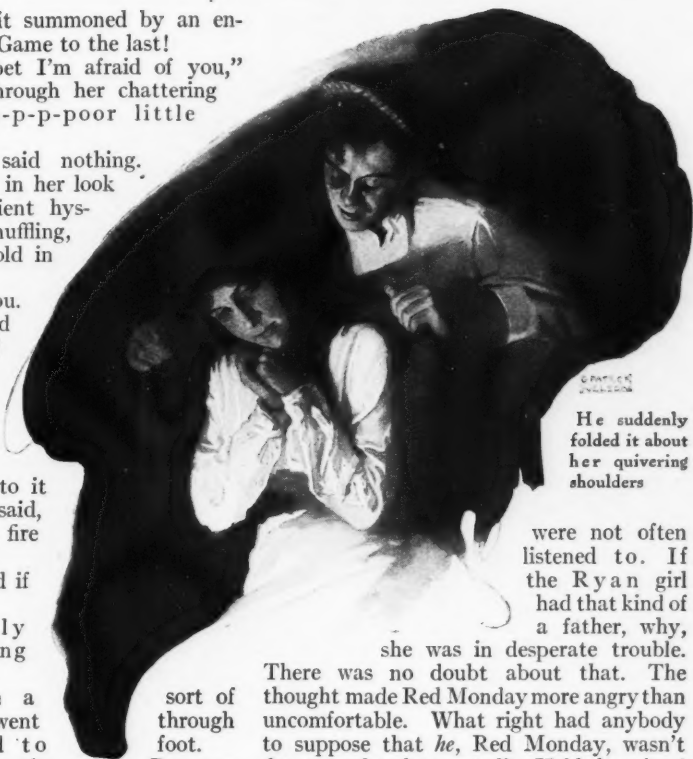
And, somehow, this made Red Monday's heart glow with a great warmth.

"Coming to see me off?"

"Are you going now?"

He nodded.

"You'll want your coat."



He suddenly folded it about her quivering shoulders

were not often listened to. If the Ryan girl had that kind of a father, why,

she was in desperate trouble.

"I'll want it, but I won't have it."

"You take it, or I'll throw it overboard."

"Ain't you and me fought enough?"

She rose and followed him across the island, and, after a while, they found the place where they had landed. The boat was gone. Red Monday had pulled it up on to the rocks, but the rising tide had pulled it off again.

"Well," said the Ryan girl, but not unkindly, "that settles that. Thank you for thinking of it, just the same."

"Oh," said he carelessly, "it don't matter about the boat. I'm no good in a boat, anyhow; but I'm some swimmer."

"We may be miles from any shore. I ain't going to have your blood on my hands."

"Wouldn't you," he said, "rather read in the papers that I'd been fished up drowned than to have your old man turn you into the streets?"

She weighed the question for a moment, and then gave him a decisive, "No."

"Well, I would," said he; "but thank you for saying you wouldn't. You got sand, all right."

"I won't let you swim in this fog."

"I ain't going to. I'm going to swim in the water."

And he laughed joyously. Then he stepped into the water, and she screamed.

He turned back.

"What do you care?"

"If anything happens to you," she said, "I'll kill myself."

"Why? I'm nothing to you."

"Any man that dies for a girl is something to her. Enough to make her want to die, too."

Red Monday held out his hand.

"It almost looks as if we was going to part friends," he said.

She caught his hand and held it in both hers. The strength of her grip astonished him.

"We ain't going to part," she said. "Not this way, I mean."

"What way, then?"

"Oh, you know what I mean."

"I thought maybe you was going to give me a kiss for good luck. *Do!*"

She loosed his hand and burst into tears. And then she said:

"Why do you twist everything I say? And try to make yourself out mean and horrid when you're not."

And suddenly her old suspicion of him returned.

"Look here," she said; "are you really willing to swim off and take a chance of drowning just to save my reputation, or is it all bluff?"

"I *was* willing," said he angrily, "but you're so suspicious, I'm beginning to think you're not worth it."

"Her good name," said the Ryan girl, "is all a working girl's got. Some of 'em lose it for love; some for vanity. But I'm not going to hang on to mine over a dead body. I *know* you're willing to risk your life for me. So—let's go back to the fire. Your life seems to be worth saving."

"Wait a minute," said Red Monday. "I don't want to risk myself overboard. But unless you're mighty sure you're willing to pay the price that maybe you'll be asked to pay—"

"I'm sure," she said.

"Well," said Red Monday, "that's good hearing. I take back all the sassy things I've said. You're a good kid, and you're a good-lookin' kid, and you've got good sand."

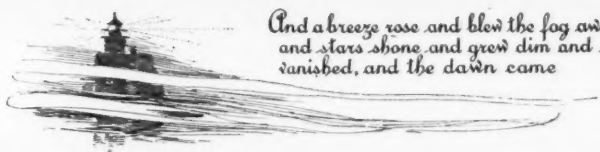
He drew a step closer, stood irresolute, and exclaimed, with a sudden wonderful intensity of feeling, "Oh, you kid!" and turned and ran into the deepening water, and was lost to view in the night and the fog.

The tide, high and swollen, was enjoying a short rest prior to running out. Having no idea in which direction to swim, Red Monday merely swam. And his right arm and leg being stronger than his left, as is usual, he swam not upon a straight line but on the circumference of a huge circle.

Owing to exposure, worry, the blacking of his eyes, and the bumping of his head, he began to tire much sooner than he expected. So that, at the end of half an hour, he accidentally swallowed a mouthful of water and got very nervous. He turned over on his back to rest, and progressed slowly, only paddling with his hands.

All of a sudden he saw a tremendous shower of big golden disks, and sank like a ship. He had run the top of his head into the perpendicular face of a rock.

Red Monday made a desperate fight for his life. He made a noise like a sperm-whale in a death-flurry, and just as he was drowning, somebody, attracted by the loud splashing, reached out a strong little hand and pulled him, by the ear, into shallow water.



And a breeze rose and blew the fog away,
and stars shone and grew dim and
vanished, and the dawn came

Wet as he was, the Ryan girl put her arm around Red Monday's waist and helped him back to the fire. His battered head lay against her shoulder, and with her free hand she held it there and pressed it close. Red Monday went into a genuine faint. Coming to, and realizing what a delicious fuss was being made over him, he went into a fictitious faint, and stayed in it until he was quite sure of certain things that were going to bring into his life new color and richness.

And a breeze rose and blew the fog away, and stars shone and grew dim and vanished, and the dawn came.

"It won't be long before somebody sees us," said Red Monday mournfully.

She only squeezed his hand.

Still faint and sick, but very happy, he lay extended, his eyes melting tender in their swollen and discolored sockets, looking up into hers.

"Gawd!" he exclaimed, with a sort of awe and wonder, "but you're a good-looker!"

The Ryan girl blushed rosily.

"You're just the *sweetest* boy," she said.

Red Monday struggled to his knees, and, bending low, kissed the face of the rock upon which they had been cast away.

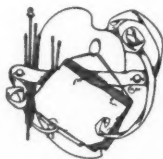
"Good little island!" he said.

III

HAVING thrown a hatchet at Red Monday and broken the kitchen clock, the Ryan girl's father showed willingness to listen to the young man's explanation. And the Ryan girl explained, too, until presently it was made to appear that opportunity is not sin, and that a comparative stranger often holds a girl's good name in higher regard than her own father. And, at last, all the loud talking of turning the Ryan girl into the streets came to an end.

But it is difficult to let well enough alone, and that was why the Ryan girl tenderly shouted (she had to shout because her father was deaf):

"Not only *that!* But not once in all that time did he say one thing that a perfect gentleman wouldn't say to a lady!"



Important Fisher Picture Announcement

The series of twenty-four pictures by Harrison Fisher, originally announced in March, 1912, which includes all the work of this popular artist which has appeared on the covers of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* during the years 1912 and 1913, and in January and February 1914, is now complete, and for the present no new subjects will be added.

As the number we are authorized to print is strictly limited, and as several of the most popular subjects are nearly sold out, those who wish to complete their sets should order at once.

Miniature half-tone reproductions of the twenty-four subjects will be sent on request to any who have delayed ordering and who may desire to complete their sets before the edition is exhausted.

These pictures are printed on pebbled plate paper—size, 14 x 11 inches—and sell at 15 cents each. Complete sets of twenty-four pictures—while they last—\$3.00, or laid in loose in a handsome, cloth-backed portfolio, stamped in gold and tied with ribbon, \$3.50. Sent absolutely at our risk.

Howard Chandler Christy's Latest Hit

We have just published a sumptuous reproduction of Mr. Christy's much discussed painting of the "Bathing Girl," which was reproduced in black and white on page 639 of the October *Cosmopolitan*. This has now been printed in full color on 14 x 11-inch pebbled paper, and is published under the title of "At the Woodland Pool."

Price, 25 cents, post-paid—at our risk.

Address, Room 1314

Cosmopolitan Print Department

119 West 40th Street

New York City

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford

Did you ever throw a club at a chestnut burr—or skin a walnut tree? Some kids who have done it claim it is good sport. Stealing? Not on your life—just a kid's birthright. But sometimes it leads to trouble—ask Toad and young Jimmy, in this story. But sometimes the old folks come along and square things—and, if they are the type of Wallingford or Blackie, make a little real cash on the side. The strange thing to people not in the get-rich-quick class is how they get away with it. This story will give you a hunch.

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"IT is well known that an egg cannot see by daylight," observed Blackie Daw, with the frown of earnest logic on his brow; and Jim Wallingford, smiling cordially, looked from Blackie to the tall young stranger, and waited. "Very well, then," went on Blackie; "you approach your egg from the left-hand side, walking cautiously. Reaching out suddenly, you clutch your egg just behind the gills, and whiff it into a light froth with one of Pushman's unparalleled egg-whiffers. This is Pushman."

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Pushman," laughed Wallingford, shaking hands heartily. "I never can tell quite what this idiot means, but I judge that you are in the egg-beating business."

"Kitchen novelties," agreed the young man, accepting Wallingford's best chair. He was a smooth-shaven chap with a clear eye and a pleasant smile, and he wore the clothing of a prosperous young business man, combined with a look of care between the eyebrows. "Mr. Daw is an old, old friend of mine. I met him for the first time in the hotel bar down-stairs, half an hour ago, and he insists that you'd like to give me some business advice."

J. Rufus Wallingford glanced speculatively at his partner.

"My pal here is up to his neck in financial difficulties, Jim," Blackie explained, giving Wallingford time to study the prospective business associate. "The diversion of egg whiffing is not so popular as he

had supposed it to be; and it takes money to buy drinks."

"I'll be jiggered if I know how my old friend Daw discovered that I am in a hole," smiled young Mr. Pushman, in perplexity, and he cast a wondering glance at Blackie. "I bought promptly when the bartender introduced us, and I said that business was good."

"Blackie has hunches," smiled Wallingford.

"No," insisted Blackie. "I'm an expert whifflebat fisherman, and you can't fool 'em. You wear a new necktie and say that business is good, Pushman, and you probably have everybody in Dingleville bluffed but your bank, but a whifflebat fisherman must have second sight. Did you ever catch a whifflebat?"

"You confounded fool!" chuckled Wallingford.

"You do it this way," went on Blackie, twisting his spikelike mustaches complacently. "In the still dawn you row out to the middle of a perfectly circular lake, taking with you a hammer, two nails, an auger, and a piece of cheese. First, you nail your boat to the lake; then you take your auger and bore a hole in the water. You lay the cheese at the edge of the hole, and whistle like a meadow-lark. Well, the whifflebat hears the music and comes to the hole, where he smells the cheese and comes up after it. Then is when you have to be quick. You lean over the side of your boat and giggle him to death."

Two boys, who had been in the bay window trying to make an aeroplane engine from a broken watch, burst out laughing. One of them was a freckled-faced boy, and the other was a well-rounded boy with strikingly lobeless ears. Wallingford, reminded that they were present at a conversation which promised to develop into business, sent them rather brusquely out of the room. Throughout Blackie's nonsense, which had been rattled off for the purpose, Wallingford, his round pink face rather heavy in repose, had studied the local manufacturer with professional care.

"What's the matter with your egg-beater?" he suddenly inquired.

"They won't buy them," and young Pushman smoothed his pompadour in concern. "I've a thousand dollars' worth of them crated, ready for delivery, but no place to send them."

Wallingford nodded gravely.

"Sink all your money?"

"Well, no," smiled the young man. Wallingford noted that his eyes were rather too close together. "I sank G. W. Slookum's. I'm willing to go on with the business, but G. W.'s no sport."

J. Rufus hitched forward.

"Has Slookum more money?"

"He's our party." It was Blackie who answered this, hitching forward and leaning his thin arms on the table.

"Slookum is the village mortgage holder," stated Pushman.

The big, round, pink face of J. Rufus Wallingford wreathed itself in a jovial smile.

"I honestly believe you'd sting Slookum," he guessed.

Young Pushman folded his arms on the table.

"How?"

"You're not incorporated?"

"No."

"That's the answer; we'll incorporate."

"Then what?" It was Blackie who asked this. J. Rufus frequently incorporated, but his movements from then on were always different.

"I don't know," returned Wallingford carelessly. "The chief value of incorporation is to get some of Slookum's money out of the old blue sock in the chimney; then we can make friends with it."

II

G. W. SLOOKUM sat at the back door of his suburban farmhouse with the glory of the autumn spread before him, and on his knees was a shotgun, loaded with rock salt; just in the center of vision of G. W.'s wrinkle-squinted eyes was a big walnut tree, anxious to drop its frost-ripened nuts. In the field, vibrating between the walnut tree and the orchard, were a farm-hand and a bull-terrier; but G. W. Slookum trusted neither of these, since there is no guardian of property so faithful as the owner thereof.

"There's a couple of strangers to see you, paw." Bent and wrinkled Mrs. Slookum said this, and she said it with her hands folded.

"Paw" Slookum rubbed a gnarled thumb up and down the barrel of his old gun.

"Town folks or country folks?" he inquired, in a voice which grated.

"City folks, paw. They look rich."

"Huh!" grunted Slookum. "Agents, I guess." He leaned his gun carefully in the corner, and rose. He smoothed down his black-alpaca coat and gave a jerk at his little black string-tie; then he stepped briskly into the parlor, where he found a large, broad-chested, pink-faced man, with a two-thousand-dollar diamond in his cravat, and a tall, thin, black-haired and black-mustached man, in a quite ministerial Prince Albert.

"This is Mr. Slookum, I believe," greeted the large man suavely. He held his silk hat across his wrist, and bowed with aggravating ease. "I am J. Rufus Wallingford, Mr. Slookum, and this is Horace G. Daw."

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Slookum," announced Mr. Daw, with every evidence of pleasure in the introduction. He extended a long, thin hand, and gripped the dry and dusty palm of Mr. Slookum with great cordiality. "Are you any relation to the Slookums of Log Center?"

"Never heard of 'em," crackled Mr. Slookum, viewing his visitors suspiciously.

"What a pity!" returned the soberly spoken Mr. Daw, seating himself easily in a corner of the horsehair couch. Wallingford, following his example, made himself at home in the big, stiff armchair. Mr. Slookum, studying the matter over carefully, decided that he might just as well sit down, and did so. "You would have

admired Hiram Slookum, I am sure," went on Blackie, crossing his long, thin legs; while Wallingford, thus left in the background, studied the mortgage collector in thoughtful leisure. "Hiram," and Blackie laughed in pleasant reminiscence, "was perhaps the most adroit dinsplitter hunter I have ever known. Did you ever hunt dinsplitters, Mr. Slookum?"

"Never heard of 'em."

"It's an exciting sport," Blackie Daw twirled the pointed ends of his mustaches, while the light of past exhilaration glittered in his black eyes. "A dinsplitter is found only in the tops of those gum trees from which the best gum-drops are made, and there is but one way to catch him. You go into the woods and shake dice. The rattle of the box arouses the dinsplitter, and he flies down and picks at the ace. He thinks it is a splick-bug, which he esteems as a great delicacy. The rest," and Blackie Daw uncrossed his legs—"the rest is easy."

G. W. Slookum gazed at Mr. Daw in frowning perplexity, but on the face of Blackie there was no twinkle of anything except the pleasant demeanor of a born conversationalist.

"My friend Daw is a habitual joker," explained Wallingford.

"Oh!" commented Mr. Slookum.

"In spite of that fact," went on Wallingford, with a grin at Blackie, "he is perhaps the best egg-beater salesman in the United States."

"Oh!" observed Mr. Slookum, blinking his eyes.

"I am about to interest Mr. Daw with me in the Pushman Kitchen Novelty

Company," went on Wallingford. "You have a splendidly promising infant industry there, Mr. Slookum."

"Yes," shrilled Mr. Slookum, his mouth squeezing in. "It's been promising a long time."

"It has lacked capital," declared Wallingford. "Have you ever looked over Mr. Pushman's books?"

"Yes." He could have made the same answer with a saw-file. The corners of his nose wrinkled up toward his eyes. "I've been down there a dozen times to see what

chance there was to get my money back—and

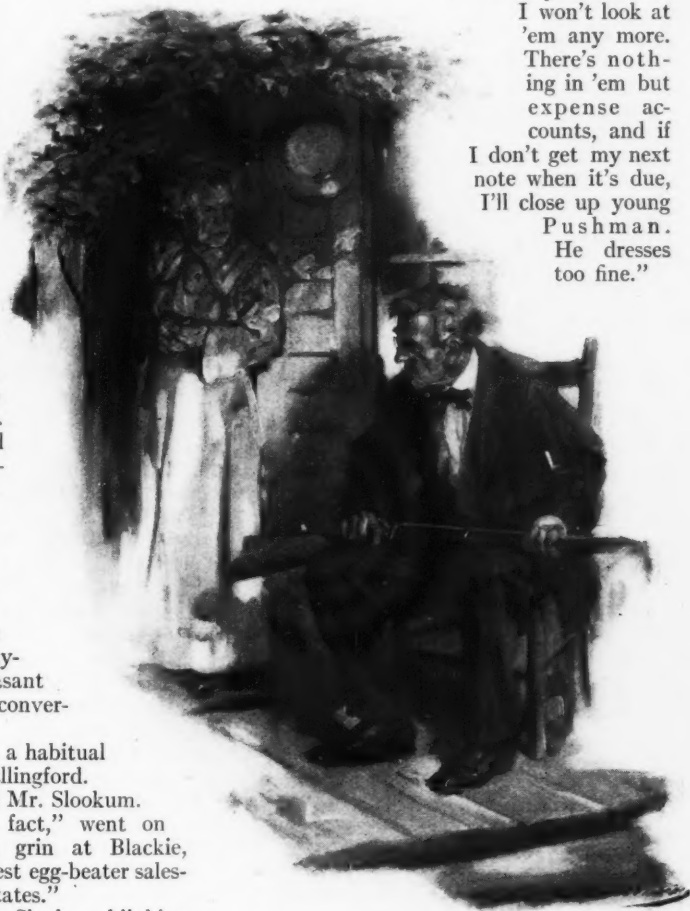
I won't look at 'em any more.

There's nothing in 'em but expense accounts, and if

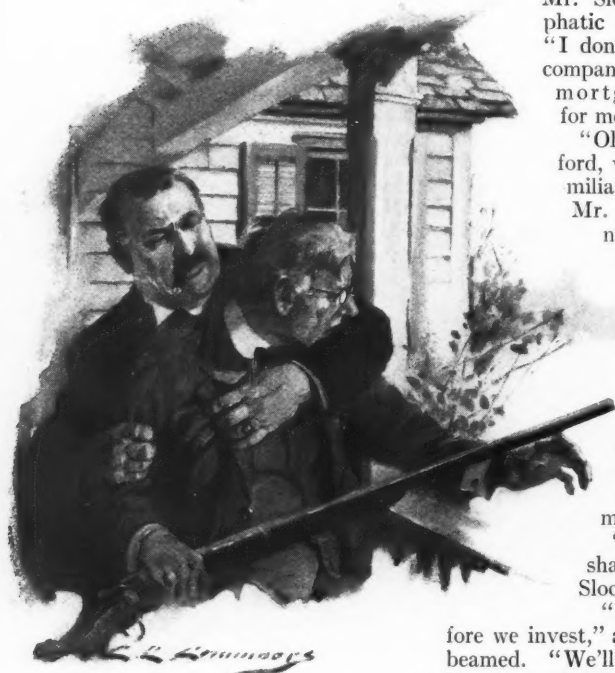
I don't get my next note when it's due,

I'll close up young Pushman.

He dresses too fine."



"There's a couple of strangers to see you, paw." Bent and wrinkled Mrs. Slookum said this, and she said it with her hands folded



"Let go of me!" screeched Slookum. "I got a right to shoot salt into a trespasser!"

"That is a business asset," responded Wallingford. "Look at me. Look at my friend, Mr. Daw. Could we make the money we do without good clothes? Certainly not!" and he swelled his broad chest complacently. "I'm a professional promoter, Mr. Slookum."

"Oh!" commented Mr. Slookum, inspecting Wallingford curiously from hair to shoes. "I've heard of promoters. I don't do business with 'em."

"You'll do business with me," confidently predicted Wallingford, and he chuckled. His smile was so amiable that even G. W. Slookum smiled vaguely in response to it. "You'll do business with me, because you like to make money, and I'll show you profits which you can't resist. I see a great opportunity in Mr. Pushman's company, and I propose to incorporate it for a hundred thousand dollars. I propose for you to take up fifty-three thousand dollars' worth of this stock. I propose——"

"No, sir-ree!" came the shrill voice of

Mr. Slookum, who was so emphatic that his fingers clutched. "I don't get roped in any stock companies with strangers. First mortgages are good enough for me."

"Oh, no," protested Wallingford, who was by this time familiar with every wrinkle in Mr. Slookum's sharp countenance, and knew what had put it there. "You buy and sell wherever you see a profit. You've done that with horses,

houses and lots, and a cider-press. You see, I know something about you." That same amiable smile. "There's a big profit in Mr. Pushman's goods."

"He can't sell 'em!" sharply interrupted G. W. Slookum.

"We'll sell the goods before we invest," and Wallingford positively beamed. "We'll organize this company, but we won't take up the stock unless Mr. Daw can secure enough advance orders to insure our making money."

"Pushman's goods are a tapioca to sell," affirmed Blackie confidently. "I can carry around a few trained eggs for demonstration purposes, and sell those egg-whiffers by the ton. They work so unexpectedly. You slip around on the blind side of an unsuspecting egg——"

"My proposition is just this," interrupted Wallingford, with a glance of warning at the self-indulgent Blackie, who had wayward ideas about amusing himself. "We will permit Mr. Daw to take out Pushman's samples at his own expense. If he brings us in bona-fide orders, from responsible jobbers, for several thousand dollars' worth of Pushman's goods, we would be foolish not to put up the money for their manufacture. That sounds reasonable, doesn't it?"

"Well, yes," granted G. W. Slookum, his eyes squinting almost shut, and Wallingford, who had a tendency to perspire under severe labor, began to breathe more freely. To get G. W. Slookum to admit anything was half the battle.

"Then you'll go in with us," and Wal-

lingford beamed confidently upon him.

"If you and I see where we can double our money, we'll invest; if not, they don't get a cent out of us," and, leaning back, he smiled in triumph.

"That's the only way I'd go into the business," creaked Slookum, pursing his lips. "You show me money that can be got without a risk, and I'm willing to invest."

"That's the talk," approved Wallingford heartily. It was always a gratification to overcome the financial coyness of a man like Slookum. "We'll proceed with our incorporation in this way," and, with a sidelong glance at the quiet Blackie, he drew some papers from his pocket.

A terrific uproar broke the peace of the beautiful autumn. There were the loud barking of a dog, the yells of a farm-hand, and the sound of hard-shod feet crashing into a picket fence.

"It's some of them danged boys!" shrilled Slookum, in great excitement, and he jumped up. His mouth pinched in, and his eyes glittered. "They're after my walnuts! I'll skin 'em alive if I catch 'em!"

He rushed back into the kitchen for his gun, while Wallingford and Blackie Daw rushed out on the little front porch. This is what they saw: A red-faced farm-hand was climbing the picket fence; in the garden, young Jimmy Wallingford, with a club in his hand, was slowly pivoting on his heel and facing a solid-looking bull-terrier, which was dashing violently around and around Jimmy, hunting an unprotected opening; Toad Jessup, so freckled that he seemed to have turned with the autumn leaves, was throwing solid, green walnuts at the farm-hand, and, just as Blackie reached the garden, the farm-hand received one of the walnuts in the eye. He fell off the fence backward.

"Watch him, Jimmy!" yelled Blackie,



The long-legged Blackie was clinging to the lower branches of a tree and lifting his legs as high as he could

and, rushing down the walk, he grabbed a stick from the garden. Plunging into Jimmy's private hippodrome he made a slash at the dog. Two seconds later, the long-legged Blackie was clinging to the lower branches of a tree and lifting his legs as high as he could, while a hard, white dog was leaping earnestly and determinedly after those lean shanks. Jimmy and Toad were pelting at the dog with walnuts and laughing at Blackie's monkey-on-a-stick gymnastics, when G. W. Slookum came rushing out with his shotgun, and found himself clasped in the heavy embrace of J. Rufus.

"Let go of me!" screeched Slookum. "I got a right to shoot salt into a trespasser!"

"No, you don't!" panted Wallingford. "Those are my boys."

"I don't give a dang!" and Slookum struggled to be free.

Quick as a flash, the dog wheeled to make for the stranger on the porch; but, at that opportune moment, Blackie Daw landed on him, and, with an aim which was compelled to be exact, grabbed him, at the first clutch,

by the leathern collar and lifted him clear of the ground, jerking and plunging, and dropped him in a dry well, to his vast indignation. The shotgun, with a deafening report, splattered its contents into the ceiling of the porch.

"Get off of my place!" ordered G. W. Slookum, beside himself with rage. "You're trespassers—the whole lot of you!"

Wallingford slowly released him. J. Rufus was panting with exertion, but he could not be forgetful of his ruling aim in life. G. W. Slookum had money!

"There's no use in our losing our tempers over a boyish prank like this," he soothingly remarked. "Suppose we return to our little business conversation."

"There won't be any business conversation," declared the owner of the walnuts, with violent emphasis. "I'm through with you! Git out of my yard! Git!"

"Come on, Jim," called Blackie, who had slipped into the house for their hats. The boys, looking soberly at each other, in spite of the occasional irrepressible giggles, had quietly slid out and taken their places in the hired touring car. "Wait just a minute," added Blackie, and going to the edge of the well, he leaned over and barked down at the dog!

III

"My notion about it is that we should cheer up," observed Blackie Daw, with a grin at the unsmiling face of J. Rufus. "What we need is to forget our sorrows and go digging for jiggerbait. Did you ever dig for jiggerbait, Pushman? A jiggerbait corkscrews into the sand with one foot, and leaves the other up for a handle. You——"

"Will you keep still?" requested Wallingford. "I'm trying to think."

"All right, Jim," agreed Blackie meekly, but with a wink at Pushman. "I couldn't tell it from just looking at you; but I've this to say: If you were thinking the way you looked, you'd be better off if you went jiggerbaiting. You locate a jiggerbait by ear, Pushman. It makes a sound like a peanut, and——"

There was a giggle from the bay window, a giggle which was instantly suppressed, as young Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessup bent serious, earnest faces on their game of checkers. They were trying to make as

little noise as possible on this rainy day of gloom. Brief as that giggle was, however, it brought them immediately into undesired prominence.

"You kids are going home!" J. Rufus promptly informed them.

Toad Jessup, who had been meek as long as he could, turned squarely away from his checker-board with a jerk. He had been sitting hunched over, but now he straightened up.

"All right; we'll go home," he stated. "We're not having much fun here." Jimmy looked at him with a quiet smile, but he said nothing, or did he alter his position over the checker-board. "We didn't do anything out at old Slookum's," went on Toad. He had been interrupted some twenty times at this point of his explanation, but he was capable of going on twenty times more, until he should be able, in mere justice, to testify in his own behalf. "Those walnuts were ripe, and they were right near the road, and it wouldn't have hurt old Slookum to let us pick up a few of them. And we didn't know they were his, anyhow."

"You knew they were not yours," snapped Wallingford. He was relenting. This was the first time he had condescended to argue the question.

"Jimmy says that nothing you want is yours," promptly responded Toad, with a glance at the discreetly silent Jimmy. "You have to get it."

There was a snort from Blackie.

"You know, Jim, that kid of yours has remarkably good sense," he grinned. "We were after old Slookum's money, and the kids were after his walnuts. They beat us to it, that's all."

"Business is a different proposition," retorted Wallingford, seeing here a chance to point a great moral lesson. "Business is a legitimate means of attaining commercial progress; but these kids were stealing. There is no other word for it."

"We didn't mean to steal," protested Jimmy. "We just saw the walnuts and took some. That's what you do when you do business."

Young Pushman, who sat facing Wallingford, chuckled.

"You lose," he softly observed.

"It'd 'a' been all right if we hadn't 'a' been caught!" charged Toad.

"And if we hadn't made Mr. Slookum

angry with you," added young Jimmy, to his father.

"That's all I'll hear," was the final and clinching argument of J. Rufus. "Leave the room!"

The boys clattered out, not half so crest-fallen as they might have been, and young Pushman glanced after them in admiration.

"They're great kids," he commented. "I'm sorry they interfered with our deal, but I don't hold it against them."

"They didn't interfere with the deal," insisted Blackie. "They only raised our price on old Slookum. We'll have to charge him more, now."

"How?" and young Pushman, hitching up his chair, folded his arms on the edge of the table.

"I don't know," grinned Blackie, hitching up his chair, also, and folding his arms on the edge of the table. "How, Jim?"

Wallingford drew closer, and rested his big arms in front of him.

"Well, there should be

several ways," he considered; "but I'm afraid we'll have to use a little of our own money."

IV

THE golden sun descended behind the fringe of trees, and G. W. Slookum sat gazing into the glorified west, with his head craned toward the orchard. There were some russet apples down there.

"Mr. Pushman, paw." It was Mrs. Slookum, with her hands folded.

"Tell him it ain't any use," crackled Slookum, still gazing in the general direction of the sunset. Was there, or was there not, a shadowy figure moving down there in the orchard? "That note has to be paid to-morrow."

"Tell him yourself!" Mrs. Slookum's voice was meek but her eyes were hard, and her husband stood his gun carefully in the corner.

"All right; I will," he grumbled, and went into the front room, where young Pushman rose from the horsehair couch with smiling ease.

"I've had no notice of collection from any of the banks," he observed. "I suppose you still have my note which falls due to-morrow?"

"Of course I have," crackled Slookum. "I don't pay banks for collection. If the money's there, I can get it as well as they can, and if it ain't, I can sue better."

"I'm happy to say that you'll not have to sue in this case," laughed Mr. Pushman. "I'll be out of town to-morrow; so, if you don't mind, I'll take up that note, now. Here's your check for one thousand and interest. I think you'll find the amount correct."

The mortgage connoisseur took the check and laid it on the center table and weighted it with a corner of the Bible; then, all in perfect silence, he lit the lamp, produced his reading-spectacles, and put them on with great delib-



He read the check to the dotting of every "i" and to the crossing of every "t"

The New Adventures of Wallingford

eration. He read the check, to the dotting of every "i" and to the crossing of every "t."

"Un-hunh!" he reluctantly grunted. "Business pickin' up?" and he sat down to his old bookcase desk.

"Fine!" stated young Pushman, with enthusiasm. "I found a New York jobber to handle my goods, and he's keeping me busy. He takes the ten-day discount, too. About next week I'd like to discount that second note."

With a jerk, Mr. Slookum stopped writing. "You don't want to do that," he hastily advised. "You don't want to cramp your producing power. I'll extend this note, if you say so."

"I wouldn't have it extended for a minute." Young Pushman spoke with some vehemence. "Harry Lawrence has been eight years paying you the last thousand dollars he owed you, and he tells me the capital is only reduced to nine hundred. I'll pay you off if it cripples my entire enterprise."

"Well, I got something to say about that!" crackled Slookum, who never liked to collect his capital if the interest was good. "If paying me cripples your business, you might not be able to pay me clear out; so you don't discount any notes. You need capital."

"No trouble about that," and the young manufacturer lit a big cigar. "There was no hope of my getting money in this town, so I've taken in outside capital—Mr. Wallingford."

Slookum's head came up with a jerk.

"You be careful of that man," he warned. "He's a skinner!"

V

JUST outside the fence of G. W. Slookum's field waited young Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessup with their caps in their hands, and the caps were filled with walnuts. No such exhibition of patience and Spartan fortitude had ever before been given by this pair. For nearly an hour they stood, and occasionally they giggled, and occasionally they cast quick glances over their shoulders at the house; but, for the most part, they merely held themselves in sober waiting, with an intentness which was little short of businesslike.

At last, G. W. Slookum came around the corner of the house. Though he had been

in plain sight of the walnut tree and of the orchard, some uneasy instinct had warned him of the presence of boys. He took off his near glasses and put on his far-away glasses; then shrilled, "Hey you, Andy!"

He hurried straight down the walk and out along the road. The farm-hand came clomping up from the barn, the hard, white bull-terrier stretching along ahead of him. The two boys stood their ground.

"Aha! I caught you at it!" yelled Slookum.

"Don't you touch us!" warned Toad. "We're not on your property."

That warning was just in time, for Slookum had been about to lay hands on them. He knew the law of trespassing quite well, however. The white dog knew it, too. He leaped and jerked and barked inside the fence, and ran up and down in panting impatience, but he made no move to come into the road. Andy leaned on the fence, just behind the boys. He was a pickled-faced man, with an indiscriminate sort of a yellow mustache.

"Put back those walnuts!" ordered Andy.

"We don't have to put 'em back!" immediately announced Toad. Jimmy had not a word to say. He stood quietly listening to Toad, with a little half-smile. "They're our walnuts!"

"You stole 'em!" charged Slookum.

Suddenly the hired hand reached over the fence and grabbed the caps out of the boys' hands. He flung the walnuts inside the field as far as he could, and then tossed the caps outside the fence.

"Now go on home, or I'll spank you!" he threatened.

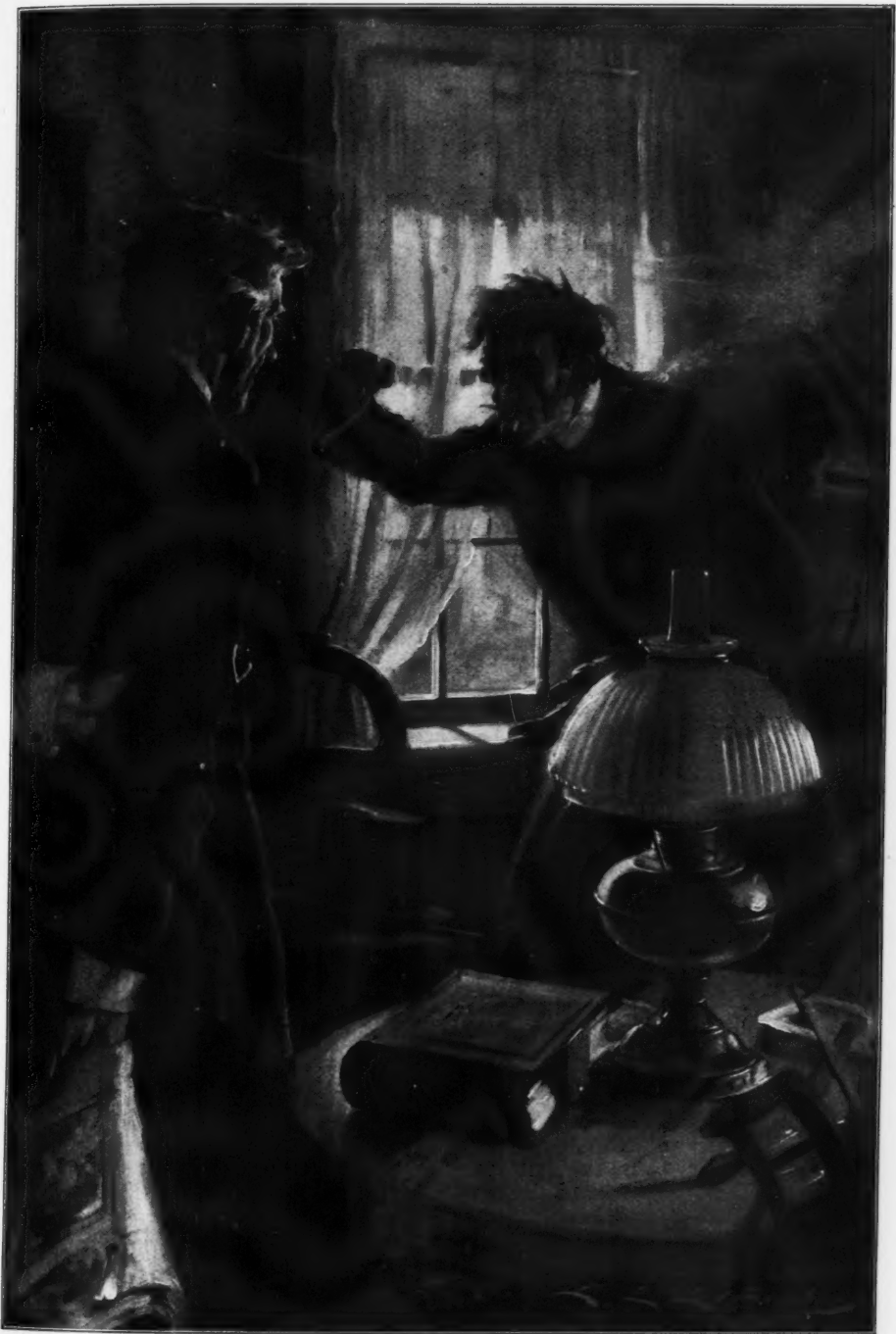
"We don't have to go home!" Toad's voice rose in shrill triumph. "This is our road! We're part of the public! We can stay right here as long as we want to!"

For the first time, Jimmy Wallingford spoke. He was not defiant, like Toad; he was quiet, and at the corners of his lips lurked a smile which had in it a trace of insolence.

"You must give us back our walnuts," and his clear eyes gazed steadily into the beady ones of G. W. Slookum.

"What did you say?" crackled Slookum, in astonishment.

"You must give us back our walnuts," repeated Jimmy firmly. "We can have you arrested for highway robbery."



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"I am a victim of injustice! I am bent on revenge! Revenge, Mr. Slookum! Revenge on that scoundrel, J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"You young thieves!" snorted Slookum. "Of all the impudence!"

"We can prove they were our walnuts," went on Jimmy, entirely unruffled, though the light of a peculiar satisfaction began to gleam in his eyes. "We bought them this morning at a grocery store, and there were four people saw us buy them. Here is the check." He produced a pink grocer's slip bearing the single item, "Walnuts, 25."

The hired hand bent low over the fence to inspect that slip, and a round hole came under his yellow mustache. G. W. Slookum hastily took off his far-away glasses and put on his near ones, then he, too, carefully inspected the sales-slip.

"If those were your walnuts, why were you sneaking around my tree?" He was filled with rage.

"We weren't sneaking around your tree," indignantly denied Toad. "We stayed right out here on the road. We want our walnuts."

Mr. Slookum and Andy looked at each other in troubled silence.

"I reckon they got the right of it," judged the hired hand.

"Give them back their walnuts!" ordered Slookum savagely.

That was enough. Toad Jessup put his thumb and his forefinger in his mouth and filled his lungs and emitted a whistle so shrill that G. W. Slookum seemed to raise straight up from the ground. Instantly, from among the shrubbery across the side road from the walnut tree, there emerged the full night-force of bell-boys from the Hotel Dingle. They came running, and with a whoop. They sprawled over the fence. There were seven of them, but they moved so rapidly that they looked like seventy. The hard, white dog wasted no time in consideration. He started across the field in a straight streak, and the tallest bell-boy, who was thirty-two years of age and a retired prize-fighter, met him with a tattered minnow-seine, and the skirmish-line parted, leaving an astonished dog rolling on the ground and trying to paw his way out of that net. The skirmish-line, with whoops and cheers and much laughter, charged on the walnut tree with irresistible enthusiasm. Clubs and stones flew up among the branches like a bombardment from a Gatling battery. The tallest bell-boy paused, for just a moment, to "paste" the hired hand in the eye with a well-

seasoned fist. It was the same eye which Toad Jessup had greeted with a hard, green walnut.

But the tallest bell-boy was the only one who hesitated, even for a moment. Every other boy was in three places at once, and walnuts rained on the ground like hailstones. Before G. W. Slookum could properly judge what he should do about it, the tree had been stripped of all its walnuts, most of its leaves, and some of its branches, and every nut had been picked from the ground.

Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessup had nothing to do with all this. They had scrambled into the field and had studiously filled their caps with walnuts and had climbed out again, trudging sturdily down the road, toward the town. They had not thrown a stick or a stone.

VI

JIMMY and Toad tried to slip out of the room when G. W. Slookum called at the hotel to see Jimmy's father, but Mr. Slookum himself objected.

"I want these boys to stay right where they are," he hotly insisted. "They came out and damaged my property. They skinned my walnut tree. I want to know if you encourage that sort of thing."

"How about this, boys?" inquired Wallingford, though not with the sternness they had expected.

"I'll tell you just how it was, father," offered Jimmy, his voice and his manner too quiet for entire innocence. "We took a walk out in the direction of Mr. Slookum's place, but, before we went, we bought some walnuts in a grocery store, and here is the check for them." He produced the pink slip triumphantly, and laid it in front of his father. "Mr. Slookum's man took our walnuts away from us, and threw them over into his field. We proved to him that the walnuts were ours, and he let us gather them up. We only filled our caps. We took only as many walnuts as we had bought, and not one more. We picked them from the ground, and did not throw one stick or stone into the tree. Isn't this true, Mr. Slookum?"

"Yes; but those boys——"

"I was just going to tell about the boys," interrupted Jimmy, looking his father calmly in the eye; but, in spite of himself, a

twinkle came into his own brown eyes, and his father saw it. "While we were in the field gathering up the walnuts which had been taken from us, a lot of other boys came in and clubbed the tree."

"They were your gang, by dander!" exploded G. W. Slookum. He was fairly quivering with wrath, and his voice cracked. "You whistled for them to come in. They were strange boys that I never saw before."

The tallest bell-boy, who had escorted G. W. Slookum to Wallingford's suite, caught the eye of Toad Jessup, snorted, and went away from the door. He could have remained in security, in spite of the walnut stains on his hands. The disguise of his blue uniform was perfect.

J. Rufus Wallingford studied the intelligent countenance of his son quite earnestly.

"Is this true, Jimmy?" he inquired.

Again the boy's brown eyes twinkled as he looked into those of his father.

"He can't prove it."

"That's enough," said Wallingford, and he turned sternly to his caller. "When you come to me with a complaint about my boys, you should be prepared to show grounds. It seems to me, Mr. Slookum, that the complaint is on the other side." He rose. He expanded his broad chest. "You were high-handed with my boys, sir." He raised the pitch of his voice. He was a most effective orator. "The whole trouble, Mr. Slookum, is that you have been the autocrat of Dingleville entirely too long. A great many people, I discover, have suffered injustice at your hands. I am going to see, Mr. Slookum, if this community can be throttled by a loan shark." He bent on Slookum his sternest gaze. His round face had reddened, and he shook a threatening forefinger at the loan shark. "Good-day, sir!" and turning, he stalked, in outraged majesty, into the adjoining room.

G. W. Slookum stood and batted his eyes for a moment, then he put on his old flat-brimmed derby, and left.

"Gee!" said Toad, in wonder. "Daddy Jim ain't mad at us, this time."

"No," drawled Jimmy. "I guess that this time it's good for his business to have Mr. Slookum angry."

J. Rufus Wallingford had been returning to the sitting-room, but, when he heard this, he sat down. The next day, he sent Jimmy and Toad home, and every

bell-boy who was off duty went down to the train to see them away. The "gang" carried a big bag of hulled walnuts, which they presented to little Jimmy, and he gave the captain ten dollars for distribution. Jimmy's father saw the walnut stains on the hands of the night-force, but he said nothing. Instead, after the train had pulled out, he handed a ten-dollar bill of his own to the captain of the bell-boys, and chuckled all the way back to the hotel.

VII

DINGLEVILLE awoke to the fact that it had, in the person of J. Rufus Wallingford, a new citizen of great value. For instance, look at Harry Pushman's business—a little one-horse factory doing nothing at all. Wallingford came along, and now Pushman was working to capacity and was shipping goods as fast as the railroads could handle them, making money hands over fists. No special genius of Wallingford's, either! He just wasn't afraid of his money—that's all. Ready to put it in at the right time.

Busy, too, this man Wallingford. There wasn't a enterprise in Dingleville with which he hadn't made himself familiar. There was the grist-mill. Wallingford took a look at its books, talked twenty minutes with dusty old Dan Fliggit, and loaned him the money to lift old Slookum's mortgage—twenty-five hundred dollars. That seemed to be Wallingford's specialty, by the way—lifting mortgages. A certain grasping and griping old party had better watch out, or he'd have no place to invest his money but government bonds; and they don't pay enough interest to a man like Slookum. Six and seven per cent. compounded was Slookum's favorite amusement in life, and here he was getting all his cash back on his hands. Why, come to figure it up, Wallingford had released thirty or forty thousand dollars of Slookum's money in mortgages, here and there. Just turned it right back on the old codger! Of course, Wallingford had taken mortgages, but on easier terms—terms which gave a man a chance to live. By jingo, he had put new life, new blood, into Dingleville!

Some business man, too, Wallingford! Take the matter of that lawsuit, for instance. This fellow by the name of Daw tried to sting him, didn't he? Came along

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with a contract giving him the exclusive sale of Pushman's egg-beaters. Wanted to collect commissions on all the goods Pushman had sold to those big New York jobbers, Paul Pollet & Company. You bet Wallingford showed up this Daw person, all right! Showed that Daw hadn't sold a dollar's worth of goods, not a dollar's worth; while, in less than a month, Pushman had made shipments to his big jobber amounting to over twenty thousand dollars! But say; would you ever believe there was such a profit in the egg-beater business? Bringing all those books to court was a mighty fine education in the possibilities of a well-conducted manufacturing plant. Why, the Pushman factory had cleared over fourteen thousand dollars since Wallingford had backed it! Two-thirds, Wallingford's share was. Wouldn't old Slookum be sick to think that he'd had a chance to back that fine business and get all that profit! Old Slookum was sick. There was no disputing that. Old Slookum was not only desperately ill, but he was frantic!

VIII

G. W. SLOOKUM sat at his back door. The walnuts were gone and the apples were picked, and there was nothing to watch; but he sat there and watched it.

"There's a stranger, paw." It was Mrs. Slookum, but not even her voice was meek. In the past two weeks she had been aggravated to the point of rebellion.

"Who is it?" The voice of Mr. Slookum was particularly harsh. In the past two weeks he had strained it.

Mrs. Slookum did not even tell him to go and find out for himself. She had disappeared on the delivery of her first message.

Mumbling and grumbling, G. W. went into the horsehair room, and the stranger proved to be none other than Horace G. Daw, who, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his black Prince Albert, was stalking diagonally across the room.

"Sir," said Horace G. Daw, "I am a much abused man!" and he deliberately bent the end of his spiked mustache and inserted it between his teeth.

"Un-hunh!" agreed Slookum, and he grinned.

"I am a victim of injustice!" ranted Mr.

Daw, tousling his black hair down over his forehead. "I am bent on revenge! Revenge, Mr. Slookum! Revenge on that scoundrel, J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Un-hunh!" agreed Slookum. But there was more animation in his tone.

"Have you, or have you not, two mortgage-notes against the Pushman Kitchen Utensil Company, each for one thousand dollars and interest?"

Mr. Slookum studied Blackie Daw slowly.

"What about it?" he asked, rubbing his clawlike hands over each other, as if he were trying to wring an idea from them.

"Listen!" Blackie Daw stopped and held one hand aloft. "I wish to purchase those notes."

Again long and deliberate thought on the part of Mr. Slookum.

"Why?" he asked.

"Will you sell me the notes if I tell you?"

"Well, maybe."

"Then here it is. Those notes are in the name of Pushman Kitchen Utensil Company. That company has gone out of existence, having been merged into the The Pushman Kitchen Utensil Company, now incorporated. Since the original company does not exist, it cannot take up those notes, and you can refuse settlement from any other person. The mortgage can still stand as a lien, however, against the absorbing company, and can be held until such time as that company might be in temporary difficulties. Then, by thunder, I can make trouble with them!"

"That's danged nonsense," crackled Slookum. "You don't know the law, or you wouldn't think up a scheme like that. I tried it once."

It was Blackie Daw's turn to pause, and he did it most crestfallenly.

"You're cock-sure I can't do that?"

"As sure as gospel!"

"Then there's only one other way!" Blackie now sat down, with his hands on his knees and his neck bolt upright. "I'll have to buy enough stock in the The Pushman Kitchen Utensil Company to vote my enemy out of office."

Mr. Slookum, who was an excellent listener, cocked his head sidewise at that.

"How much money would that take?"

"Fifty-one thousand dollars." Blackie's reply was prompt and sharp. "The company's incorporated for a hundred

thousand, and Pushman has the sale of the stock. They're snapping it up like hot cakes around town to-day, because the company, in my suit against them, showed a profit, even on a hundred thousand dollars' capitalization, of over a hundred and fifty per cent. a year!"

G. W. Slookum gulped, and a spasm of pain twitched at all his wrinkles.

"Yes; I figured that out myself," he corroborated.

"Well, Pushman don't like Wallingford.

Wallingford put up a little money, but it was Pushman's business, after all, and Wallingford grabbed out two-thirds of the profits. Now, I know their private arrangement. They intend to sell twenty-five per cent. of the stock to the public, and they're keeping the balance for themselves, as promoters' stock. It's not to cost them a cent. It's their pay for having made the business a big money-earner."

Slookum nodded his head. He could appreciate that action.

"Well, here's something else I know!" Mr. Daw placed his finger-tips on his knees, and spread those knees wide in triumph.

"Pushman is going to sell some of that promoters' stock for himself and Wallingford, thus cashing part of their profits. Now you see it?"

"Un-hunh!" drawled Slookum. He did not quite see, but he had a strong inkling.

"I'll simply get Pushman to sell me fifty-one per cent. of that stock, as soon as my money gets here next week. Then I'll call a meeting and vote Wallingford out of office, make myself president, and vote myself a big enough salary to eat up all the profits except six or seven per cent.—that's enough for stockholders. I'll show

that fellow Wallingford!" and Blackie, jumping from his chair, slapped his hands behind him and stalked agitatedly across and across the room.

Mr. Slookum was silent a long, long time. He was busy figuring. That company had made fourteen thousand dollars in a month! That was a hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars a year! Six-per-cent. dividends on the capitalization would only be six thousand. He lost himself in a maze of entrancing figures.

"I suppose Wallingford wouldn't care much about the business if he couldn't control the stock and get all those extra profits," he speculated.

"He'd leave town!" and the wild-haired Blackie smacked his fist in his palm. "Didn't he say so at the trial? Didn't he make that great speech to the jury, in which he cheated me out of my commissions, and didn't he tell the people of this town that, if he was to be hampered in any way after he had built up their local enterprises, he'd shake the dust of Dingleville from his feet forever?"

Again there was a long pause, in

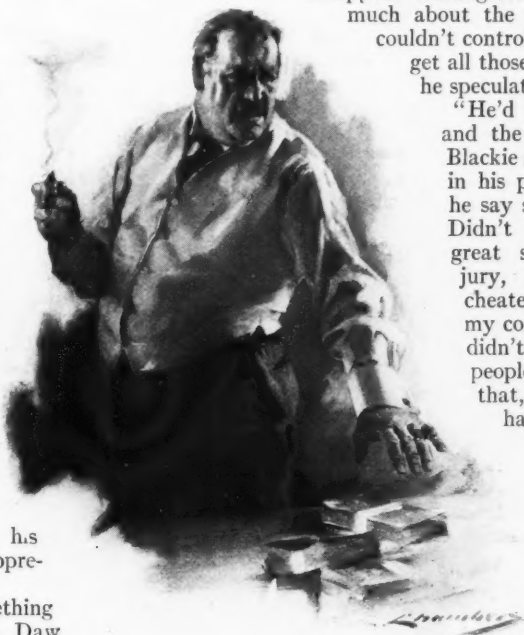
which G. W. Slookum speculated.

"You say you don't get your money until next week?" he presently observed.

IX

YOUNG Pushman hurried into the apartments of J. Rufus Wallingford in the Hotel Dingle, slammed his derby on the table, dropped a bag on the floor, plumped himself into the big chair, threw back his head, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Well, we're clean!" he exulted, and,



"Look here, my young friend; don't make any mistakes about morality! You can't make a crook out of an honest man"

opening the bag, began to draw out packages of money and toss them on the table.

Wallingford, his big pink face wreathed in smiles, leaned his arms on the table.

"No stock left," he surmised.

"Not a share! Old Slookum couldn't get down to me quick enough to beat Blackie Daw to it, and he took the entire fifty-five I'd held back for him. Wallingford, I tried two years to bring this business to a point where I could unload it on my fellow townsmen, but I'm an amateur as yet. It took that lawsuit to put those bogus shipments beyond question." He pushed the money over to J. Rufus for distribution, then he laughed reminiscently. "Old Slookum was the cautious party. Yesterday morning he telegraphed your man Pollet and asked if the egg-beater market still looked good."

"Certainly," corroborated Wallingford. "Pollet wired me, and I wired Pollet to order three thousand dollars' worth."

"They'll have to be new goods," grinned Blackie Daw, fondling the money. "Say do you know we've shipped Pushman's original thousand dollars' worth of egg-beaters to Paul Pollet and back twenty-four times!"

"And Paul paid cash every time," chuckled Wallingford. "However, the dividend we declared just before we incorporated got us back that money. What's here, Pushman?"

"Seventy-five thousand, even."

Wallingford shook his head.

"Rotten we had to sell twenty-five thousand for the treasury," he worried; "but it wouldn't have been safe to have set aside any more promotion stock. First of all, we'll take out that three thousand for next week's shipment," and he counted the money to one side. "Then we'll take out nine thousand for expenses." He shoved that money to one side. "We won't count the trifle I lost when I turned those mortgages over to the bank this morning, nor will we count the three thousand which I am to pay Paul Pollet. That comes out of the profits of Blackie and myself. We have here sixty-three thousand to divide. Now what do you think is fair?"

"Half," responded the young man.

"I just wanted to see whether you have the right kind of stuff in you or not," chuckled Wallingford, "and you have." His eyes half closed and his big shoulders heaved.

"I think you'll do well. Here's thirteen thousand for you." Young Pushman drew the bills toward him.

"We should have had a contract!" he grumbled.

"Burglars can't make a legal contract!" snorted Blackie. "Why, Pushman, when we came along, the only end you saw to your business was to have it taken away from you, with you in debt. This way, you have thirteen thousand dollars, clear!"

Young Pushman dropped the money into his bag. "Yes, but I didn't get it straight," he complained. "This is all I get for being crooked."

Wallingford's smile faded, and his eyes narrowed. "Look here, my young friend; don't make any mistakes about morality!" he warned. "A crook isn't a crook just for pay, and you can't make a crook out of an honest man. A crook is a crook because he's a crook."

Pushman rose, with his bag in his hand, and took his hat. "Yes, I guess so," he admitted. "It's probably born in one. Old Slookum was telling me about his walnuts. He's found out about the trick by which your boy skinned his tree—"

Something hard and bony smacked young Pushman right at the hinge of his jaw. Immediately afterward, almost instantly, in fact, something hard and bony smacked young Pushman in the eye. Those two missiles were the two fists of Blackie Daw, and one more thump of his right landed the amateur sprawling across the couch.

After the disturbance had subsided, and young Pushman had gone away, J. Rufus Wallingford sat silently on the arm of the couch, with a look of deep trouble on his brow. Blackie Daw, tossing things into their grips for a hasty departure, chattered cheerfully, as he worked, about the habits of the spoofenyoup a strange game-fish which roosted on coral branches and could only be enticed by liquor. Receiving no answer to his invitation to go spoofenyousing, Blackie suddenly paused.

"Now don't you worry about little Jimmy," he advised. "He's a fine kid!"

"Certainly he is!" agreed Wallingford.

"He's as straight as a string, Jim; and I can lick anybody who hints that he isn't. That kid's only smart!"

"That's right," again agreed Wallingford, but he let Blackie finish the packing by himself.

The next adventure of *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* will appear in the April issue.

A Fighting Legislator

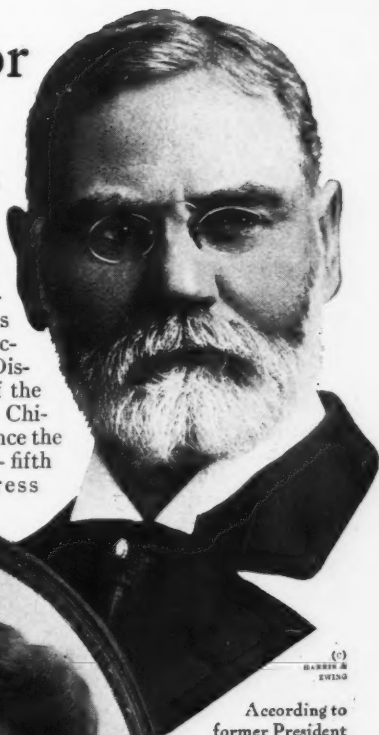
By John Temple Graves

THE American House of Representatives is a political and an intellectual arena in which men fight to the utmost for their districts, states, and sections, and for their political convictions and traditions.

The man who gets along in the House of Representatives has to fight for it. The man who holds his own, or forges to the front in that arena, wins and wears the agnomen of a strong man.

There is nothing more obscure in Washington than the mediocre congressman. He is outranked in repute and respect by a thousand citizens who live in the capital or come there. But there is no better thing in Washington, and no more famous thing in Washington, in the Senate or out of it, than a strong

Mann, who has represented in Congress the Second District of the city of Chicago since the Fifty-fifth Congress



According to former President Taft, Mann is the greatest parliamentarian of the age



congressman who has fought his way out of mediocrity into the majesty of power in that splendid arena.

Such a man is James R.

Mrs. James R. Mann



assembled on the first Monday of December, 1896, and has, in these years, become recognized and honored as the foremost and focal fighting figure of the Republican party.

It has not been his happy fortune to lead the Republican majority for any sufficient length of time, but, as a leader of the minority of that long-dominant faction, placed in the ranks of the opposition and at the head of it, fighting for the most part against the dominant and triumphant majority, he has displayed a dauntless courage, an inexhaustible resource,

A Fighting Legislator

an almost matchless comprehension of parliamentary detail, and, withal, so fine and mainly a spirit of Americanism, that he has won the respect of his Democratic opponents and richly deserves the almost idolatrous regard of his Republican followers.

The component elements which enter into the political make-up of the Republican minority leader ought to produce a composite man. Born of a Kentucky father and of a Virginia mother, in the Abraham Lincoln state of Illinois, raised among the representative and yet composite constituency of all races and all classes in that many sided city of Chicago, Mann, of Illinois, comes pretty near to being the representative Western American of the twentieth century.

To begin with, he is a man of extraordinary and tireless industry. This is justified and maintained by the possession of a body of superb vigor and development. He is a man of extraordinary energy, which is illustrated in the devotion to his party and his principles, which never tires and never trembles.

He was born with a mind sufficiently good to lead his high school and to graduate first in the class of 1876, at the University of Illinois. This natural equipment of industry, energy, and fine intelligence has been steadily and faithfully held and conserved for years, until he stands to-day, in the Twentieth Century Congress of the American Republic, as vigorous and well equipped a debater as that body contains.

A PARTISAN PAR EXCELLENCE

Mann is a partisan *par excellence*. Stalwart and untterrified in the support of the policies of his party, and immovable against the challenge of his opponents, his watchfulness is only equaled by his promptness and his fidelity to duty. No bill, however minute, fails to receive his careful attention. No piece of graft, however subtle, escapes his instant challenge.

Woe be to the Democratic or other partisan who cherishes the hope to put through a piece of doubtful legislation in the absence of the minority leader; for the man from Illinois is never absent. He is always in his seat, or in the cloak-room, where he may be called. He is never asleep, and he is never caught napping, and he knows every trick of the legislative game from the roll-call to the adjournment.

His Republican followers and many of his Democratic admirers regard him as the greatest master of parliamentary tactics not only in the American Congress but in the world. President Taft said that Mann "is the greatest parliamentarian of the age."

But the Chicago congressman is not only a fighter on the defensive but a constructive legislator and statesman of excellent record. Perhaps no man in the Sixty-third or preceding Congresses has a better record of wholesome and essential legislation credited to his name. Read the list in part:

WHAT MANN HAS ACCOMPLISHED

He is the author of the "white slave" law, just now exciting such tremendous interest in the country. He was potential in the legislation that shaped the pure-food and -drug law, the amended railroad-rate law, the railroad anti-rebate law, creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the railroad safety-appliance law, the law prohibiting the importation of smoking-opium, the new public-health-service law, in the railroad-hours-of-service law, and in a score or more of the statutes which are now alive and virile in the life and history of the republic.

It is something unusual that a man in whom industry and energy and purpose are united in such intensity of partisanship should also be blessed with so fine a spirit of good temper, with such magnanimity, and with so genuine a modesty as James R. Mann. It is nothing more or less than a simple, non-partisan truth to say that his integrity is absolutely above suspicion.

His partisanship is not so keen as his honesty and fairness. Both sides of the House believe that James R. Mann would no sooner steal an office than he would a horse.

When he first went on the Committee of Elections, that body was a political jungle. He made it a judicial tribunal.

What the partisans on the other side of the House like about Mann, of Illinois, is his unfailing kindness of heart. Whenever a thing is right, he stands by it; whenever a Republican advantage is to be gained, he pushes it with remorseless vigor. But when there is any question of the forgiveness of a fault or a hasty word or an impulse, he is among the first men of the House to extend the olive branch.

One of the notable and pleasant things of the House is the staunch friendship between Champ Clark and James R. Mann. They are both men of tremendous strength, of unflinching courage, and of absolute integrity. They fight each other and have always fought each other like stalwart

position among men, or to rule over any government on earth."

And more than once, in that stormy and eventful period, there came from the ranks of the opposition, and from its magnanimous leader, tributes to the grand old Democratic leader—tributes as fine as any of his adherents professed either upon political platforms or in the Congressional chamber.

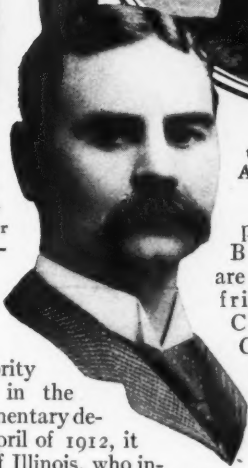
In the present era, Mann, of Illinois, is easily the most virile and most magnetic leader in the Republican ranks. He never misses a chance to score against the triumphant Democracy, and it must be said, in truth, that, from roll-call to adjournment,

he keeps the Democratic party in hot water of uncertainty, by his activity and watchfulness, to escape the fiery clutch of circumstances with which he grasps any sin of commis-



The minority leader of the House planting a tree in the grounds of the Capitol. (Left) An early portrait of Representative Mann

The most virile and most magnetic leader in the Republican ranks



than the minority

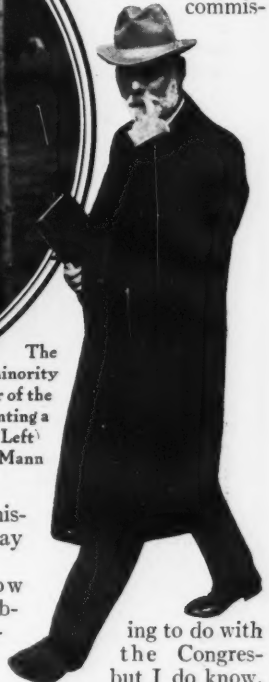
Once, in the a parliamentary debate in the April of 1912, it Mann, of Illinois, who interjected into a powerful political argument the statement: "The speaker of the House, in integrity and ability, is fit to hold any

partisans. But there are no better friends in Congress Clark and leader.

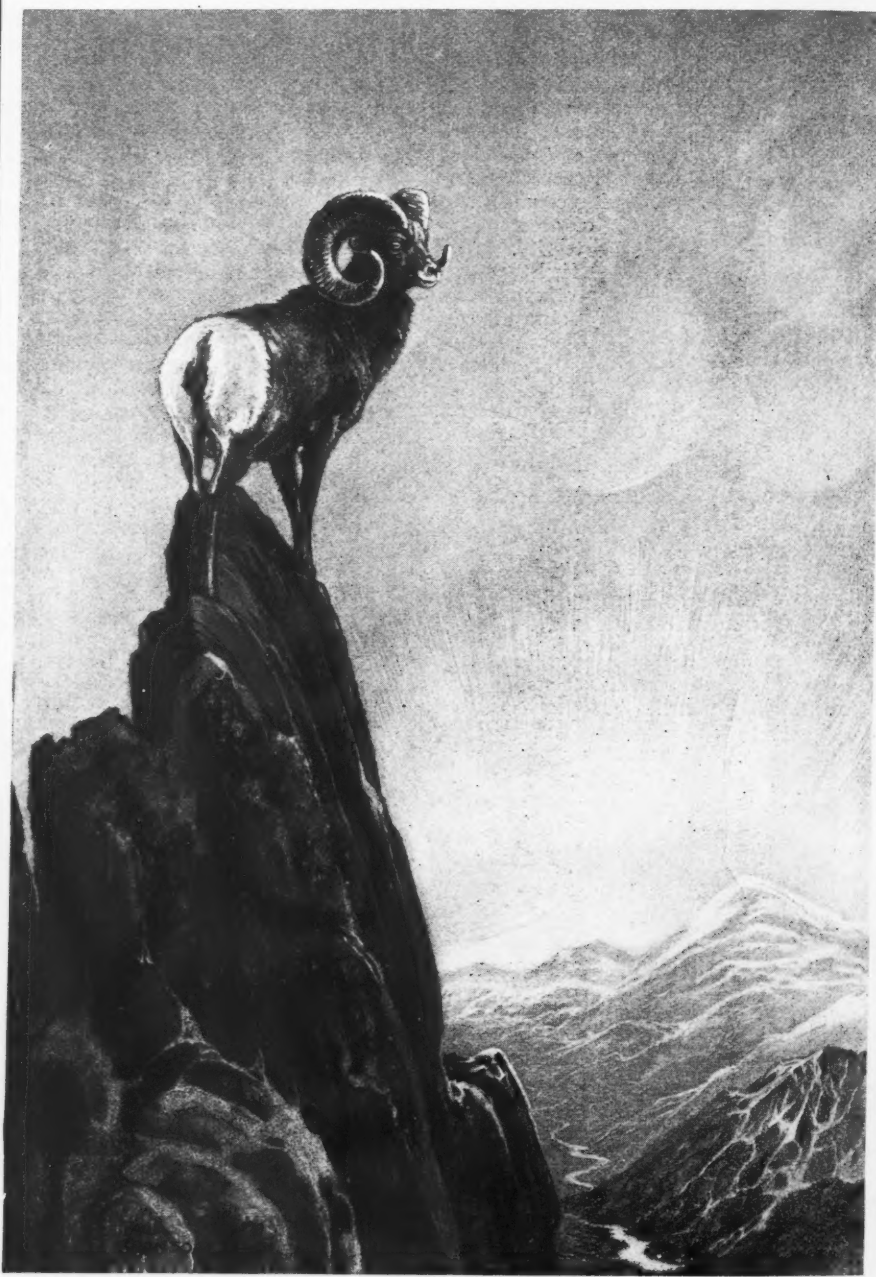
heat of debate, was

sion or sin of omission that it may make.

I don't know what the Republican Party is going to do with the Congressional minority, if that great party measures its rewards with its obligations and its recognition with usefulness, that there is nothing that the Republican party holds in its hands for the future that is too good for the services it has received from James R. Mann, of Illinois.



ing to do with the Congress—but I do know,



DRAWN BY PAUL BRANDON

His confidence would have gone to pieces in uncomprehended terror had he known that the man, with a pair of powerful glasses to his eyes, was studying him minutely

(Runners of the High Peaks)

Runners of the High Peaks

Those who believe that animal folk must think and talk and act like human beings before they can be proper subjects for fiction, will change their views when they read the remarkable and fascinating tales of Mr. Roberts. Here is a real story—a thrilling drama of the wild—in which the instincts and habits of the characters furnish more than enough for a gripping, vital plot. And Mr. Bransom's delightful illustrations are as true to life as the text. These two men form a unique combination of which, in your interest, *Cosmopolitan* is justly proud.

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

MOTIONLESS upon his knife-edged pinnacle, the great brown ram stood poised, his gray, up-lifted muzzle outthrust toward the sunrise, as if he would sniff in its rose-red glories as they flamed across the ice-peaks of the jagged horizon. The enormous corrugated spirals of his horns lay back over his neck and shoulders as he stood, and his arrogant eyes of black and gold appeared half shut as they searched the jumble of peaks, ravines, and lake-dotted valleys outspread in still confusion beneath him. The silence in his ears was absolute save for the occasional throb of thunder from a waterfall, leaping out into the light of dawn a thousand feet below, and heard only when some wandering eddy of air pulsed upward from the depths. There was no enemy to be descried, either in the still, shadowed valleys or on the brightening slopes and steepes; but the stately watcher kept his station immovable, staring as if physically hypnotized by the immensity of the vision that filled his eyes. Then, at last, a white-headed eagle, passing low overhead, yelled at him defiantly. He paid no attention to the challenge, but the harsh, thin cry seemed to break his trance. He dropped his head and glanced down at the narrow, tablelike ledge just below his pinnacle, where another ram, smaller and less splendidly horned than himself, with six little spike-horned ewes, cropped the short sweet grasses in the clefts of the rock.

Far down in the shadow beneath the wild ram's peak, a white tent glimmered in the valley. It was quite too far off to give the ram any concern. Even his

sagacious and penetrating vision could hardly make out that a man had stepped forth from under the tent-flap and now stood motionless beside it. His confidence would have gone to pieces in uncomprehended terror had he known that the man, with a pair of powerful glasses to his eyes, was studying him minutely.

Pete Allen was prospecting. Smitten with the *Wanderlust*, he had struck clear across the continent from the spruce woods and rich river meadows of New Brunswick to the gigantic mountain chaos of the Rockies in British Columbia. In New Brunswick he had been a hunter and guide. Now he had forsaken the trails of moose and bear and caribou to seek the elusive "color" in the sands of the mountain streams, or the unobtrusive outcrop of the quartz that carries gold. But the old instincts were still strong in him. He coveted the magnificent head of that calm watcher on the peak. And, having heard that the wild mountain-ram of the Rockies was an extraordinarily difficult quarry to bring down, he itched to try his old Eastern woodcraft in this new chase and win the prize unaided. He had two Indians with him, as carriers, but he was determined that they should have no part in this hunting. After he had well studied, through his glasses, the lay of the ridges and ravines, he reentered the tent for his rifle. He stuffed some cold meat and hardtack into his pockets, told his Indians they need not expect him back before night, and started up the course of a small stream which seemed to come from the shoulder of the mountain.

Runners of the High Peaks

After an hour's hard work, pushing through matted thickets and crossing jagged gullies, he came out upon a knoll which commanded a view of the peak, and saw that the great ram had disappeared. But this did not trouble him, as he felt sure he would pick up the trail in course of time.

Up on the high ledge below the peak, the spring grass was sweet, but there was little of it. The mountain-sheep, cropping hungrily with their short, eager bites, soon exhausted their high pasturage. They lifted their heads discontentedly. Whereupon the old ram, whose supercilious eyes nevertheless missed little of what concerned him, stepped mincingly down from his pinnacle. Between the edged summit and the ledge where his flock pastured was an all-but-perpendicular drop of smooth-faced rock. Smooth as it looked however, his dainty and discriminating hoofs were able to find some unevennesses upon it, for he took it in two effortless leaps, and landed among his followers with a shake of his splendid horns. Then he led the way down the naked steep, toward the fresh spring pasturage along the upper limits of the timber belt.

He took no pains to choose an easy path, this light-foot runner of the aerial peaks. Along dizzy ledges he led the way without hesitation, the flock in single file at his heels. From ledge to ledge he dropped, with a precision and ease that made it seem as if his sturdy frame were as imponderable as the air itself. He plowed down chutes and funnels of loose stone. He sprang carelessly over crevices whose bottoms were lost in blackness till at last the young-leaved birch and the somber pointed fir lay just below him, intersected by the narrow glens of greening turf.

At this point, the wise old ram began to go warily. In this remote corner of the Rockies, the hunter's rifle was, as yet, practically unknown. On the ultimate heights, therefore, where none could follow him but the eagles and the falcons, he had no enemies to keep watch against. For the eagles he had small concern except just at lambing-time, and, even then, each ewe-mother was quick and able to protect her own little one. But down here, along the edge of the timber, were the dreaded enemies—the wolves, the mountain-lions, the black bears, and the grizzlies. The temptation of the new grass was not one

to be resisted, but the price of it was an unsleeping watchfulness.

The uttermost fringe of grass, where it thinned away into the broken rock, was scanty and stunted; but here the great-horned leader elected to do his own pasturing while the younger ram stood guard. The spot was a safe one, being several hundred yards from the timber, and bounded along its upper edge by a broken steep which, while offering no obstacle whatever to these light-footed peak-runners, was all but impassable, except at a crawl, to the most agile of their foes. If the gaunt gray timber-wolf should come darting, belly-to-earth, from the woods, for all his swiftness the flock would be bounding lithely, far up the steep, before he could come within reach of them.

When he had quite satisfied his own hunger, and with lifted nostrils sniffed suspiciously every air that drew upward from the woods, the old ram led his flock further down, into one of those steep glens where the grass was more abundant. Or rather, instead of leading them, he shepherded them before him, keeping them all under his eye, and himself guarding the rear; while the oldest and wariest of the ewes, prick-eared and all aquiver with suspicion, led the way, questioning every bush and every shadow. But there was no hint of danger anywhere to be discerned; and presently the flock was pasturing greedily, while, on a hummock near the bottom of the glade, at the post of danger, the ram kept watch, turning his head continually.

But enthusiasm over young pasturage may make even a mountain-sheep absent-minded. From time to time the flock straggled. Straightway it would close up. Then, in a minute or two more, it would open out, fan-wise, as each impatient feeder followed up some vein of especially luscious herbage. Just at the point where the slope of grass was intersected by another and narrower glade, a heedless young ewe had branched off a score or so of paces to one side, up the cross-glade. Lifting her head suddenly, she realized her isolation and started to rejoin her fellows.

At that same instant, a lean gray shape shot noiselessly from the underbrush, straight in her path, and leaped at her with wide jaws. With a bleat of terror she sprang back, up the cross-glade, and then, frantic at the prospect of being cut off from the



DRAWN BY PAUL BRANDIN

Slowly he picked himself up, to see his quarry and the great ram vanishing up the glade

flock, she wheeled again and tried to dodge past her assailant. The wolf, understanding her tactics, headed her off without too violently exerting himself. He knew that here, away from her steep and pinnacles, she was no match for him in speed, and he knew, too, that once she saw herself deserted by the flock, her powers would fail her in sheer panic. For a few seconds he almost played with her. Then, getting her fairly cornered in a bend of the thickets, he sprang savagely for her throat.

Behind him, meanwhile, the flock went bounding by, headed for their high refuge. Last came the great ram, snorting with wrath and fear. Just as he was passing, he saw that final rush of the wolf. He saw the young ewe penned in her corner. The look of fear faded from his yellow eyes, leaving the rage only. It was not his wont to pit himself against the mighty timber-wolf, because he had no morbid taste for suicide. But this young ewe was a favorite. Just as the gnashing jaws were about to snap upon the victim's neck, something not unlike the stroke of a pile-driver caught the wolf fairly on the crupper. Aided by his own spring, it lifted him clean over the struggling ewe's back, doubled him together, and dashed him with stunning effect against a tree. Slowly he picked himself up, to see his quarry and the great ram vanishing up the glade.

Having gained what he considered a safe height among the rocks, the ram halted his followers upon a jutting buttress, where they stood huddled about him and stared down resentfully upon the grassy glades. Such was their confidence in their lord, and in their own powers of flight, that they were none of them particularly frightened except the young ewe who had had such a narrow escape. She, trembling and with panting sides, crowded close against her rescuer, who, for his part, kept scrutinizing the edges of the timber to see if the enemy was going to follow up the attack. He saw no more of that enemy; but he caught a glimpse of the tawny form of a puma gliding into a tree. Thereupon he decided that this part of the mountain was no place for his flock.

He turned and made off straight up the steep till he had put a good mile between himself and the point of danger. Then, dropping into a ravine till their course was quite hidden from all hostile eyes in the

timber, he led the way around the mountainside for several miles. On a high ledge, secure from any unseen approach, the flock rested for an hour or two, chewing the cud in peace, in the vast silence of the bare and sun-bathed peaks. When once more they descended to the timber-belt and its seductive pasturage, there were three or four miles of tangled ridge and ravine between them and the scene of their morning's adventure.

In the meantime, Pete Allen, weary with climbing and tormented with flies, was beginning to wonder if the hunt of the mountain-sheep was as simple an affair as he had fancied it. After climbing all the morning, he had failed to gain another glimpse of the great brown ram. At last, however, about noon, he came upon the trail leading down to the grass. With a long breath of relief he stopped, drank at a bubbling, icy spring, ate his cold bacon and crackers, and smoked a pipe. The trail was none too fresh, so he knew there was nothing to be gained by rash haste. After his pipe, he followed the trail down to the glades. His trained eyes soon told him what had happened. The encounter with the wolf was an open page to him. Having satisfied himself that there was nothing of interest left in that patch of timber, he took up the trail of the flock's flight and started once more up the mountain. Sweating heavily, and angrily brushing the flies from his eyes and nose and ears, he managed to keep the trail for a couple of miles along the difficult ravines, but at last, at the foot of a precipice which, in his Eastern judgment, was quite impassable to anything without wings, he lost it irretrievably. Arguing that the flock must sooner or later return to the pasturage along the timber edge, he picked his way on a long diagonal down the mountainside, traversed a succession of grass patches which showed never a trace of hoof-print, and at length found himself in a bewildering maze of low, abrupt ridges, dense thickets, and narrow strips of green glade.

From all that Allen had been able to gather as to the habits of the mountain-sheep, he concluded that this was about the last place in the world where he would be likely to find them. He began, after long self-restraint, to curse softly under his breath as he glared about him for the most practical exit from the maze. But all



DRAWN BY PAUL BRANNON

He changed his course and began to stalk Pete Allen, even as Pete Allen was stalking the sheep

Runners of the High Peaks

at once his face changed. The anger faded out from his shrewd, light-blue eyes. There was the trail of the flock, leading straight down the steepest and most uninviting of the glens. It was a fresh trail, too—so absolutely fresh that some of the trodden grass blades were still lifting their heads slowly from the hoof-prints.

"Gee!" muttered Allen. "Seems I don't know's much about these here critters as I thought I did." And he slipped noiselessly back into the cover of a thicket.

His problem, now, was to keep the tracks in sight while himself remaining under cover. It was the hardest piece of trailing he had ever tackled. The cover was dense; the slope steep and tormentedly broken. He had to be noiseless as a mink, because he knew by hearsay that the ears of the mountain-ram were almost as keen as an owl's. He no longer heeded the flies or the heat, and when the sweat streamed down into his eyes, he merely wiped them cheerfully on his sleeve. He felt sure, now, of winning the longed-for trophy of that magnificent head. Presently, through an opening in the leafy screen, he caught a glimpse of a tranquilly pasturing ewe, not much more than two hundred yards away. She moved slowly across his narrow line of vision and vanished. Keyed, now, to the highest pitch of anticipation, he worked his silent way onward, expecting momentarily to gain a view of the great ram.

But there was an element in the situation which, had he known it, would have interfered with Allen's concentration of purpose. He was not the only hunter of mountain-sheep in that particular corner of the mountains.

A shaggy and sly old "silvertip," as it chanced, had had his eye for some time on that flock. He loved mutton, and he knew it was very hard to get, especially for a bear. He was making his approaches, therefore, with a stealthy craft, surpassing that of Pete Allen himself. So it came about, quite naturally, that he saw Allen first. Thereupon he took every precaution that Allen should not see him.

In this remote district, the grizzlies had not yet learned the vital lesson that man is by far the most formidable of all the animals. Yet a rumor had come to him, somehow, that the insignificant creature was not to be trifled with. There was something masterful in his bearing (as the grizzly had

observed from safe ambush on several occasions) which suggested unknown powers; and hitherto the old silvertip, being well fed and having no special grudge against men, had refrained from courting a quarrel. Now, however, he was angry. This was his own game which the man was stalking. This was a trespass on his own preserves—a point upon which the grizzly is apt to be sensitive. His first impulse was to charge the intruder at once. Then a mixture of prudence and curiosity held him back, or rather delayed his purpose. He changed his course and began to stalk Pete Allen, even as Pete Allen was stalking the sheep.

Huge and apparently clumsy as was the bulk of the bear, he nevertheless made his way through the tangle as soundlessly as the man, and more swiftly. He drew gradually nearer, and, as he approached, he began to forget the other game in a savage interest in this new and dangerous quarry. He was not directly behind the man but now drawing nearly abreast of him, on the other side of the narrow steep of grass. He was just beginning, indeed, to stiffen his sinews instinctively for the final rush which should avenge the intrusion upon his range, when he saw the man stop abruptly and raise something that looked like a long brown stick to his shoulder. At this sight the bear stopped also, his wrath not being yet quite hot enough to consume his curiosity.

Pete Allen, at last, had caught a clear view of the great brown ram, standing at guard not a hundred yards away. It was a beautiful, easy shot, the target isolated and framed in green. He raised his rifle steadily, bracing himself with knees and feet in a precarious position. Before he could draw a bead, however, to his amazement he saw the ram bound into the air and vanish from his narrow field of vision. Puzzled, he lowered the rifle from his shoulder. As he did so, that unknown and quite incalculable sense which seems to have its seat in the firm hairs on the back of one's neck and in the skin of the cheeks, commanded him to turn his head. He was just in time to see the giant form of the grizzly burst from the underbrush and come lunging across the strip of open.

Confronted by such an emergency, the New Brunswicker fired on the instant. And, being quite sure of himself, and the



DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSON

Suddenly something like a falling boulder crashed into his ribs, catching him with his forefeet off the ground and almost rolling him over

bear above him, he took a difficult shot. He aimed at the middle of the beast's throat, trusting to sever the spinal column; for he had heard that a shot straight through the heart often fails to stop the rush of a grizzly.

There was nothing the matter with Pete Allen's shooting, nor with his nerve. But at the very fraction of a second when his finger started to pull the trigger, the whimsical Fates of the Wilderness took a hand in the game. They undermined Pete Allen's shooting. As he fired, he fell; and the long, soft-nosed, deadly bullet, instead of piercing the grizzly's spine, merely smashed through his right shoulder.

Pete Allen fell, sprawling, some eight or ten feet down the slope, losing hold of his rifle in the effort to stop himself. To his anxious indignation he saw the rifle strike a branch and bounce perversely a dozen feet away. He scrambled for it furiously; but before he could quite get his grip upon it, it slipped through the branches and dropped another dozen feet, or so. At the same time, with something more near cold terror than he had ever before experienced, he saw the dark bulk of the grizzly wallowing down upon him, huge as a mountain. Staggered for a few seconds by the shock of the bullet, the beast had hesitated and turned around on his tracks, biting at the wound. Then, on three legs, and grunting with rage, he had launched himself upon his adversary.

In the course of the next five seconds, as he struggled toward his gun, Pete Allen thought of a thousand things, mostly unimportant. But at the back of his brain was the cool conviction that this was the time when he was going to pass in his checks. Those brute paws would smash him before he could reach his rifle. But he was wrong—for again the whimsical Fates interfered, perceiving a chance for such a trick as they had probably never played before.

The great brown ram, his eyes nearly starting from his head, came leaping madly up the narrow incline, his flock at his heels, blind with panic. In the glade below, one of the flock had just been pounced upon by a puma, and another puma had sprung out at them, but had missed his kill. The ram saw the bear straight in his path, plunging across it. There was no time to change his direction, and, in his panic, the peril in front was nothing to compare with the peril

behind. Had the bear been a mastodon or a megatherium, it would have been all the same to the panic-stricken ram. With the madness of utter terror, he lowered his mighty head and charged the dark mass that barred his flight.

The bear, blazing with vengeance, had no eyes in that moment for mutton. Suddenly something like a falling boulder crashed into his ribs, catching him with his forefeet off the ground and almost rolling him over. The breath belched out from his astonished lungs with a loud, coughing grunt, and the ram went over him, spurning him with sharp hoofs. The next moment the whole flock was trampling him, a bewildering bombardment of small, keen, battering hoofs and woolly bodies. Recovering from his amazement, he struck out with his unwounded forepaw, caught the last unhappy ewe as she went over him, and hurled her carcass, mangled and quivering, far down the slope. Then, a little dazed but undeterred from his vengeance, he glared about him for his original antagonist.

Interesting and indeed unparalleled as the intervention of the brown ram had been, Pete Allen had not taken time to observe it with the minute care which so novel an incident was entitled to. He had been busy getting his gun. Now he had it. He did not hurry. With this shot he was taking no chances. Just as the bear caught sight of him, and started at him open-mouthed, he fired. And the animal sprawled forward, a huge, furry heap, with a ball through the base of his brain.

Back in New Brunswick, Pete Allen had had the name of being a cool hand in a corner. In that land of tried woodsmen and daring stream-drivers, he would not have gained that name without deserving it. Even as the grizzly was in the act of falling forward, Allen raised his rifle again. He covered accurately the form of the brown ram, leaping up the slope a hundred yards away. There was his trophy, the splendid horns which he had striven so hard to win, within his grasp at last. But something seemed to tug suddenly at his arm—or was it at his heart? Pete Allen had always prided himself on playing fair, in the spirit as well as in the letter. He dropped his rifle with a growl of vexation.

"It'd be a dirty trick to put a ball into yeh," he muttered, "sein' what a hole you've just pulled me out of!"

The Hidden Children

THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND LOVE OF A NAMELESS WOMAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Streets of Ascalon," "The Business of Life," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS—The narrator is Euan Loskiel, a young ensign in Morgan's Rifles serving in central New York under General James Clinton. Loskiel, who knows nothing of his parentage, has been brought up by the wealthy tory, Guy Johnson, now a refugee in Canada. Early in 1779, General Washington determined to destroy the hostile Iroquois Confederacy, and Clinton is to assist General Sullivan in dealing the blow. Lieutenant Boyd, with Loskiel and a rifleman escort, is sent to Westchester County to obtain the services of one Mayaro, a Siwanois sagamore, but Mohican by adoption, to act as chief guide to the expedition. They are successful in this mission through the assistance of a beautiful young woman who knows the Indian. She is a stranger in the neutral territory and passes as a common camp-follower; but to Loskiel it is very evident that she is nothing of the sort. She tells the ensign her name is Lois. When the detail returns to regimental headquarters at the Lower Fort, near Otsego Lake, Lois stealthily follows. Near the end of the journey, Loskiel, discovering her, is chagrined to learn that she did not reveal her presence because she would not trust herself to the white members of the party.

Arrived at the fort, Lois, earning a scant pittance by washing and sewing for the soldiers, lodges with Mrs. Rannock, whose husband and child were victims of the Cherry Valley massacre. Euan is set to watch over Mayaro, who, as a mark of loyalty, performs the rite of blood-brotherhood with him. The young man sets himself the task of protecting Lois from all dangers. He realizes that he is in love with her. From the Indian he learns that she is seeking to know the way to Catharinestown, stronghold of the Senecas, where rules the hag Catharine Montour, and where also dwells the sorcerer, Amochol, and a band of Eries who serve him.

Euan makes Lois understand the sincerity of his attentions. He sends to Albany for an outfit suitable to a woman of good position, and arranges that she may have money after his departure. Finally she tells of her past life. She wishes to go to Catharinestown because she believes that her mother is there. Every year, on the 12th of May, she receives mysteriously a pair of moccasins with a message to seek "her who bore you" in the vale Yndaia, near Catharinestown. She had believed herself to be the child of a visionary, impractical painter. Her supposed mother died, and the husband enlisted, only to desert, and was sentenced to be shot. In his last hour he sent for Lois, told her that she was a foundling, and gave her a packet which had been found on her. From its contents it is evident that her real mother is the daughter of a French adventurer, Joncaire, and her father the Vicomte Louis-Jean de Contrecoeur, known as Jean Coeur, Joncaire's deputy. By writing to France, Lois learned that de Contrecoeur of the *Régiment de la Reine* died, unmarried, in the Battle of Lake George, 1755, but she thinks that if her father took a wife in America, the fact may not have been known in France. From a roll of bark in the packet, it would appear that Lois had at some period of her life been in Catharinestown, and that she was saved from a dreadful sacrificial rite practised by the Seneca sorcerers. On hearing her story, Euan declares his love, but Lois answers that they scarcely know each other, and, having a very high ideal of love, is sorry that he spoke as he did.

The time for the departure of the expedition approaches. The regiment that is to guard the valley arrives, also some of the officers' wives, including Mrs. Blecker and Mrs. Lansing, who have with them a coquettish young woman, Magdalene (Lana) Helmer, whom Euan knew when he was a boy. Euan interests Mrs. Blecker in Lois, and agrees to bring her to the officer's wife as soon as the clothing he has sent for arrives from Albany.

SINCE our arrival from Westchester the weather had been more or less unsettled—fog, rain, chilling winds alternating with days of midsummer heat. But now the exhausting temperature of July remained constant; fiery days of sunshine were succeeded by nights so hot and suffocating that life seemed well-nigh insupportable under tents or in barracks, and officers and men, almost naked, lay panting along the river bank through the dreadful hours of darkness, which brought no relief from the fiery furnace of the day, while the horses stood belly-deep in the river, heads hanging, under the willows.

During that brief but scorching period I went to Mrs. Rannock's every evening after

dark, and usually found Lois lying in the open under the stars, the garret being like an oven, so she said.

We lay listlessly, speaking only at intervals, gasping for air and coolness.

But, for the last two nights, I had not found Lois waiting for me, nor did Mrs. Rannock seem to know whither she had gone, which caused me much uneasiness.

The third evening I went to find her at Mrs. Rannock's before the afterglow had died from the coppery zenith, and I encountered her moving toward the spring path, just entering the massed elder bloom. Her face was dewy with perspiration, pale, and somewhat haggard.

"Lois, why have you avoided me?" I

exclaimed. "All manner of vague forebodings have assailed me these two days past—"

"Listen to this silly lad!" she said impatiently. "As though a few hours' absence lessen loyalty and devotion!"

"But where have you been?"

"Where I may not take you, Euan."

"And where is that?" I asked bluntly.

"Lord! What a catechism is this for a free girl to answer willy-nilly! If you must know, I have played the maid of ancient Greece these two nights past. Otherwise, I had died, I think."

And, seeing my perplexed mien, "Euan, you are stupid! Did not the Grecian maids spend half their lives in the bath?"

The slight flush of laughter faded from her face; the white fatigue came back, and she passed the back of one hand wearily across her brow, clearing it of the damp curls.

"The deadly sultriness of these nights!" she sighed. "I was no longer able to endure the heat under the eaves among my dusty husks. So lately I have stolen at night to the spring Waiontha, to bathe in the still, cold pools. Oh, Euan, it is most delicious! I have slept there until dawn, lying up to my throat in the crystal flood."

"Is it wise to sleep so in the water?" I asked uneasily.

"Oh, am I ever wise?" she said wearily. It was heaven, Euan! I would you might come also."

"I can walk as far as the pool with you, at all events," said I.

"Wonderful! And will you?"

"Do I ever await asking to follow you anywhere?" said I sentimentally.

But she only laughed at me and led the way across the dreary strip of clearing, moving with a swift confidence in her knowledge of the place, which imitating, I ran foul of a charred stump, and she heard what I said.

"Poor lad!" she exclaimed contritely, slipping her hand into mine. "I should have guided you. Does it pain you?"

"Not much."

Our hands were clasped, and she pressed mine with all the sweet freedom of a comradeship which means nothing deeper. For I now had learned from her own lips, sadly enough, how it was with her—how she regarded our friendship. It was to her a deep and living thing—a noble emotion, not a passion—a belief founded on gratitude

and reason, not a confused, blind longing and delight possessing every waking moment, ever creating for itself a thousand tender dreams or fanciful apprehensions.

Clear-headed so far, reasonable in her affection, gay or tender as the mood happened, convinced that what I declared to be my love for her was but a boy's exaggeration for the same sentiments she entertained toward me, how could she have rightly understood the symptoms of this amazing malady that possessed me—these reasonless extremes of ardor, of dejection, of a happiness so keen and thrilling that it pained sometimes, and even, at moments, seemed to make me almost drunk?

When we came to the spring Waiontha, I had walked straight into the water except for her, so dark it was around us. And,

"How can you ever get back alone?" said she.

"Oho!" said I, laughing, "I left the willow-tips adangle, breaking them with my left hand. I am woodsman enough to find my way out."

"But not woodsman enough to spare your shins in the clearing," she said saucily.

"Shall we sit and talk?" I said.

"Oh, Euan! And my bath! I am fairly melting as I stand here."

"But I have not seen you for two entire nights, Lois."

"I know, poor boy, but you seem to have survived."

"When I do not see you every day, I am most miserable."

"So am I—but I am reasonable, too. I say to myself, if I don't see Euan to-day I will, nevertheless, see him to-morrow, or the day after, or the next."

"Lois!"

"What?"

"How can you reason so coldly?"

"I—reason *coldly*? There is nothing cold in me where you are concerned. But I have to console myself for not seeing you—"

"I am inconsolable," said I fervently.

"No more than am I," she retorted hotly, as though jealous that I should arrogate to myself a warmer feeling concerning her than she entertained for me.

"I care so much for you, Lois," said I.

"And I for you."

"Not as I care for you."

"Exactly as you care for me. Do you



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Our hands were clasped, and she pressed mine with all the sweet freedom of a comradeship which means nothing deeper. For I now had learned from her own lips, sadly enough, how it was with her—how she regarded our friendship

think me insensible to gratitude and affection?"

"I do not desire your gratitude for a few articles——"

"It isn't for them—though I'm grateful for those, things, too. It's gratitude to God for giving me *you*, Euan Loskiel! And you ought to take shame to yourself for doubting it."

I said nothing, being unable to see her in the darkness, much less perceive what expression she wore for her rebuke to me. Then, as I stood silent, I felt her little hands groping on my arm. My own closed on them, and I laid my lips to them.

"Ay me!" she said softly. "Why do we fight and fret each other? Why do I, who adore you so, let you vex me and stir me to say what I do not mean at all. Always remember, Euan—always, *always*, that whatever I am unkind enough to say or do to vex you, in my secret mind I know that no other man on earth is comparable to you—and that you reign first in my heart—first, and all by yourself, alone."

"And you will try to love me some day, Lois?"

"I do."

"I mean——"

"Oh, Euan, I do—I *do*! Only—you know—not in the manner you once spoke of——"

"But I love you in that manner."

"No, you do *not*! If you did, doubtless I would respond; no doubt at all that I also would confess such sentiments in your regard. But it isn't true for either of us. You're a man. All men are prone to harp on those strings. But—there is no harmony in them to me. I know my own mind, although you say I don't—and I *do* know yours, too. And if a day ever comes that neither you nor I are longer able to think clearly and calmly with our minds, but begin to reason with our emotions, then I shall consider that we are really entering into a state of love—such as you sometimes have mentioned to me—and will honestly admit as much to you. And if you then desire to wed me, no doubt that I shall desire it, too. And I promise, in that event, to love you—oh, to death, Euan! If I ever love—that way—it truly will be *love*! Are you content with what I say?"

"I must be."

"What an ungracious answer! I could beat you soundly for it. Euan, you some-

times vex me so that I could presently push you into that pool. I do not mean it, dearest lad. You know you already have my heart—perhaps only a child's heart yet, though I have seen ages pass away. And my eyes have known tears. Bear with me, Euan. You would not want me if there were nothing in me to respond to you. If there ever is, it will not remain silent. But first I want my play-day in the sunshine you have promised me—the sunlight of a comrade's kindness. Be not too blunt with me. You have my heart, I tell you. Let it lie quiet and safe in your keeping, like some strange, frail chrysalis. I myself know there is a miracle within it; but what that miracle may be, I may not guess till it reveals itself."

"I am a fool," I said. "God never before sent any man such a comrade as he has sent in you to me."

"That was said sweetly and loyally. Thank you. If hearts are to be awakened and won, I think it might be done that way—with such pleasant phrases—given always time."

She withdrew her hands and slipped away from me.

Presently her voice came again from the darkness somewhere,

"Has the box arrived yet, Euan?"

"It is at my hut. A wagon will bring it to you in the morning."

I could hear her clap her little hands, and she cried out softly,

"Oh!" Then she said, "And if the box is really come, when am I going with you to be made known to Mistress Bleeker?"

"I think it is better that I first bring her to you."

"Would she condescend to come?"

"I think so."

"You say they all are your good friends?" she remarked thoughtfully

"I know them all. Lana Helmer I have known intimately since we were children."

"Then why is it not better to present me to her first—if you know her so *very* well?"

"Mrs. Bleeker is older."

"Oh! Is this Miss Helmer, then, so young?"

"Your age."

"Oh! My age. And pretty?"

"The world thinks so."

"Oh! And what do *you* think, Euan?"

"Yes, she is pretty," said I carelessly.

There was a long silence. Then, faintly, came her voice,

"Good-night, Euan."

I rose, laid hold of the willow bush that scraped my shoulders, felt over it until I found the dangling, broken branch, stepped forward, groping, until I touched the next broken branch. Then, knowing I was on my trail, I turned around and called back softly through the darkness,

"Good-night, little Lois!"

"Good-night, and sweet dreams, Euan. I will be dressed and waiting for you in the morning—to go to Mrs. Bleecker, or to receive her as you and she think fitting. Is there a looking-glass in that same box?"

"Two, Lois."

"You dear and generous lad! And are there hair-pegs? Heaven knows if my clipped poll will hold them. Anyway, I can powder and patch, and—oh, Euan!—is there lip-red and curd-lily lotion for the skin?"

"I bespoke of Mr. Hake," said I, laughing, "a full beauty battery, such as I once saw Betty Schuyler show to Walter Butler, having but then received it from New York. And all I know, Lois, is that it was full of boxes, jars, and flasks, and smelled like a garden in late June. And if Mr. Hake has not chosen with discretion, I shall go south and scalp him!"

"Euan, I adore you!"

"You adore your battery," said I, not convinced.

"That, too. But *you* more than my mirrors, and my lip-red, and the lily lotion—more than my darling shifts and stays and shoon and gowns. I had never dreamed I could accept them from you. But you had become so dear to me—and I could read you through and through—and found you so like myself—and it gave me a new pleasure to humble my pride to your desires. That is how it came about. Also, I saw those ladies. And I do not think I shall be great friends with your Lana Helmer—even when I am fine and brave in gown and powder to face her on equal terms—"

"Lois, what are you babbling?"

"Let me babble, Euan. Never have I been so happy, so content, so excited yet so confident—Listen; do you dread to-morrow?"

"I?"

"Yes—that I might not do you honor before your fashionable friends? And I say to you, have no fear. If my gowns are

truly what I think they are, I shall conduct without a tremor—particularly if your Lana be there, and that careless, rakish friend of yours, Lieutenant Boyd."

"Do you remember what you are to say to Boyd if he seems in any wise to think he has met you elsewhere?"

"I can avoid a lie and deal with *him*," she said, with calm contempt. "But there is not a chance he'd know me in my powder. Good-night, dear lad. And one thing more: All you are to me—all you have done for me—don't you understand that I could not take it from you unless, in my secret heart, I knew that one day I must be to you all you desire—and all I, too, shall learn to wish for?"

"It is written," I said unsteadily. "It must come to pass."

"It must come," she said, in the hushed voice of a child who dreams, wide-eyed, awake, murmuring of wonders.

I slept on the river sand, not soundly, for all night long men and horses splashed in the water all around me, and I was conscious of many people stirring, of voices, the dip of paddles, and of the slow bateaux passing with the wavelets slapping on their bows. Then, the next I knew—bang! And the morning gun jarred me awake.

I had bathed and dressed, but had not yet breakfasted when one of our regimental wagons came to take the box to Lois—a fine and noble box indeed, in its parti-colored cowhide cover, and a pretty pattern of brass nails all over it, making here a star and there a sunburst, around the brass plate engraven with her name, "Lois de Contrecoeur."

Then the wagon drove away, and the sagamore and I broke bread together.

"No more scalps, Mayaro?" I taunted him, having already inspected the unpleasant trophies behind the hut. "How is this, then? Are the Cats all skinned?"

He smiled serenely. "They have crept westward to lick their scars, Loskiel. A child may safely play in the forest, now, from Torloch to the Minnisink."

"Has Amochol gone?"

"To make strong magic for his dead Cats, little brother. The Siwanois hatchets are still sticking in the heads of Hiokatoo's Senecas."

"So you have managed to wound a Seneca or two?"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Then, in a stupid way, I went forward to make my compliments and bend low
time—and for a brief second they lingered.



over the little hand; and as I recovered myself I found her eyes on me for the first soft and wonderful, sweet, tender, wistful

"Three, Loskiel—but the rifle was one of Sir William's, and carried to the left, and only a half-ounce ball. My brother Loskiel will make proper requisition of commissary of issues and draw a weapon fit for a Mohican warrior."

"Indeed I will," said I, smilingly, knowing well enough that the four-foot, Indian-trade smoothbore was no weapon for this warrior.

After breakfast I went to the fort and found that Major Parr and his command had come in the night before from their long and very arduous scout beyond the Canajoharie castle.

The major received me, inquiring particularly whether I had contrived to keep the sagamore well affected toward our cause; and seemed much pleased when I told him that this Siwanois and I had practised the rite of blood-brotherhood.

"Excellent," said he. "And I don't mind admitting to you that I place very little reliance on the mission Indians as guides—neither on the Stockbridge runners, nor on the Oneidas, who have come to us more in fear of the Long House than out of any particular loyalty or desire to aid us."

"May I draw one of our rifles for my Mohican, sir?" I asked.

"We have very few. You think it necessary?"

"I think it best to arm properly the only reliable guide this army has in its service, Major."

"Very well, Mr. Loskiel— And see that you keep this fellow in good humor. Use your own wit and knowledge; do as you deem best. All I ask of you is to keep this wild beast full fed and properly flattered until we march."

"Yes, sir," I said gravely, thinking to myself, in a sad sort of wonder, how utterly the majority of white men mistook their red brethren of the forest, and how blind they were not to impute to them the same humanity that they arrogated to themselves.

So I first made requisition for the long rifle, then reported to my captain, although being on special detail under Major Parr's personal orders. This was nothing more than a mere courtesy.

The parade already swarmed with our men, mustering for inspection. I met Lieutenant Boyd, and we conversed for a while.

"Who is this new guest of Mrs. Bleecker?" he asked curiously. "I understand that you are acquainted with her. What is her name? A Miss de Contre-cœur?"

I had not been prepared for that, never expecting that Mrs. Bleecker had already started to prepare the way; but I kept my countenance and answered coolly enough that I had the honor of knowing Miss de Contre-cœur.

"She came by bateau from Albany?"

"Her box," said I, "has just arrived from Albany by bateau."

"Is the lady young and handsome?"

"Both, Mr. Boyd."

"Well," he said, with a polite oath, "she must be something more, too, if she hopes to rival Lana Helmer."

So it had already come to such terms of intimacy that he spoke of her as "Lana."

"We are bidden to cake and wine at five," said I. "Are you going?"

He said he would be present, and so I left him buckling on his belt, and the conch-horn's blast echoed over the parade, sounding the assembly.

At the gate I encountered Lana and Mrs. Lansing and our precious ensign, come to view the inspection, and exchanged a gay greeting with them.

Then, mending my pace, I hastened to Croghan's house, and found Mrs. Bleecker.

"How agreeably cool it is growing," she said, as I bent over her fingers. She smiled at me as I straightened up.

"What has disturbed your usual equanimity, Euan? You seem as flushed and impatient as—as a lover at a tryst."

At that I colored so hotly that she laughed and took my arm, saying:

"There is no sport in plaguing so honest a heart as yours, dear lad. Come; shall we walk over to call upon your fairy princess? Or had you rather bring her here to me?"

"She also leaves it to your pleasure," I said.

"Naturally," said Mrs. Bleecker, with a touch of *hauteur*; then, softening, smiled as much at herself as at me, I think.

"Come," she said gaily. "*Sans cérémonie, n'est-ce pas?*"

And we sauntered down the road.

"Her box arrived last evening," said I. "God send that Mr. Hake has chosen to please her!"

"Is he married?"

"No."

"Lord!" said she gravely. "Then it is well enough that you pray. Perhaps, however," and she gave me a mischievous look, "you have entrusted such commissions to Mr. Hake before."

"I never have!" I said earnestly, then was obliged to join in her delighted laughter.

"I knew you had not, Euan. But had I asked that question of your friend, Mr. Boyd, and had he answered me as you did, I *might* have thought he lied."

I said nothing.

"He is at our house every day, and every moment when he is not on duty," she remarked.

"What gallant man would not do the like, if privileged?" I said lightly.

"Lana talks with him too much. Angelina and I have kept our rooms, truly dreading a stroke of the sun. But Lana! Lord! She was up and out and about with her lieutenant; and he had an Oneida to take them both boating—and then he had the canoe only, and paddled it himself— They were gone too long to suit me."

"When?"

"Every night. I wish I knew where they go in their canoe. But I can do nothing with Lana. You, perhaps, might say a friendly word to Mr. Boyd to consider Lana's reputation a little more, and his own amusement a little less."

I said slowly, "I will say that to him, if you wish."

"I don't wish to provoke him."

"I shall take pains not to."

She said impatiently: "There are far too many army duels now. It sickens me to hear of them. Besides, Lana did ever raise the devil beyond bounds with any man she could ensnare—and no harm done."

"No harm!" I said. "Walter Butler had a hurt of her bright eyes, and sulked for months. And many another, Mrs. Bleecker. But somehow, Mr. Boyd—"

She nodded. "Yes—he's too much like her—but, being a man, scarcely as innocent of intention. I've said as much to her, and left her pouting—the silly little jade."

We said nothing more, having come in sight of the low house of logs, where Lois dwelt.

"The poor child!" said Mrs. Bleecker softly. "Lord! What a kennel for a human being!"

As we approached we saw Mrs. Rannock crossing the clearing in the distance, laden with wash from the fort. Then, coming to the door, I knocked. A lovely figure opened for us.

So astonished was I that, for a moment, I failed to recognize Lois in this flushed and radiant young creature advancing in willowy beauty from the threshold.

As she sank very low on her pretty reverence, I saw her curly hair all dusted with French powder, under the chip hat with its lilac ribbons tied beneath her chin, and the beauty-patch on her cheek I saw, and how snowy her hands were, where her fingers held her flowered gown spread.

On Mrs. Bleecker the effect she produced was odd, for that proud and handsome young matron had flushed brightly at first, lips compressed and almost stern, and her courtesy had been none too supple, either.

Then, in a stupid way, I went forward to make my compliments and bend low over the little hand; and as I recovered myself I found her eyes on me for the first time—and for a brief second they lingered, soft and wonderful, sweet, tender, wistful. Mrs. Bleecker stepped forward, putting out both hands impulsively.

Afterward she said to me,

"It was her eyes, and the look she gave you, Euan, that convinced me."

But now, to Lois, she said very sweetly, "I am certain that we are to become friends, if you wish it as much as I do."

Lois laid her hands in hers.

"I do wish it," she said.

"Then the happy accomplishment is easy," said Mrs. Bleecker, smiling.

Lois stood mute, the smile still stamped on her lips. Suddenly the tears sprang to her eyes, and she turned away hastily, and Mrs. Bleecker's arm went round her.

They walked into the house together, and I, still dazed and mazed with the enchanted revelation of her new loveliness, wandered about among the charred stumps, my thoughts a heavenly chaos, as though a million angels were singing in my ears. I could even have seen them, save for a wondrous rosy mist that rolled around them.

How long I wandered I do not know, but presently the door opened, and Lois beckoned me, and I went in to find Mrs. Bleecker down on her knees on the puncheon floor among the mass of pretty finery overflowing from the box.

The Hidden Children

"Did Mr. Hake's selection please you?" I asked.

"Oh, Euan, how can I make you understand! Everything is too beautiful to be real, and I am certain that a dreadful Cinderella-awakening is in store for me."

"Yes—but she wore the slipper in the end."

Lois gave me a shy, sweet look; then, suddenly animated, turned eagerly once more to discuss her wardrobe with her new friend.

For two hours and more that pair of women remained happy among the ribbons and laces, and every separate article Lois brought to me naively, for me to share her pleasure. And once or twice I saw Mrs. Bleeker watching us intently, and when discovered she only laughed, but with such sweetness and good-will that it left me happy and reassured.

"We have arranged that Miss de Contrecoeur is to share my room with me at Croghan's," said Mrs. Bleeker. "And, Euan, I think you should send a wagon for her box at once. The distance is short; we will stroll home together."

X

THE end of the month was approaching and as yet we had received no marching-orders, although every evening the heavily-laden bateaux continued to arrive from Albany, and every morning the slow wagon-trains left for the lake, escorted by details from Schott's irregulars, and Franklin's Wyoming militia.

But our veteran rifle-battalion did not stir, although all the other regular regiments had marched to Otsego, and Colonel Gansevoort's Third New York Regiment of the Line, which was now under orders to remain and guard the valley, had not yet returned, although early in the week an Oneida runner had come in with letters for Mrs. Bleeker and Mrs. Lansing from their husbands, saying that the regiment was on its way to the fort, and that they, the ladies, should continue at Croghan's as long as Morgan's Rifles were remaining there in garrison.

Cooler weather had set in with an occasional day of heavy summer rain; and now our garrison life became exceedingly comfortable, especially agreeable because of the ladies' hospitality at Croghan's new

house. Except for them, my duties on special detail would have become most irksome to me, shut off from the regiment as I was, with only the Mohican to keep an eye on, and nothing else whatever to do except to write at sundown every evening in my daily journal. I was gradually becoming conscious of a very genuine affection for the tall Mohican, who, in the calm confidence of our blood-brotherhood, was daily revealing his personality to me in a hundred naive and different ways, and with a simplicity that alternately touched and amused me.

For, after his own beliefs and his own customs, he was every inch a man—courteous, considerate, proud, generous, loyal, and brave. Which seem to me to be the general qualifications for a gentleman.

Except the Seneca Mountain Snakes, the nations of the Long House, considering their beliefs, customs, and limited opportunities, were not a whit inferior to us as men. And the Mohicans have always been their peers.

For, contrary to the general and ignorant belief, except for the Senecas, the Iroquois were civilized people; their empire had more moral reasons for its existence than any other empire I ever heard of, because the league which bound these nations into a confederacy, and which was called by them "The Great Peace," had been established, not for the purpose of waging war, but to prevent it.

Of this kind of people, then, were the Iroquois, naturally—not, alas, wholly so after the white man had drugged them with rum, cheated them, massacred them, and taught them every vice.

Those vile, horse-riding, murdering, thieving nomad Indians of the plains—those homeless, wandering, plundering violators of women and butchers of children, had nothing whatever in common with our forest Indians of the East—were a totally different race of people, mentally, spiritually, and physically. And these two species must ever remain distinct—the *gens de prairie* and the *gens de bois*.

Only the Senecas resembled the degraded robbers of the Western plains in having naturally evil and debased propensities, and entertaining similar gross and monstrous customs and most wicked superstitions. But in the Long House, the Senecas were really aliens: every nation felt this,

from the Canienga and Oneida peoples, whose skin was almost as white as our own, to the dusky Onondaga, Tuscarora, and Cayuga—darker people, but no less civilized than the tall, stalwart, and handsome keepers of the eastern gate.

I have ventured to say this much concerning the Iroquois so that it may better be understood among my own countrymen how it was possible for me, a white man of unmixed blood, to love and respect a red man of blood as pure and unmixed as mine.

My isolation from the regiment, as I say, was now more than compensated by the presence of the ladies at Croghan's house. And Lois had now been lodged with them for more than a week. How much of her history Mrs. Bleecker had seen fit to impart to Lana Helmer and Angelina Lansing, I did not know. But it seemed to be generally understood in the garrison that Lois had arrived from Albany on Mrs. Bleecker's invitation.

The romantic fact that Lois was the orphan of white captives to the Senecas, and had living neither kith nor kin, impressed Angelina sentimentally, and Lana with an insatiable curiosity, if not with suspicion.

As for Boyd, he had not recognized her at all, in her powder, patches, and pretty gowns. And I could understand it, too, for I hardly recognized her myself. And after the novelty of meeting her had worn off, he paid her no particular attention—no doubt because of his headlong, impatient, and undisguised infatuation for Lana, which, with her own propensity for daring indiscretion, embarrassed us all more or less.

No warrant had been given me to interfere; I was on no such intimate terms with Boyd, and, as for Lana, she heeded Mrs. Bleecker's cautious sermons as lightly as a bluebird, drifting, heeds the soft air that thrills with his careless flight-song.

What officers there were, regular and militia, who had not yet gone to Otsego Lake, came frequently to Croghan's to pay their respects; and every afternoon there were most agreeable parties at Croghan's.

If I did not entirely realize it at the time, nevertheless it was a very happy week for me. To see Lois at last where she belonged, to see her welcomed, respected, and admired by the ladies and gentlemen at Croghan's—

courted, flattered, sought after in a company so respectable, and so naturally and sweetly holding her own among them without timidity or effort, was to me a pleasure so wonderful that even the quick, light shafts of jealousy—which ignoble but fiery darts were ever buzzing about my ass' ears, sometimes stinging me—could not fatally wound my satisfaction or my deep thankfulness that her dreadful and wretched trials were ended at last.

What seemed to Angelina and Lana an exceedingly quick intimacy between Lois and me sentimentally interested the former, and, as I have said, aroused the mischievous, yet not unkindly, curiosity of the latter. Like all people who are deep in intrigue themselves, any hint of it in others excited her sophisticated curiosity. So when we concluded it might be safe to call each other Lois and Euan, Lana's curiosity leaped over all bounds.

There was, as usual, a respectable company gathered at Croghan's that afternoon; and a floating island and tea and a punch. Lois, in her usual corner by the northern window, was so beset and surrounded by officers of Ours and Schott's, Franklin's, and Spalding's, and staff-officers halted for the day, that I had quite despaired of a word with her for the present, and had somewhat sulkily lingered by the stairs to bide my time. What between love, jealousy, and hurt pride that she had not instantly left her irksome popinjays at mere sight of me, and flown to me under the noses of them all, I was in two minds whether I would remain in the house or not.

Solemnly brooding on woman's coldness, fickleness, and general ingratitude, and silently hating every gallant who crowded about her, I could not, however, for the life of me, keep my eyes from the cold-blooded little jilt.

She had evidently been out walking before I arrived, for she still wore her coquettish garden-hat—the chip-straw affair, with the lilac ribbons tied in a bow under her rounded chin; and a white, thin gown, most ravishing, and all bestrewn with sprigs and posies, which displayed her smooth and delicately molded throat above the low-pinned kerchief, and her lovely arms from the creamy elbow-lace down to her finger-tips.

As I stood worshiping, enchanted, resentful, martyred, alternately aching with loneliness and devotion, and at the same time

heartily detesting every man on whom she chanced to smile, I discovered Lana on a step of the stairs, her mocking eyes brilliant with unkind delight.

"Poor swain a-sighing!" said she. "Love is sure a thorny way, Euan."

"Have a care for your own skirts, then," said I ungraciously.

"Broadbrim!" said she. "I was not born yesterday. Have no worries concerning me, but look to yourself, for I think you have been sorely hit at last. And God knows such wounds go hard with a truly worthy and good young man!"

"I make nothing of your nonsense," said I coldly.

"What? Nothing? And yonder sits its pretty and romantic inspiration? I am glad I lived to see the maid who dealt you your first wound."

"Do you fancy that I am in love?" said I defiantly.

"Why not admit what your lop-ears and moony mien yell aloud to the world entire?"

"Have you no common sense, Lana? Do you imagine a man can fall in love in a brief week?"

"I have been wondering," said she coolly, "whether you have ever seen her before."

"Continue to wonder," said I bluntly.

"I do. Because you call her 'Lois' so readily—and you came near it the first day you had *apparently* set eyes on her. Also, she calls you 'Euan' with a tripping lack of hesitation—even with a certain natural tenderness——"

I turned on her, exasperated.

"Come," said I, controlling my temper with difficulty, "I am tired of playing butt to your silly arrows."

"Oh, how you squirm, Euan! Cupid and I are shooting you full as a porcupine!"

"If Cupid is truly shooting," said I, with malice, "you had best hunt cover, Lana. For I think already a spent shaft or two has bruised you, flying at hazard from his bow."

She smilingly ignored what I had said.

"Tell me," she persisted, "are you not at her pretty feet already? Is not your very soul down on its worthy marrow bones before this girl?"

"Is not every gallant gentleman who comes to Croghan's at the feet of Miss de Contrecoeur?"

"One or two are in the neighborhood of my feet," she remarked.

"Aye, and *too* near to please me," said I.

"Who, for example?"

"Boyd—for example," I replied, giving her a hearty scowl.

"Oh!" she drawled airily. "He is not yet near enough to please *me*."

"You little fool!" said I, between my teeth. "Do you think you can play alley-taw and cat's-cradle with a man like that?"

Then a cold temper flashed in her eyes.

"A man like *that*," she repeated. "And pray, dear friend, what manner of man may be 'a man like *that*'?"

"One who can overmatch you at your own silly sport—and carry the game to its sinister finish! I warn you, have a care of yourself, Lanette."

She said hotly, "If I should say to him what you have but now said to me, he would have you out for your impertinence!"

"If he continues to conduct as he has begun," said I, "the chances are that I may have him out for his effrontery."

"What! Who gave you the privilege of interfering in my affairs, you silly ninny?"

"So that you display ordinary prudence, I have no desire to interfere," I retorted angrily.

"And if I do not! If I am imprudent! Is it *your* affair?"

"Suppose I make it mine?"

"You are both silly and insulting; do you know it?"

"Very well," said I; "continue to play with hell-fire, if you like. I'm done with you and with him, too."

"And I with you," she said, between her teeth. "And if you were not the honest-meaning marplot that you are, Mr. Boyd should teach you a lesson!"

"I'll teach him one now," said I, springing forward and gone quite blind with rage. "Euan!"

Lana's voice arrested me, and I halted and turned, striving to remember decency and that I was conducting like a very boor. This was neither the time nor place to force a quarrel on any man. And Lana was right. I had no earthly warrant to interfere if she gave me none—perhaps no spiritual warrant, either.

"Are you coming to your senses?" she asked coldly.

"Yes," I said. "I ask your pardon."

A moment more we gazed at each other, then suddenly her under lip trembled.

"Forgive me," she stammered. "You are a better friend to me than—many. I am not angry, Euan."

At that I could scarce control my own voice. "Lanette—little Lana! Find it in your generous heart to offer me my pardon, for I have conducted like a yokel and a fool. But I really do love you."

"I know it, Euan. I did not know it was in me to use you so cruelly. Let us be friends again. Will you?"

"Will you, Lana?"

"Willingly—oh, with all my heart!"

She looked up at me very sweetly, and resting her hand lightly on my shoulder—a caress so frank and unconcealed that it meant no more than its innocent significance implied. But at that moment, by chance, I encountered Lois's eyes fixed on me in cold surprise.

And, being a fool and already unnerved, I turned red as a pippin, as though I were guilty.

"You dear boy," said Lana gently. "Go and court your sweetheart. For she gave me a look but now which boded ill for me or for any other maid or matron who dares lay finger on a single thrum of your rifle-shirt."

"You are wrong," said I. "She cares nothing for me in that manner."

"What? How do you know, you astounding boy?"

"I know it well enough."

Lana shot a swift and curious look straight across the room at Lois, who now did not seem to be aware of her.

"She is beautiful—and not made of marble," said Lana softly to herself. She turned to me, smiling. "That girl yonder has never loved."

"Why do you think so?"

"I know it; but I cannot tell you why I know it. Women divine where men reason; and we are oftener right than you—Are you truly in love with her?"

"Lana! For heaven's sake——"

"I am *not* jeering; I am realizing the solemn fact that you have progressed a certain distance in love and are arrived at a definite and well-known milestone. And I am merely wondering how far *she* has progressed. For the look she shot at me convinces me that she has started—in fact, has reached that turn in the thorny path where she is less inclined to defend herself than her own possessions. You seem to be one of them."

Boyd, who had awaited the termination of our *tête-à-tête* with an impatience perfectly apparent to anybody who chanced to observe him, now seemed able to endure it no longer; and as he approached us I felt Lana's hand on my arm tremble slightly.

She received him with a shaft of light raillery, and he laughed and retorted in kind, and then we three sauntered over to the cable where was the floating island in a huge stone bowl of Indian ware.

Around this, and the tea and punch, every everybody was now gathering, and there was much talking and laughing and offering of refreshment to the ladies, and drinking of humorous or gallant toasts.

I would have been glad to shine in that lively and amusing competition, but possessed no such desirable talents, and so, when called upon, contrived merely a commonplace toast, which all applauded, as in duty bound.

And I saw Lois looking at me with an odd, smiling expression, not one thing or another, yet scarcely cordial.

"And now," says Boyd, "each lady in turn should offer an impromptu toast in verse."

Whereupon they all protested that the thing was impossible. But he was already somewhat flushed with the punch and with his own success; and says he, with that occasional and overflourishing bow of his,

"To divinity nothing is impossible; therefore, the ladies, ever divine, may venture all things."

"Which is why I venture to decline," remarked Lana. But he was set upon it and would not be denied, and he began a most flowery little speech with the ladies as his inspiration.

"Poetry and grace in mind and body are theirs by nature," said he, "and they have but to open the rosy petals of their lips to enthrall us all with gems of——"

"Lord!" said Mrs. Bleecker, laughing, "I have never writ a verse in my life save on my sampler; and if I were to open the rosy petals of my lips, I should never have done a-giggling. But I'll do it, Mr. Boyd, if you think it will enthrall you."

"As for me," quoth Angelina Lansing, "I require a workshop to manufacture my gems. It follows that they are no true gems at all, but shop-made paste. Ask Lana Helmer; she is far more adept in sugaring refusals."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Solemnly brooding on woman's coldness, fickleness, and general ingratitude, and
for the life of me, keep my eyes



and
eyes

silently hating every gallant who crowded about her, I could not, however,
from the cold-blooded little jilt

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All turned smilingly toward Lana, who shrugged her shoulders, saying carelessly:

"I must decline!
The Muses nine
No sisters are of mine.
Must I repine,
Because I'm not divine,
And may not versify some pretty story
To prove to you my own immortal glory?
Make no mistake. Accept, don't offer, verses
Kisses received are mercies—given, curses!"

Said Boyd instantly:

"A thousand poems for your couplets!
Do you trade with me, Miss Helmer?"

"Let me hear your thousand first," retorted the coquette disdainfully, "ere I make up my mind to be damned."

Major Parr said grimly:

"With what are we others to trade, who can make no verses? Is there not some more common form of wampum that you might consider?"

"A kind and unselfish heart is sound currency," said Lana, smiling, and turning her back on Boyd—which brought her to face Lois.

"Do make a toast in verse for these importunate gentlemen," she said.

"I?" exclaimed Lois, in laughing surprise. Then her face altered subtly. "I may not dream to rival you in beauty. Why should I challenge you in wit?"

"Why not? Your very name implies a nationality in which elegance, graceful wit, and taste are all inherent." And she curtsied very low to Lois.

For a moment the girl stood motionless, her slender forefinger crook'd in thought, across her lips. Then she glanced at me.

"It will give me a pleasure to do honor to any wish expressed by anybody," she said. "Am I to compose a toast, Euan?"

I gazed at her in surprise; Major Parr said loudly, "That's the proper spirit!"

And, "Write for us a toast to love!" cried Boyd.

But Lana coolly proposed a toast to please all, which, she explained, a toast to love would not, by any means.

"And surely that is easy for you," she added sweetly, "who of your proper self please all who ever knew you."

"Write us a patriotic toast," suggested Captain Simpson, "a jolly toast that all true Americans can drink under the nose of the British king himself."

Lois stood there smiling, thinking, the tint of excitement still brilliant in her cheeks.

"No, I could not hope to contrive such a verse—" she mused aloud. "Yet—I might try—"

Very quietly she turned and passed behind the punch-bowl and into the next room.

We had emptied the bowl before she reappeared, holding out to me a paper which was still wet with ink.

"This is a toast that our poor tyrant-ridden countrymen may dare to offer at any banquet under any flag, and under the very cannon of New York," she said.

She stood still, absent-eyed, thinking for a moment; then, looking up at us:

"It is really two poems in one. If you read it straight across the page as it is written, then does it seem to be a boastful, hateful, tory verse, vilifying all patriots, even his excellency—God forgive the thought!

"But in the middle of every line there is a comma, splitting the line into two parts. And if you draw a line down through every one of these commas, dividing the written verse into two halves, each separate half will be a poem of itself, and the secret and concealed meaning of the whole will then be apparent."

She laid the paper in my hands. And this is what we all read—the prettiest and most cunningly devised and disguised verse that ever was writ—or so it seems to me:

Hark—hark the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms

O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms.
Who for King George doth stand, their honor soon shall shine,

Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.

The tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast,

Who non-resistant hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act the whiggish part.

On Mansfield, North, and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusions and dispute, on Congress evermore,

To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.

Then Major Parr took the paper, and raising one hand and with a strange solemnity on his war-scarred visage, he pronounced aloud the lines of the two halves,

reading first a couplet from the left-hand side of the dividing commas, then a couplet from the right, and so down the double column:

Hark—hark the trumpet sounds
O'er seas and solid grounds!
The din of war's alarms
Doth call us all to arms.
Who for King George doth stand
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To North and British lord,
I wish a block and cord.
May honors still be done
To General Washington.

As his ringing voice subsided, there fell a perfect silence, then a very roar of cheering filled it, and the hemlock rafters rang. And I saw the color fly to Lois's face.

Then everyone must needs drink her health and praise her skill and wit and address—save I alone, who seemed to have no words for her, or even to tell myself of my astonishment at her accomplishment, somehow so unexpected.

Yet, why might I not have expected accomplishments from such a pliant intelligence—from a young and flexible mind that had not lacked schooling, irregular as it was? For, by her own confession to me, her education had been obtained, while it lasted, in schools as good as any in the land, if, indeed, all were as excellent as Mrs. Pardee's Young Ladies' Seminary in Albany.

And Major Parr, the senior officer present, must have a glass of wine with her all alone, and offer her his arm to the threshold, where Lana and Boyd were busily plaiting a wreath of green maple leaves for her, which they presently placed around her chip-straw hat. And we all acclaimed her.

As for Major Parr, that campaign-battered veteran had out his tablets and was painfully copying the verses—he being no

scholar—while Boyd read them aloud to us all again in most excellent taste, and Lois protested that her modest effort was not worthy such consideration.

"Egad!" said Major Parr loudly. "I maintain that verses such as these are worth a veteran battalion to any army on earth! You are an aid, an honor, and an inspiration to your country, Miss de Contreccœur, and I shall take care that his excellency receives a copy of these same verses——"

"Oh, Major Parr!" she protested, in dismay. "I should perish with shame if his excellency were to be so beset by every sorry scribbler."

"A copy for his excellency!" cried Captain Simpson. "Who volunteers?"

"I will make it," said I, with jealous authority.

"And I will aid you with quill, sand, and paper," said Lana. "Come, Euan."

Lois, who had at first smiled at me, now looked at us both, while the smile stiffened on her flushed face as Lana caught me by the hand and drew me toward the other room, where the pine camp-table stood.

While I was writing in my clear and painstaking chirography, which I try not to take a too great pride in because of its fine shading and skilful flourishes, the guests of the afternoon were making their adieux and taking their departure.

When I had finished my copy and had returned to the main room, nothing remained of the afternoon party save Boyd and Lana, whispering together by a window.

Outside in the late sunshine, I could see Mrs. Bleecker and Mrs. Lansing strolling to and fro, arm in arm, but I looked around in vain for Lois.

"She is doubtless gone a-boating with her elegant senior ensign," said Lana sweetly, from the window. "If you run fast you may kill him yet, Euan."

"I was looking for nobody," said I stiffly, and marched out, ridding them of my company—which I think was what they both desired.

I could not seem to steer my footsteps clear of the river bank, or deny myself the fierce and melancholy pleasure of gazing at their canoe from afar, so I finally walked in that direction, cursing my own weakness and meditating quarrels and fatal duels.

But when I arrived on the river bank, I could not discover her in any of the canoes that danced in the rosy ripples of the de-

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clining sun. So, mooning and miserable, I lagged along the bank toward my bush hut, and presently, to my sudden surprise, discovered the very lady of whom I had been thinking so intently, in earnest conversation with the sagamore.

Long before I reached them or they had discovered me, the sagamore turned and took his departure, with a dignified gesture of refusal.

She did not notice me as I came toward her through the waving Indian grass, and even when I spoke her name, she did not seem startled.

"What is it that you and this Mohican have still to say to each other?" I asked apprehensively.

The vague expression of her features changed; she answered with heightened color: "The sagamore is my friend as well as yours. Is it strange that I should speak with him when it pleases me to do so?"

There was an indirectness in her gaze, as well as in her reply, that troubled me, but I said amiably:

"What has become of your mincing escort? Is he gone to secure a canoe?"

"He is on duty and gone to the fort."

"Where he belongs," I growled.

She raised her eyes.

"Are you jealous?" she demanded, beginning to smile; then, suddenly the smile vanished and she shot at me a darker look, and stood considering me.

"As for that fop of an ensign—" I began—but she took the word from my mouth:

"A fiddlestick! It is I who have cause to complain of you, not you of me. You throw dust in my eyes by accusing where you should stand otherwise accused."

"I? Accused of what?"

"If you don't know, then I need not humiliate myself to inform you. But I think you *do* know, for you looked guilty enough—"

"Guilty of what?"

"Of what? I don't know what you may be guilty of. But you stood by the stairs with your simpering inamorata—and your courtship quarrels and your tender reconciliations were plain enough to—to sicken anybody—"

"There is no common sense in what you say!" I exclaimed angrily. "If I—"

"I pray you, Euan, spare me. If you prefer this most bewitching minx—"

"She is no minx!" I retorted hotly; and Lois as hotly faced me.

"You *do* favor her! You do! You do! Say what you will, you are ever listening for the flutter of her petticoats on the stairs, ever at her French heels, ever at moony gaze with her—and a scant inch betwixt your noses! So that you come not again to me vowing what you have vowed to me, I care not how you and she conduct."

"I *do* prefer you!" I cried, furious to be so misconstrued. "I love only one, and that one is you!"

"Oh, Euan, yours is a most broad and catholic heart. Any pretty penitent can find her refuge there, and any petticoat can flutter it!"

"*Yours* can. Even your fluttering rags did that!"

She flushed: "Oh, if I were truly weak and silly enough to listen to you—"

"You never do. You give me no hope."

"I *do* give you hope. I say to you continually that never have I so devotedly loved any man—"

"That is not love!" I said, furious.

"I do not pretend it to be that same boiling and sputtering sentiment which men call love—"

"Then if it be not true love, why do you care what I whisper to any woman?"

"I do not care," she said, biting her rose-leaf lower lip. "You may whisper any treason you please to any h-heartless woman who snares your f-fancy. Court whom you please! But if you do, my faith in man is dead, and that's flat."

"What!"

"Certainly. After your burning vows so lately made to me. But men have no shame. I know that much."

"But," said I, bewildered, "you say that you care nothing for my vows."

"No, I did not say so. I—I *love* your vows."

"How can you love my vows and not me?" I demanded angrily.

"I don't know how I can do it, but I do. I will love them no longer if you make the selfsame vows to *her*."

"Now," said I, perplexed and exasperated, "what does it profit a man when a maid confesses that she loves to hear his vows, but loves not him who makes them?"

"For me to love even your vows," said she, looking at me sideways, "is *something* gained for you—or so it seems to me. And

were I minded to play the coquette—as *some* do——”

“You play it every minute!”

“I? When, pray?”

“When I came to Croghan’s this afternoon, there were you, the center of ’em all—a dozen young fools all ogling and sighing at your feet——”

Her lips parted in a quick, nervous laugh. “Was that the way I seemed? Truly, Euan? *Were* you jealous? And I scarce heeding one o’ them!”

“Oh, Lois! How can you say that to me?”

“Because it was so. Why did you not come to me at once. I was waiting.”

“There were so many—and you seemed so gay with them—so careless—not even glancing at me——”

“I saw you none the less.”

“I never dreamed you noticed me. And every time you smiled on one of them, I grew the gloomier——”

“And what does my gaiety mean—save that the source of happiness lies rooted in you? What do other men count, only that in their admiration I read some recompense for you, who made me admirable. These gowns I wear are yours—these shoon and buckles and silken stockings—these bows of lace and furbelows—this little patch, making my rose cheeks rosier—this frost of powder on my hair! All these I wear, Euan, so that man’s delight in me may do you honor. All I am to please them—my gaiety, my small wit, which makes for them crude verses, my modesty, my decorum, my mind and person, which seem not unacceptable to a respectable society—all these are but dormant qualities that you have awakened and inspired——”

She broke off short, tears filling her eyes.

“Of what am I made, then, if my first and dearest and deepest thought be not for you? And such a man as this is *jealous!*”

I caught her hands, but she bent swiftly and laid her hot cheek for an instant against my hand which held them.

“If there is in me a Cinderella,” she said unsteadily, “it is you who have discovered it—liberated it—and who have willed that it shall live. Did you suppose that it was in me to make those verses unless you told me that I could do it? You said, ‘Try,’ and instantly I dared try. Is that not something to stir your pride? A girl as absolutely yours as that? And do not

the lesser and commonplace emotions seem trivial in comparison—all the heats and passions and sentimental vapors—the sighs and vows and languishing which bedizzen what men know as love—do they not all seem mean and petty compared to our deep, sweet knowledge of each other?”

“You are wonderful,” I said humbly. “But love is no unreal, unworthy thing, either—no sham, no trite, cut-and-dried convention, made silly by sighs and vapors——”

“Oh, Euan, it is! I am so much more to you in my soul than if I merely loved you. You are so much more to me—the very well-spring of my desire and pride—my reason for pleasing, my happy consolation, and my gratitude— Seat yourself here on the pleasant, scented grasses, and let me endeavor to explain it once and for all time. Will you?”

“It is this,” she continued, taking my hand between hers, when we were seated, and examining it very intently, as though the scree she recited were written there on my palm. “We are so marvelously matched in every measurement and feature, mentally and bodily almost—and I am so truly becoming a vital part of you and you of me, that the miracle is too perfect, too lofty, too serenely complete to vex it with the lesser magic—the passions and the various petty vexations they entail.

“For I would become—to honor you—all that your pride would have me. I would please the world for your sake, conquer it both with mind and person. And you must endeavor to better yourself, day by day, nobly and with high aim, so that the source of my inspiration remain ever pure and fresh, and I attain to heights, unthinkable save for your faith in me and mine in you.”

She smiled at me, and I said,

“Aye; but to what end?”

“To what end, Euan? Why, for our spiritual and worldly profit.”

“Yes, but I love you——”

“No, no! Not in that manner——”

“But it is so.”

“No, it is *not!* We are to be above mere sentiment. Reason rules us.”

“Are we not to wed?”

“Oh—as for that——” She thought for a while, closely considering my palm. “Yes—that might some day be a part of it. When we have attained to every honor and

consideration, and our thoughts and desires are purged and lifted to serene and lofty heights of contemplation. Then it would be natural for us to marry, I suppose."

"Meanwhile," said I, "youth flies; and I may not caress you."

"Not to caress me—as that woman did to you—"

"Lois!"

"I cannot help it. There is in her—in all such women—a sly, smooth, sleek, and graceful beast, ever seeming to invite or offer a caress—"

"She is sweet and womanly—a warm friend of many years."

"Oh! And am I not—womanly?"

"Are you, entirely?"

She looked at me troubled. "How would you have me be more womanly?"

"Be less a comrade, more a sweetheart."

"Familiar?"

My heart was beating fast. "Familiar to my arms. I love you."

"I—do not permit myself to desire your arms. Can I help saying so—if you ask me?"

"When I love you so—"

"No. Why are you, after all, like other men, when I once hoped—"

"Other men love. All men love. How can I be different—"

"You are more finely made. You can command your lesser passions."

"You say that very lightly, who have no need to command yours!"

"How do you know?"

"Because you have none to curb—else you could better understand the greater ones." She sat with head lowered, playing with a blade of grass. After a while she looked up at me, a trifle confused.

"Until I knew you, I entertained but one living passion—to find my mother and hold her in my arms. Since I have known you, that desire has never changed. She is my living passion and my need."

She bent her head again and sat playing with the scented grasses. Then, half to herself, she said: "I think I am still loyal to her if I have placed you beside her in my heart. For I have not yet invested you with a passion less innocent than that which burns for her."

She lifted her head, slowly, propping herself up on one arm, and looked intently at me.

After a silence I said heavily, "You still desire to go to Catharinstown?"

"I must go."

"That was the burden of your conversation with the sagamore but now?"

"Yes."

"He refused to aid you?"

"He refused."

"Why, then, are you not content to wait here—or at Albany?"

She sat for a long while with head lowered, then, looking up quietly,

"Another pair of moccasins was left outside my door last night."

"What! At Croghan's? Inside our line!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Aye. But this time the message sewed within them differed from all the others. And on the shred of bark was written: 'Swift moccasins for little feet as swift. The long trail opens. Come!'"

"You think your mother wrote it?" I asked, astounded.

"Yes; this writing is the same."

"The same hand that wrote the other messages throughout the years?"

"The same."

"Have you told the sagamore of this?"

"I told him but now—and for the first time."

"You told him *everything*?"

"Yes—concerning my first finding—and the messages that came every year with the moccasins."

"And did you show him the Indian writing, also?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

I said, "What do you make of it, O Sagamore?" And he spat out a word I did not clearly understand—

"Amochol?"

"Yes—it sounded like that. What did he mean, Euan?"

"I will presently ask him," said I, thoroughly alarmed. "And in the mean while, you must now be persuaded to remain at this post. When we march, you will go back to Schenectady or to Albany with the ladies of the garrison, and wait there some word of our fate. If we win through, I swear to you that if your mother be there in Catharinstown I will bring news of her, or, God willing, bring her herself to you."

I rose and aided her to stand, and her hands remained limply in mine.

"I had rather take you from her arms,"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

I, to my sudden surprise, discovered the very lady of whom I had been thinking so intently, in earnest conversation with the sagamore

I said, in a low voice, "—if you ever deign to give yourself to me."

"Would you have me at any cost, Euan?"

"Any cost?"

"Suppose that when I find my mother—I find no name for myself—save hers?"

"You shall have mine, then."

"Dear lad! But—suppose, even then, I do not love you—as men mean love?"

"So that you love no other man, I should still want you."

"Am I, then, so vital to you?"

"Utterly."

"To how many other women have you spoken thus?" she asked gravely.

"To none."

"Truly?"

"Truly, Lois."

She said in a low voice:

"Other men have said it to me. I have heard them swear it with tears in their eyes, and calling God to witness. And I knew all the while that they were lying—perjuring their souls for the sake of a ragged, unripe, jade, and a wild night's frolic. Well—God made men! I know myself, too. To love you as you wish is to care less for you than I already do. I would not willingly. Yet, I may try if you wish it. So that is all the promise I dare make you. Come—take me home now—if you care to walk as far with me."

"And I who am asking you to walk through life with me?" I said, forcing a laugh.

We turned; she took my arm, and together we moved slowly back through the falling dusk.

And, as we approached her door, came a sudden and furious sound of galloping behind us, and we sprang to the side of the road as the express thundered by in a storm of dust and driving pebbles.

"News," she whispered. "Do they bring good news as fast as bad?"

"It may mean our marching-orders," I said, dejected.

We had now arrived at Croghan's, and she was withdrawing her arm from mine, when the hollow sound of a conch horn went echoing and booming through the dusk.

"It *does* mean your marching-orders!" she exclaimed, startled.

"It most certainly means something,"

said I. "Good-night—I must run for the fort—"

"Are you going to—to leave me?"

"That horn is calling out Morgan's men—"

"Am I not to see you again?"

"Why, yes—I expect so—but if—"

"Oh! Is there an 'if?' Euan, are you going away forever?"

"Dear maid, I don't know yet what has happened—"

"I do! You *are* going! To your death, perhaps—for all I know—"

"Hush! And good-night—"

She held to my offered hand tightly.

"Don't go—don't go—"

"I will return and tell you if—"

"If!" That means you will not return! I shall never see you again!"

I had flung one arm around her, and she stood with one hand clenched against her lips, looking blankly into my face.

"Good-by," I said, and kissed her clenched hand so violently that it slipped sideways on her cheek, bruising her lips.

She gave a faint gasp and swayed where she stood, very white in the face.

"I have hurt you," I stammered; but my words were lost in a frightful uproar bursting from the fort; and, "God!" she whispered, cowering against me, as the horrid howling swelled on the affrighted air.

"It is only the Oneidas' scalp-yell," said I. "They know the news. Their death-halloo means that the corps of guides is ordered out. Good-by! You have means to support you, now, till I return. Wait for me; love me if it is in you to love such a man. Whatever the event, my devotion will not alter. I leave you in God's keeping, dear. Good-by."

Her hand was still at her bruised lips; I bent forward; she moved it aside. But I kissed only her hand.

Then I turned and ran toward the fort; and in the torchlight at the gate encountered Boyd, who said to me gleefully:

"It's you and your corps of guides. The express is from Clinton. Hanierri remains; the sagamore goes with you; but the regiment is not marching yet awhile. Lord help us! Listen to those beastly Oneidas in their paint! Did you ever hear such a wolf-pack howling! Well, Loskiel, a safe and pleasant scout to you." He

offered his hand. "I'll be strolling back to Croghan's. Fare you safely!"

"And you," I said, not thinking, however, of him. But I thought of Lana, and wished to God that Boyd were with us on this midnight march, and Lana safe in Albany once more.

As I entered the fort, through the smoky flare of torches, I saw Dolly Glenn waiting there; and as I passed she gave a frightened exclamation.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" I asked.

"Is—is Lieutenant Boyd going with you?" she stammered.

"No, child."

She thanked me with a pitiful sort of a smile, and shrank back into the darkness.

I remained but a few moments with Major Parr and Captain Simpson; a rifleman of my own company, Harry Kent, brought me my pack and rifle—merely sufficient ammunition and a few necessities—for we were to travel lightly. Then Captain Simpson went away to inspect the Oneida scouts.

"I wish you well," said the major quietly. "Guard the Mohican as you would the apple of your eye, and—God go with you, Euan Loskiel!"

I saluted, turned squarely, and walked out across the parade to the postern. Here I saw Captain Simpson inspecting the four guides, one of whom, to me, seemed unnecessarily burdened with hunting-shirt and blanket.

Running my eye along their file, where they stood in the uncertain torchlight, I saw at once that the guides selected by Major Parr were not all Oneidas. Two of them seemed to be; a third was a Stockbridge Indian, but the fourth—he with the hunting-shirt and double blanket—wore unfamiliar paint.

"What are you?" said I, in the Oneida dialect, trying to gain a square look at him in the shifty light.

"Wyandotte," he said quietly.

"Hell!" said I, turning to Captain Simpson. "Who sends me a Wyandotte?"

"General Clinton," replied Simpson, in surprise. "The Wyandotte came from Fortress Pitt. Colonel Broadhead, commanding our left wing, sent him, most highly recommending him for his knowledge of the Susquehanna and Tioga."

I took another hard look at the Wyandotte.

"You should travel lighter," said I. "Split that Niagara blanket and roll your hunting-shirt."

The savage looked at me a moment, then his sinewy arms flew up and he snatched the deerskin shirt from his naked body. The next instant his knife fairly leaped from its beaded sheath; there was a flash of steel, a ripping sound, and his blue-and-scarlet blanket lay divided. Half of it he flung to a rifleman, and the other half, with his shirt, he rolled and tied to his pack.

Such zeal and obedience pleased me, and I smiled and nodded to him. He showed his teeth at me, which I fancied was his mode of smiling. But it was somewhat hideous, as his nose had been broken, and the unpleasant dent in it made horribly conspicuous by a gash of blood-red paint.

I buckled my belt and pack and picked up my rifle. Captain Simpson shook hands with me. At the same moment, the rifleman sent to our bush hut to summon the Mohican returned with him. And a finer sight I never saw—for the tall and magnificently formed Siwanois was in scarlet war-paint from crown to toe, oiled, shaven save for the lock, and crested with a single scarlet plume—and heaven knows where he got it, for it was not dyed, but natural.

His scarlet-and-white beaded sporran swung to his knees; his ankle moccasins were quilled and feathered in red and white; the Erie scalps hung from his girdle, hooped in red, and he bore only a light pack, slung besides his rifle and short red blanket.

"Salute, O Sagamore! Roya-neh!" I said, in a low voice, passing him.

He smiled, then his features became utterly blank, as one by one the eyes of the other Indians flashed on his for a moment, then shifted warily elsewhere.

I made a quick gesture, turned, and started, heading the file out into the darkness.

And as we advanced noiselessly and swung west into the Otsego road, I was aware of a shadow on my right—soft hands outstretched—a faint whisper as I kissed her tightening fingers. Then I ran on to head that painted file once more, and for a time continued to lead at hazard, blinded with tears.

And it was some minutes before I was conscious of the Mohican's hand upon my arm, guiding my uncertain feet through the star-shot dark.

A Modern Rachel

By
Alan Dale



Scene
from Mme.
Kalich's new
production, "Rachel"

I WONDER if a good memory is an unalloyed blessing! When I entered Madame Bertha Kalich's dressing-room at the Knickerbocker Theater, the other day, my terribly good memory got awfully busy. I saw Madame Kalich in her black-velvet "Rachel" gown, lissome, elegant, stellar, and even queenly. She rose to greet me graciously, extending five pink-tipped fingers with easy cordiality, and—

she might have been the immortal Sarah. Only she wasn't!

For a moment, my memory gripped me. I remembered a night, exactly twelve years ago, when I took a sort of exploration trip to the Bowery in order to see a performance at the Yiddish Theater of "Hamlet." The rôle of the Prince of Denmark was played by none other than Madame Bertha Kalich. It was an exceedingly interesting piece of work, and I really saw "Hamlet" acted reverently and enthusiastically.

And from this Bowery theater to the Knickerbocker, it took just twelve years! Madame Kalich had made the transition from Yiddish to almost perfect English in that short space of time. It was marvelous—like some fairy tale,

and, as she
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tended,
I could
think of noth-
ing else.

"It has taken 'Rachel' to bring you to me after all these years," she said, as I paused, a trifle embarrassed, on the threshold. "It is indeed a long time since you saw me for the first inspection. But I have never forgotten it.

"You saw me before I had even contem-

plated the idea of English," said Bertha Kalich quietly. "In those days I never believed that I should be playing in English in an up-town theater. Do you remember that you wrote up my Hamlet—so many years ago?"

"I shall never forget that performance," I said.

"The reason I left the Hebrew theater," said Madame Kalich, "was simply because I needed more scope

It was not because

I did every kind of work that it is possible for an actress to do. I played all rôles—even in light opera, comic opera, farce, drama, melodrama, and everything. I could have gone on the operatic stage, as I was a singer. They wanted to give me important parts, but I begged

She has done every kind of work that it is possible for an actress to do. (Left) In "Sappho and Phaon"

I tired of it. I believe in the genius and the temperament of the Jewish actor. He has everything, and it is an inspiration to belong to that theater.

But I wanted to extend my sphere of action. You know I came direct from Europe to the Jewish theater. My people were orthodox Hebrews, and they hated to think of me anywhere else. They said that I belonged to the Hebrews, and I felt that I did. So when I arrived in America, it was to the Jew playhouses that I went. I came from Lemberg, Poland, and I had the advantage of a very far-reaching experience.

them me in chorus, I could assure you, Mr. Dale, that I had a very thorough training—an unusual one."

Madame Kalich spoke viva-



A Modern Rachel



ciously, and seemed interested in recalling the good old days. She was so *vive*, and alert that I listened with rapt attention, and I am bound to say

that she spoke English very much better than a great many English-speaking actresses.

hard to believe, but I really learned English from my rôles. I couldn't speak at all—not a word. I committed long rôles to memory—such a rôle as *Fédora*, for instance—and then I began to speak a little. Do you think my English good?"

That was point-blank, wasn't it? However, I could truthfully answer in the affirmative.

"I consider that I owe everything to the Hebrew theater," she continued. "The Hebrew theater is not a theater of tradition. It is instinctively dramatic. It is a theater of temperament, and it is rooted in genius. I love it and all that it stands for."

"Why are you so infrequently in New York?" I asked.

She sighed. "I don't know what they want," she murmured. "They don't want to think; so that is why I gave them a light rôle like *Rachel*. I tried 'The Kreutzer

Mme. Kalich studied with Rossi and Modjeska, but she considers that she owes everything to her training in the Hebrew theater (Above) In "*Rachel*." (Below) A scene from "*Cora*"

"I studied with Rossi," she went on, "and I studied with Modjeska, and I didn't mind work. Never! I have been everywhere, and I have seen the best of everything. As I said, I wanted to branch out, and that is why I took up English. You will find it

'Sonata' and 'Monna Vanna' but they were not successful. I wonder what New York does want."

I couldn't answer. I am sure that New York itself doesn't know.



In "*Sister*"

A Star of the "Movies"

Sympathy
is the per-
vading charm
of this accom-
plished artist

acter, intelligence, sensibility, and refinement, as well as beauty—let us say rather that, in her instance, these are the mainsprings of beauty itself. Still, there are others of whom this much might be, in fact has been, said. Also, she has benefited by the training of the regular dramatic stage, and acquired the lightness, brightness, and sparkle of the vaudevilles. Such is the case, indeed, with the majority of the chosen film-favorites. To this extent, then, Ormi Hawley is typical.

Yet the fact remains that the supreme charm of this New England born interpreter of fair heroines is something apart and individual to herself—something which no one else has, or would think of trying to imitate.

Being of the Lubin Company, Miss Hawley resides in Philadelphia.

"But I am of New England, where the New England conscience comes from," says Miss Hawley. "I was born at Holyoke, Massachusetts, and schooled at the New England Conservatory of Music. It was an education for the really

IS there a distinctive type of the popular screen-actress of to-day? Can any one leading lady of our acquaintance be singled out as the favored daughter of the house of luxury which we familiarly frequent—in the modern photo-play?

Miss Ormi Hawley at once comes to mind as a tentative answer to these queries—an answer that may be taken either as affirmative or negative, according to the angle from which we regard her.

She has char-

Ormi Hawley, in "Madeline's Christmas"



EXCLUSIVE
PHOTOGRAPH
BY WHITE

A Star of the "Movies"



Miss Hawley has benefited by the training of the regular dramatic stage, and her photo-play creations exhibit the lightness, brightness, and sparkle of the best vaudeville work

a more congenial atmosphere of art and opportunity. By 'opportunity,' you know, I mean work, aspiration, not luxury and idleness. I take everything seriously, except, perhaps, flattery.

"All my romances and adventures are in the course of my camera work, rather than in my own life," she continues, "though they are often the real thing so far as thrills are concerned. Why, last winter, when we were down the east coast of Florida taking 'The Judgment of the Deep,' I was out alone, rowing in an open boat, and came so near

drifting into the Gulf Stream that the life-savers had to get busy and do a rescue scene that wasn't in the story.

"Emotions? Heart-throbs? Sighs? Oh, yes, plenty of them. But these fictitious romances are prosaic and mechanical after they become a habit. Shall I tell you what I find the most heart-touching experience of the whole business? It's the letters and personal appeals of thousands of poor, foolish, self-deluded girls who are eager to 'go into the movies,'

where, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there is no chance for them.

They certainly have my deepest sympathy, for they are up against a hopeless proposition."

Ah, now we've got it! Sympathy is the subtle and pervading charm of the fair and accomplished artist whom we love to applaud as Ormi Hawley.



EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

In the motion-picture sphere, she finds a more congenial atmosphere of art and opportunity than on the regular stage

Peter Pan's Sister

ONLY Nature's gifts, and exceptional ones at that, could furnish forth a sixty-nine-pound fairy actress, artistically accomplished, pretty as a picture, and complete in everything except size. Such is a sketchy description of petite Iris Hawkins, London's pet pantomimist, whom Manager Brady somehow kidnaped and brought over to New York disguised as Hop o' My Thumb.

"Are there as usual?" is interviewer, *entr'acte*, fort to find sized dress-dears, and most eat theater. a n i m a l s."

She is holding a contented-looking fox-terrier puppy in her lap, and her feet do not touch the floor as she sits at the dressing-table.

"That is a compliment very much to my fancy when you call me Peter Pan's sister," she exclaims, in her eager, almost boyish voice, "for I did so want to play Peter—and came so awfully near it, just to be disappointed, after all. You know, I was the original choice for the London production, and then

I was so little that they

as many kiddies in front her first query, as the in-during a *matinée* blinks about in the ef-the tiny star in the full-ing-room. "They are they wait around and al-me up when I leave the Next to kiddies, I love

found it would be necessary to engage an all-Lilliputian company to play with me. Why, they couldn't even find a Wendy small enough to fit me.

"I've been on the stage half my life—that's ten years," this Dresden-china doll-actress continues

"You see, a lady will tell her age when

she knows she looks younger. The profession is a serious thing with me, like all the business of life. I started in a boy-part with Arthur Bouchier, and had ten years' legitimate schooling with

A sixty-nine-pound fairy actress, artistically accomplished, pretty as a picture, and complete in everything except size

London's pet pantomimist, who has come to New York to play Hop o' My Thumb

Peter Pan's Sister

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. More children's parts than anything else have come my way. All this headed me straight for the Christmas pantomimes, which I must say have given me some of my most brilliant opportunities. In London, the Christmas pantomime is as much a fixed institution as the plum pudding, and lasts two or three months longer. They put on the Drury Lane spectacles the night before Christmas, and run them straight through into March. You haven't quite got the habit here in America, as yet, but I fancy, from the way they warmed up to 'Hop o' My

Thumb,' that the custom would bear transplanting.

"Well, yes—I did have little spells of homesickness, at first, because New York is so different from London. But now that I've got acquainted, and everybody is so jolly and kind, I'm having a perfectly ripping time, both professionally and socially. Why, in one evening—I'm afraid it was a Sunday—I found myself with three first-class engagements on, not counting those I had declined. Oh, yes, I can stand it, and thrive on it during the season. But then I must go home to our dear little place on the Thames, just outside

London, where I can punt and ride and have a real play-time.

"It is nice, in many ways, to be petite and petted. But, like all other nice things, it has its limitations. How would you like to have to keep a soap-box to stand on, at your telephone?"

Iris Hawkins, in
"Hop o' My
Thumb"



She was the original choice for Peter Pan, but no Wendy could be found small enough to act with her

The Radium Robber

You want to know the latest, of course, but what is the use of being bored to death by dry, scientific theses? "I want to thank Mr. Reeve," writes a subscriber, "for enabling me to keep up to date in scientific progress just by reading an interesting story. Every month I wonder what Craig is going to do next, and always turn to that story first." You can be sure that if anything important in science is discovered, Kennedy won't be long in finding some practical way to use it. This month he has a pretty tough problem to handle, but his skill and knowledge of up-to-the-minute progress help him blaze a way through a rough mystery-tangle.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Air-Pirate," "The Billionaire Baby," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"MOST ingenious, but, you see, the trouble with that safe is that it was built to keep radium *in*—not cracksmen *out*," remarked Kennedy, as we stood before a little safe in the works of the Federal Radium Corporation.

Murray Denison, president of the corporation, had taken Kennedy and myself with him post-haste to Pittsburgh at the first news of what had immediately been called "the great radium robbery."

Of course the newspapers were already full of it. The very novelty of an ultra-modern cracksmen going off with something worth upward of a couple of hundred thousand dollars—and all contained in a few platinum tubes which could be tucked away in a vest pocket—had something about it powerfully appealing to the imagination.

"Breaking into such a safe as this," added Kennedy, after a cursory examination, "is simple enough, after all."

It was, however, a remarkably ingenious contrivance, about three feet in height and of a weight of perhaps a ton and a half, and all to house something weighing only a few grains.

"But," Denison hastened to explain, "we had to protect the radium not only against burglars but, so to speak, against itself. Radium emanations pass through steel, and experiments have shown that the best metal to contain them is lead. So the difficulty was solved by making a steel outer case enclosing an inside leaden shell, three inches thick."

Kennedy had been toying thoughtfully with the door.

"Then the door, too, had to be contrived so as to prevent any escape of the emanations through joints. It is lathe-turned and circular, a 'dead fit.' By means of a special contrivance, any slight looseness caused by wear and tear of closing can be adjusted. And there is another feature. That is the appliance for preventing the loss of emanation when the door is opened. Two valves have been inserted into the door, and before it is opened, tubes with mercury are passed through, which collect and store the emanation."

"All very nice for the radium," remarked Craig cheerfully. "But the fellow had only to use an electric drill."

"I know that—now," ruefully persisted Denison. "But the safe was designed for us specially. The fellow got into it and got away without leaving a clue."

"Except one, of course," interrupted Kennedy quickly.

Denison looked at him a moment keenly, then said: "Yes—you are right. You mean one which he must bear on himself?"

"Exactly. You can't carry a gram or more of radium bromide long with impunity. The man to look for is one who, in a few days, will have somewhere on his body a burn which will take months to heal."

Kennedy had meanwhile picked up one of the corporation's circulars lying on a desk. He ran his eye down the list of names.

"So Hartley Houghton, the broker, is one of your stockholders," mused Kennedy.

"Not only one, but *the* one," replied Denison, with obvious pride.

Haughton was a young man who had come recently into his fortune, and he had cut quite a figure in Wall Street.

"You know, I suppose," added Denison, "that he is engaged to Félicie Wood, the daughter of Mrs. Courtney Wood?"

Kennedy did not, but said nothing.

"A most delightful little girl," continued Denison thoughtfully. "I have known Mrs. Wood for some time. She wanted to invest, but I told her frankly that this is, after all, a speculation. We may not be able to swing so big a proposition, but, if not, no one can say we have taken a dollar of money from widows and orphans."

"I should like to see the works," nodded Kennedy approvingly.

"By all means."

The plant was a row of long, low buildings of brick on the outskirts of the city, once devoted to the making of vanadium steel. The ore, as Denison explained, was brought to Pittsburgh because he had found here, all ready, a factory which could readily be turned into a plant for the extraction of radium.

"This must be like extracting gold from sea water," remarked Kennedy jocosely, impressed by the size of the plant.

"Except that, after we get through, we have something infinitely more precious than gold," replied Denison, "something which warrants the trouble and outlay. Yes, the fact is that the percentage of radium in all such ores is even less than that of gold in sea water."

"Everything seems to be most carefully guarded," remarked Kennedy, as we concluded our tour of the works.

He had gone over everything in silence, and now we had returned to the safe.

"Yes," he repeated slowly, as if confirming his original impression, "such an amount of radium as was stolen wouldn't occasion immediate discomfort to the thief, I suppose, but, later, no infernal machine could be more dangerous to him."

I pictured to myself the series of fearful works of mischief and terror that might follow—a curse on the thief worse than that of the weirdest curses of the Orient, the danger to the innocent, and the fact that it was an instrument for committing crimes that might defy detection.

"There is nothing more to do here now,"

he concluded. "I can see nothing for the present except to go back to New York. The telltale burn may not be the only clue, but if the thief is going to profit by his spoils, we shall hear about it best in New York, or by cable from abroad."

Our hurried departure from New York had not given us a chance to visit the offices of the Radium Corporation for the distribution of the salts themselves. They were in a little old office-building on William Street, scarcely a moment's walk from the financial district.

"Our head bookkeeper, Miss Wallace, is ill," remarked Denison, when we arrived at the office, "but if there is anything I can do to help you, I shall be glad to do it. We depend on Miss Wallace a great deal."

Kennedy looked about the well-appointed suite curiously.

"Is this another of those radium-safes?" he asked, approaching one similar in appearance to that which had been broken open already.

"Yes, only a little larger."

"How much is in it?"

"Most of our supply. I should say about two and a half grams."

"It is of the same construction, I presume," pursued Kennedy. "I wonder whether the lead lining fits closely to the steel?"

"I think not," considered Denison. "As I remember, there is a sort of insulating air cushion or something of the sort."

He was quite eager to show us about. In fact, ever since he had hustled us out to the scene of the robbery, his high, nervous tension had given us scarcely a moment's rest. He was one of those nervous, active little men, a born salesman, whether of ribbons or of radium.

"We have just gone into furnishing radium water," he went on, bustling about and patting a little glass tank.

I looked closely and could see that the water glowed in the dark.

"The apparatus for the treatment," he continued, "consists of two glass-and-porcelain receptacles. Inside the larger receptacle is placed the smaller, which contains a tiny quantity of radium. Into the larger receptacle is poured about a gallon of filtered water. The emanation from that little speck of radium is powerful enough to penetrate its porcelain holder and charge the water with its curative

properties. From a tap at the bottom of the tank, the patient draws the number of glasses of water a day prescribed. For such purposes the emanation, within a day or two of being collected, is as good as radium itself. Why, this water is five thousand times as radioactive as the most radioactive natural spring water."

"You must have control of a comparatively large amount of the metal," suggested Kennedy.

"We are, I believe, the largest holders of radium in the world," he answered. "I have estimated that, all told, there are not much more than ten grams, of which Madame Curie has perhaps three, while Sir Ernest Cassel, of London, is the holder of perhaps as much. We have nearly four grams."

Kennedy nodded and continued to look about.

"The Radium Corporation," went on Denison, "has several large deposits of radioactive ore in Utah, in what is known as the Poor Little Rich Valley, a valley so named because from being about the barrenest and most unproductive mineral or agricultural hole in the hills, the sudden discovery of the radioactive deposits has made it almost priceless."

He had entered a private office and was looking over some mail.

"Look at this," he called, picking up a clipping from a newspaper which had been laid there for his attention. "You see, we have them aroused."

We read the clipping together hastily:

PLAN TO CAPTURE WORLD'S RADIUM

London—Plans are being matured to form a large corporation for the monopoly of the existing and future supply of radium throughout the world. The company is to be called Universal Radium, Limited, and the capital of ten million dollars will be offered for public subscription at par simultaneously in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and New York.

The company's business will be to acquire mines and deposits of radioactive substances as well as the control of patents and processes connected with the production of radium. The outspoken purpose of the new company is to obtain a world-wide monopoly and maintain the price.

"Ah—a competitor," commented Kennedy, handing back the clipping.

"Yes. You know radium salts used always to come from Europe. Now we are getting ready to do some exporting ourselves. Say," he added excitedly, "there's an idea, possibly, in that."

"How?" queried Craig.

"Why, since we should be the principal competitors of the Austrian mines, greater than the mines of Cornwall, why couldn't this robbery have been due to the machinations of these schemers? Why, to my mind, the United States will have to be reckoned with, first, in cornering the market. This is the point, Kennedy: Would those people who seem to be trying to extend their new company all over the world stop at anything in order to cripple us at the start?"

How much longer Denison would have rattled on in his effort to explain the rob-



"Where can I find Halsey Haughton at this hour?" I asked. "Say!" exclaimed one of the men. "what's the matter?"

bery, I do not know. The telephone-bell rang, and a reporter from the *Record*, who had just read my own story in the *Star*, asked for an interview. I knew that it would be only a question of minutes, now, before the other men were wearing a path out on the stairs, and we managed to get away before the onrush began.

"Walter," said Kennedy, as soon as we had reached the street. "I want to get in touch with Halsey Haughton. How can I?"

I could think of nothing better at that moment than to inquire at the *Star's* Wall Street office, which happened to be around the corner. I knew the men down there intimately, and a few minutes later we were in the office.

They were as glad to see me as I was to see them, for the story of the robbery had interested the financial district perhaps more than any other.

"Where can I find Halsey Haughton at this hour?" I asked.

"Say!" exclaimed one of the men, "what's the matter? There have been all kinds of rumors in the Street about him, to-day. Did you know he was ill?"

"No," I answered. "Where is he?"

"Out at the home of his *fiancée*, at Glenclair."

"What's the matter?" I persisted.

"That's just it. No one seems to know. They say—well—they say he has a cancer."

Halsey Haughton suffering from cancer! It was such an uncommon thing to hear of in a young man that I looked up quickly in surprise. Then all at once it flashed over me that Denison and Kennedy had discussed the matter of burns from the stolen radium. Might not this be, instead of cancer, a radium burn?

Kennedy signaled to me with a quick glance not to say too much, and a few minutes later we were bound for the pretty little New Jersey suburb of Glenclair.

It was late when we arrived, yet Kennedy had no hesitation in calling at the quaint home of Mrs. Courtney Wood, on Woodridge Avenue.

Mrs. Wood, a well-set-up woman of middle age, who had retained her youth and good looks in a remarkable manner, met us in the hall. Briefly, Kennedy explained that we had just come in from Pittsburgh with Mr. Denison, and that it was very important that we should see Haughton at once.

We had hardly told her the object of our visit when a young woman of perhaps twenty-two or -three, a very pretty girl, with all the good looks of her mother and a freshness which only youth can possess, tiptoed quietly down-stairs. Her face told plainly that she was deeply worried over the illness of her *fiancé*.

"Who is it, mother?" she whispered, from the turn of the stairs. "Hartley's door was open when the bell rang, and he thought he heard something said about the Pittsburgh affair."

Though she had whispered, it had not been for the purpose of concealing anything from us, but rather that the keen ears of her patient might not catch the words. She cast an inquiring glance at us.

"Yes," responded Kennedy, in answer to her look, modulating his tone. "We have just left Mr. Denison at the office. Might we see Mr. Haughton for a minute?"

The two women appeared to consult for a moment.

"Félicie," called a rather nervous voice from the second floor, "is it some one from the company?"

"Just a moment, Hartley," she answered, then, lower to her mother, added, "I don't think it can do any harm."

"You remember the doctor's orders, my dear." Again the voice called her.

"Hang the doctor's orders!" the girl exclaimed, with an air of masculinity. "It can't be half so bad as to have him worry. Will you promise not to stay long? We expect Doctor Bryant in a few moments."

We followed her up-stairs and into Haughton's room, where he was lying in bed, propped up by pillows. Haughton certainly was ill. There was no mistake about that. He was a tall, gaunt man, with an air about him that showed that he found illness very irksome. Around his neck was a bandage, and some adhesive tape at the back showed that a plaster of some sort had been placed there.

As we entered, his eyes traveled restlessly from the face of the girl to our own in an inquiring manner. He stretched out a nervous hand to us, while Kennedy explained how we had become associated with the case and what we had seen already.

"And there is not a clue?" he repeated, as Craig finished.

"Nothing tangible yet," reiterated Kennedy. "I suppose you have heard of this

rumor from London of a trust that is going into the radium field internationally?"

"Yes," he answered, "that is the thing you read to me in the morning papers, you remember, Félicie. Denison and I have heard such rumors before. If it is a fight, then we shall give them a fight. They can't hold us up, if Denison is right in thinking that they are at the bottom of this—this robbery."

"Then you think he may be right?"

Haughton glanced nervously from Kennedy to me.

"Really," he answered, "you see how impossible it is for me to have an opinion? You and Denison have been over the ground. You know much more about it than I do."

Again we heard the bell down-stairs, and a moment later a cheery voice, as Mrs. Wood met some one down in the hall, asked, "How is the patient to-night?"

We could not catch the reply.

"Doctor Bryant, my physician," put in Haughton. "Don't go. Hello, Doctor! Why, I'm much the same to-night, thank you."

Doctor Bryant was a bluff, hearty man, with the personal magnetism which goes with the making of a successful physician. He had mounted the stairs quietly but rapidly, evidently prepared to see us.

"Would you mind waiting in this little dressing-room?" asked the doctor, motioning to another, smaller room adjoining.

He had taken from his pocket a little instrument with a dial-face like a watch, which he attached to Haughton's wrist.

"A pocket instrument to measure blood pressure," whispered Craig, as we entered the little room.

While the others were gathered about Haughton, we stood in the next room, out of ear-shot. Kennedy had leaned his elbow on a chiffonier. As he looked about the little room, more from force of habit than because he thought he might discover anything, Kennedy's eye rested on a glass



The two women appeared to consult for a moment

tray, on the top, in which lay some pins, a collar button or two which Haughton had apparently just taken off, and several other little, unimportant articles.

Kennedy bent over to look at the glass tray more closely; a puzzled look crossed his face, and he gathered up the tray and its contents.

"Keep up a good courage," said Doctor Bryant. "You'll come out all right, Haughton." Then, as he left the bedroom, he added to us, "Gentlemen, I hope you will pardon me, but if you could postpone the remainder of your visit until a later day, I am sure you will find it more satisfactory."

There was an air of finality about the doctor, though nothing unpleasant in it.

We followed him down the stairs, and, as we did so, Félicie, who had been waiting in a reception-room, appeared before the portières.

"Doctor Bryant," she appealed, "is he—is he really—so badly?"

The doctor reached down and took one of her hands. "Don't worry, little girl," he encouraged. "We are going to come out all right—all right."

She turned from him to us and, with a bright, forced smile which showed the stuff she was made of, bade us good-night.

Outside, the doctor, apparently relenting that he had virtually forced us out, paused before his car. "Are you going down toward the station? Yes? I should be glad to drive you there."

Kennedy climbed into the front seat, leaving me in the rear, where the wind wafted me their conversation.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked Craig.

"Very high blood pressure, for one thing."

"For which the latest thing is the radium-water cure, I suppose?" ventured Kennedy.

"Well, radioactive water is one cure for hardening of the arteries. But I didn't say he had hardening of the arteries. Still, he is taking the water with good results. You are from the company?"

Kennedy nodded.

"It was the radium water that first interested him in it. Why, we found a pressure of two hundred and thirty millimeters of mercury, which is frightful, and we have brought it down to a hundred and fifty—not far from normal."

"Still, that could have nothing to do with the sore on his neck," hazarded Kennedy. The doctor looked at him quickly, then ahead at the path of light which his motor shed on the road.

He said nothing, but I fancied that even he felt there was something strange in his silence over the new complication. He did not give Kennedy a chance to ask whether there were any other such sores.

"At any rate," he said, as he throttled down his engine before the Glenclair station, "that girl needn't worry."

There was evidently no use in trying to extract anything further from him. We thanked him and turned to the ticket window to see how long we should have to wait.

"Either that doctor doesn't know what

he is talking about, or he is concealing something," remarked Craig, as we paced up and down the platform. "I am inclined to read the enigma in the latter way."

Nothing more passed between us during the journey back, and we hurried directly to the laboratory, late as it was. Kennedy had evidently been revolving something over and over in his mind, for the moment he had switched on the light, he unlocked one of his cabinets and took from it an instrument, placing it on a table before him.

It was a peculiar-looking instrument, like a round, glass electric battery with a cylinder atop, smaller and sticking up like a safety-valve. On that was an arm, a dial, and a lens fixed in such a way as to read the dial. I could not see what else the rather complicated little apparatus consisted of, but inside, when Kennedy brought near it the pole of a static electrical machine, two delicate thin leaves of gold seemed to fly wide apart.

Kennedy had brought the glass tray near the thing. Instantly the leaves collapsed, and he made a reading through the lens.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A radioscope," he replied, still observing the scale. "Really a very sensitive gold-leaf electroscope, devised by one of the students of Madame Curie. This method of detection is far more sensitive even than the spectroscope."

"What does it mean when the leaves collapse?" I asked.

"Radium has been near that tray," he answered. "It is radioactive. I suspected it first when I saw that violet color. That is what radium does to that kind of glass. You see, if radium exists in a gram of inactive matter only to the extent of one in ten thousand million parts, its presence can readily be detected by this radioscope. Ordinarily the air between the gold leaves is insulating. Bringing something radioactive near them renders the air a good conductor, and the leaves fall."

"Wonderful," I exclaimed, marveling at the delicacy of it.

"Take radium water," he went on, "sufficiently impregnated with radium emanations to be luminous in the dark, like that water of Denison's. It would do the same. In fact, all mineral waters and the so-called curative muds, like fango, are slightly radioactive. There seems to be a little radium everywhere on earth. We are sur-

rounded and permeated by radiations—that soil out there on the campus, the air of this room, all. But,” he added contemptively, “a lot of radium has been near that tray, and recently.”

“How about that bandage about Haughton’s neck?” I asked suddenly. “Do you think radium could have had anything to do with that?”

“Well, as to burns, there is no particular immediate effect usually, and sometimes even up to two weeks or more, unless the exposure has been long and to a considerable quantity. Of course radium keeps itself always three or four degrees warmer than other things about it constantly. But that isn’t what does the harm. It is continually emitting little corpuscles, traveling from twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand miles a second, and these corpuscles blister and corrode the flesh like quick-moving missiles bombarding it. The gravity of such lesions increases with the purity of the radium. For instance, I have known an exposure of half an hour to a comparatively small quantity through a tube, a box, and the clothes to produce a blister fifteen days later. Curie said he wouldn’t trust himself in a room with a kilogram of it. It would destroy his eyesight, burn off his skin, and kill him eventually.”

He was still fumbling with the glass plate and the various articles on it.

“There’s something very peculiar about all this,” he muttered, almost to himself.

Tired by the quick succession of events of the past two days, I left Kennedy still experimenting in his laboratory and retired, wondering when the real clue was to develop. Who could it have been who bore the telltale burn? Was the mark hidden by the bandage about Haughton’s neck the brand of the stolen tubes?

No answer came to me, and I fell asleep and woke up without a radiation of light on the subject. Kennedy spent the greater part of the day still at his laboratory, performing some every delicate experiments. Finding nothing to do there, I went down to the *Star* office and spent my time reading the reports that came in from the small army of reporters who had been assigned to run down clues in the case, which was the sensation of the moment.

One thing which uniformly puzzled the newspapers was the illness of Haughton,

and his enforced idleness at a time which was of so much importance to the company which he had very largely financed. Then, of course, there was the romantic side of his engagement to Félicie Wood. Just what connection Félicie Wood had with the radium robbery, if any, I was myself quite unable to fathom. Still, that made no difference to the papers. She was pretty, and therefore they published her picture, three columns deep—with Haughton and Denison, who were intimately concerned with the real loss, in little ovals perhaps an inch across.

The late-afternoon news-editions had gone to press, and I had given up in despair, determined to go up to the laboratory and sit around idly, watching Kennedy with his mystifying experiments, in preference to waiting for him to summon me.

I had scarcely arrived and settled myself to an impatient watch, when an automobile drove up furiously, and Denison himself, very excited, dashed into the laboratory.

“What’s the matter?” asked Kennedy, looking up from a test-tube which he had been examining.

“I’ve had a threat!” ejaculated Denison.

He laid on one of the laboratory tables a letter, without heading and without signature, written in a disguised hand with an evident attempt to simulate the cramped script of a foreign hand.

I know who did the Pittsburgh job. The same party is out to ruin Federal Radium. Remember Pittsburgh, and be prepared!

A STOCKHOLDER.

“Well?” demanded Kennedy.

“That can have only one meaning,” asserted Denison.

“What is that?” inquired Kennedy.

“Why, another robbery—here in New York, of course.”

“But who would do it?” I asked.

“Who?” repeated Denison, “Some one representing that European combine, of course. That is only part of the trust’s method—ruin of competitors whom they cannot absorb.”

“Then you have refused to go into the combine? You know who is backing it?”

“N-no,” admitted Denison reluctantly.

“We have only signified our intent to go it alone, as often as anyone has offered to buy us out. No; I do not even know who the people are. They never act in the open.



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

Kennedy extended an accusing forefinger at the man cowering before



him. "This is nothing but a get-rich-quick scheme, Denison"

The Radium Robber

The only hints I have ever received were through perfectly reputable brokers."

"Does Haughton know of this note?" asked Kennedy.

"Yes; I called him up."

"What did he say?"

"He said to disregard it. But—you know what condition he is in. I don't know what to do, whether to surround the office by a squad of detectives or remove the radium to a regular safety-deposit vault, even at the loss of the emanation. Haughton has left it to me."

Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that perhaps Haughton could act in this disinterested fashion because he had no fear of ruin, either way. Might he not be playing a game with the combination in which he had protected himself, so that he would win, no matter what happened?

"What shall I do?" asked Denison.

"Neither," decided Kennedy.

Denison shook his head. "No," he said; "I shall have some one watch there, anyhow."

Denison had scarcely gone to arrange for some one to watch the office that night, when Kennedy, having gathered up his radioscope and packed into a parcel a few other things from various cabinets, announced: "Walter, I must see that Miss Wallace right away. Denison has already given me her address. Call a cab while I finish clearing up here. I don't like the looks of this thing."

We found Miss Wallace at a modest boarding-house in an old but still respectable part of the city. She was a very pretty girl, of the slender type, rather a business woman than one given much to amusement. She had been ill and was still ill. That was evident from the solicitous way in which the motherly landlady scrutinized two strange callers.

Kennedy presented a card from Denison, and the girl came down to see us.

"Miss Wallace," began Kennedy, "I know it is almost cruel to trouble you when you are not feeling like office-work, but, since the robbery of the safe at Pittsburgh, there have been threats of a robbery of the New York office."

She started involuntarily.

"Oh," she cried, "why, the loss means ruin to Mr. Denison."

There were genuine tears in her eyes.

"I thought you would be willing to aid

us," pursued Kennedy sympathetically.

"Now, for one thing, I want to be perfectly sure just how much radium the corporation owns, or rather owned before the robbery."

"The books will show it," she said.

"They will," commented Kennedy.

"Then, if you will explain to me briefly just the system you used in keeping account of it, perhaps I need not trouble you any more."

"I'll go down there with you," she answered bravely. "I'm better to-day."

She had risen, but it was evident that she was not as strong as she wished us to think.

"The least I can do is to make it as easy as possible by going in a car," remarked Kennedy, following her into the hall where there was a telephone.

The hallway was perfectly dark, yet, as she preceded us, I could see that the diamond pin which held her collar in the back sparkled as if a lighted candle had been brought near it. I had noticed in the parlor that she wore a handsome tortoise-shell comb set with what I thought were other brilliants, but when I looked I saw, now, that there was not the same sparkle to the comb which held her dark hair in a soft mass. I noticed these little things at the time, not because I thought they had any importance, but merely by chance, wondering at the sparkle of the one diamond which had caught my eye.

"What do you make of her?" I asked, as Kennedy finished telephoning.

"A very charming and capable girl," he answered non-committally.

"Did you notice how that diamond in her neck sparkled?" I asked quickly.

He nodded.

"What makes it?" I pursued.

"Well, you know radium rays will make a diamond fluoresce in the dark."

"Yes," I objected, "but how about those in the comb?"

"Paste, probably," he answered tersely, as we heard the girl's foot on the landing.

"The rays won't affect paste."

It was indeed a shame to take advantage of Miss Wallace's loyalty to Denison, but she was so game about it that I knew that only the utmost necessity on Kennedy's part would have prompted him to do it. She had a key to the office, so that it was not necessary to wait for Denison.

Together, she and Kennedy went over the records. It seemed that there were

in the safe twenty-five platinum tubes of one hundred milligrams each, and that there had been twelve of the same amount in Pittsburgh. Little as it seemed in weight, it represented a fabulous fortune.

"You have not the combination?" inquired Kennedy.

"No. Only Mr. Denison has that. What are you going to do to protect the safe to-night?" she asked.

"I have a plan," said Kennedy, watching her intently. "Miss Wallace, it was too much to ask you to come down here. You are ill."

She was indeed quite pale, as if the excitement had overtaxed her strength.

"No indeed," she persisted. Then, feeling her own weakness, she moved toward the door of Denison's office, where there was a leather couch. "Let me rest here a moment. I do feel queer. I——"

She would have fallen if he had not sprung forward and caught her.

Together we carried her in on the couch, and, as we did so, the comb from her hair clattered to the floor.

Craig threw open the window, and bathed her face with water until there was a faint flutter of the eyelids.

"Walter," he said, as she began to revive, "I leave her to you. Keep her quiet for a few moments. She has unintentionally given me just the opportunity I want."

While she was yet hovering between consciousness and unconsciousness on the couch, he had unwrapped the package which he had brought with him. For a moment he held the comb which she had dropped near the radioscope. With a low exclamation of surprise, he shoved it into his pocket.

Then from the package he drew a heavy piece of apparatus, which looked as if it might be the motor part of an electric fan, only, in place of the fan, he fitted a long, slim, vicious-looking steel bit. A flexible wire attached the thing to the electric-light circuit, and I knew that it was an electric drill. With his coat off, he tugged at the little radium safe until he had moved it out, then dropped on his knees behind it and switched the current on in the electric drill. It was a tedious process to drill through the steel of the outer casing of the safe, and it was getting late. I shut the door so that Miss Wallace could not see.

At last, by the cessation of the low hum of the boring, I knew that he had struck the inner lead lining. Quietly I opened the door and stepped out. Craig was injecting something from a hermetically sealed lead tube into the opening he had made and allowing it to run between the two linings of lead and steel. Then, using the tube itself, he sealed the opening he had made and dabbed a little black over it.

Quickly he shoved the safe back; then around it concealed several small coils with wires, also concealed and leading out through a window to a court.

"We'll catch the fellow this time," he remarked, as he worked. "If you ever have any idea, Walter, of going into the burglary business, it would be well to ascertain if the safes have any of these little selenium cells as suggested by my friend, Mr. Hammer, the inventor. For, by them, an alarm can be given miles away the moment an intruder's bull's-eye falls on a hidden cell sensitive to light."

While I was delegated to take Miss Wallace home, Kennedy made arrangements with a small shopkeeper on the ground floor of a building that backed up on the court for the use of his back room that night, and had already set up a bell, actuated by a system of relays which the weak current from the selenium cells could operate.

It was not until nearly midnight that he was ready to leave the laboratory again, where he had been busily engaged in studying the tortoise-shell comb which Miss Wallace, in her weakness, had forgotten.

The little shopkeeper let us in sleepily, and Kennedy deposited a large round package on a chair in the back of the shop, as well as a long piece of rubber tubing. Nothing had happened so far.

As we waited, the shopkeeper, now wide awake and not at all unconvinced that we were bent on some criminal operation, hung around. Kennedy did not seem to care. He drew from his pocket a little shiny brass instrument in a lead case, which looked like an abbreviated microscope.

"Look through it," he said, handing it to me. I looked and could see thousands of minute sparks.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A spintharoscope. In that, it is possible to watch the bombardment of the countless little corpuscles thrown off by

radium as they strike on the zinc-blende crystal which forms the base. When radium was originally discovered, the interest was merely in its curious properties—its power to emit invisible rays which penetrated solid substances and rendered things fluorescent, of expending energy without apparent loss.

"Then came the discovery," he went on, "of its curative powers. But the first results were not convincing. Still, now that we know the reasons why radium may be dangerous and how to protect against them, we know we possess one of the most wonderful curative agencies."

I was thinking rather of the dangers than of the beneficence of radium just now, but Kennedy continued.

"It has cured many malignant growths that seemed hopeless, brought back destroyed cells, exercised good effects in diseases of the liver and intestines, and even the baffling diseases of the arteries. The reason why harm, at first, as well as good, came, is now understood. Radium emits, as I told you before, three kinds of rays, the alpha, beta, and gamma rays, each with different properties. The emanation is another matter. It does not concern us in this case, as you will see."

I began to see that he was gradually arriving at an explanation which had baffled everyone else.

"Now, the alpha rays are the shortest," he launched forth, "in length, let us say, one inch. They exert a very destructive effect on healthy tissue. That is the cause of injury. They are stopped by glass, aluminium, and other metals, and are really particles charged with positive electricity. The beta rays come next, say, about an inch and a half. They stimulate cell-growth. Therefore they are dangerous in cancer, though good in other ways. They can be stopped by lead, and are really particles charged with negative electricity. The gamma rays are the longest perhaps three inches long, and it is these rays which effect cures, for they check the abnormal and stimulate the normal cells. They penetrate lead. Lead seems to filter them out from the other rays. And at three inches the other rays don't reach, anyhow. The gamma rays are not charged with electricity at all, apparently."

He had brought a little magnet near the spinthariscopes. I looked into it.

"A magnet," he explained, "shows the difference between the alpha, beta, and gamma rays. You see those weak and wobbly rays that seem to fall to one side? Those are the alpha rays. They have a strong action, though, on tissues and cells. Those falling in the other direction are the beta rays. The gamma rays seem to flow straight."

"Then it is the alpha rays with which we are concerned mostly, now?" I queried, looking up.

"Exactly. That is why, when radium is unprotected or insufficiently protected and comes too near, it is destructive of healthy cells, produces burns, sores, which are most difficult to heal. It is with the explanation of such sores that we must deal."

It was growing late. We waited patiently, now, for some time. Kennedy had evidently reserved this explanation, knowing we should have to wait. Still, nothing happened.

Added to the mystery of the violet-colored glass plate was now that of the luminescent diamond. I was about to ask Kennedy point-blank what he thought of them, when suddenly the little bell before us began to buzz feebly under the influence of a current.

I gave a start. The faithful little selenium-cell burglar-alarm had done the trick. I knew that selenium was a good conductor of electricity in the light, poor in the dark. Some one had, therefore, flashed a light on one of the cells in the corporation office. It was the moment for which Kennedy had prepared.

Seizing the round package and the tubing, he dashed out on the street and around the corner. He tried the door opening into the Radium Corporation hallway. It was closed, but unlocked. As it yielded and we stumbled in, up the old worn wooden stairs of the building, I knew that there must be some one there.

A terrific, penetrating, almost stunning odor seemed to permeate the air, even in the hall.

Kennedy paused at the door of the office, tried it, found it unlocked, but did not open it.

"That smell is ethyl dichloracetate," he explained. "That was what I injected into the air cushions of that safe, between the two linings. I suppose my man, here, used an electric drill. He might have used thermit

or an oxyacetylene blowpipe for all I would care. These fumes would discourage a cracksmen from 'soup' to 'nuts'" he laughed.

As we stood an instant by the door, I realized what had happened. He had captured our man, who was asphyxiated!

Yet how were we to get to him? To go in ourselves meant to share his fate, whatever might be the effect of the drug.

Kennedy had torn the wrapping off the package. From it he drew a huge globe with bulging windows of glass in the front, and several curious arrangements on it at other points. To it he fitted the rubber tubing and a little pump. Then he placed the globe over his head, like a diver's helmet, and fastened some air-tight rubber arrangement about his neck and shoulders.

"Pump, Walter," he shouted. "This is an oxygen helmet."

Without another word he was gone into the blackness of the noxious stifle which filled the Radium Corporation office since the cracksmen had struck the unexpected pocket of rapidly evaporating stuff.

I pumped furiously.

Inside, I could hear him blundering around. What was he doing?

He was coming back slowly. Was he, too, overcome? As he emerged into the darkness of the hallway where I myself was almost sickened, I saw that he was dragging with him a limp form.

A rush of outside air from the street door seemed to clear things a little. Kennedy tore off the oxygen helmet and dropped down on his knees beside the figure, working its arms in the most approved manner of resuscitation.

"I think we can do it without calling on the pulmotor," he panted. "Walter, the fumes have cleared away enough now in the outside office. Open a window—and keep that street door open, too."

I did so, found the switch, and turned on the lights. It was Denison himself!

For many minutes Kennedy worked over him. I bent down, loosened his collar and shirt, and looked eagerly at his chest for the telltale marks of the radium which I felt sure must be there. There was not even a discoloration.

Not a word was said, as Kennedy brought the stupefied little man around.

Denison, pale, shaken, was leaning back now in a big office-chair, gasping and holding

his head. Kennedy, before him, reached down into his pocket and handed him the spinthariscopes.

"You see that?" he demanded.

Denison looked through the eyepiece.

"Wh-where did you get so much of it?" he asked, a queer look on his face.

"I got that bit of radium from the base of the collar button of Hartley Haughton," replied Kennedy quietly, "a collar button which some one intimate with him had substituted for his own, bringing that deadly radium with only the minutest protection of a thin strip of metal close to the back of his neck, near the spinal cord and the medulla oblongata which controls blood pressure. That collar button was worse than the poisoned rings of the Borgias. And there is more radium in the pretty gift of a tortoise-shell comb with its paste diamonds which Miss Wallace wore in her hair. Only a fraction of an inch, not enough to cut off the deadly alpha rays, protected the wearers of those articles.

"Besides," went on Kennedy remorselessly, "when I went in there to drag you out, I saw the safe open. I looked. There was nothing in those pretty platinum tubes, as I suspected. European trust—bah! All the cheap devices of a faker with a confederate in London to send a cablegram—and another in New York to send a threatening letter!"

Kennedy extended an accusing forefinger at the man cowering before him.

"This is nothing but a get-rich-quick scheme, Denison. There never was a milligram here in all the carefully kept reports of Miss Wallace—except what was bought outside by the corporation with the money it collected from its dupes. Haughton has been fleeced. Miss Wallace, blinded by her loyalty to you—has been fooled.

"And how did you repay it? What was cleverer, you said to yourself, than to seem to be robbed of what you never had, to blame it on a bitter rival who never existed? Then to make assurance doubly sure, you planned to disable, perhaps get rid of the come-on whom you had trimmed, and the faithful girl whose eyes you had blinded to your gigantic swindle.

"Denison," concluded Kennedy, as the man drew back, his very face convicting him, "Denison, you are the radium robber—robber, in another sense!"

A new **Craig Kennedy** story, *The Eugenic Bride*, will appear in the April issue.

Vivisection and Surgery

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I saw deep in the eyes of the animals the human soul look out upon me. I saw where it was born deep down under feathers and fur, or condemned for a while to roam four-footed among the brambles. I caught the clinging, mute glance of the prisoner, and swore that I would be faithful.—Edward Carpenter

A YOUNG medical student said recently: "So many people imagine there is experiment without anesthetics in the laboratories, but there is nothing done save under chloroform. *There used to be, but no longer is.*"

"If any such change in laboratory methods has occurred," was the reply, "it is because agitation has led to investigation; and investigation has revealed such appalling cruelty that a change has been made for fear of public opinion."

All that the anti-vivisection societies can hope to accomplish is free investigation of the methods employed by physicians in this craze for experimentation on animals.

Unquestionably the nervous system of animals is less acutely sensitive than that of human beings, because they do not think about their pains and aches as we do. The study of blooded cats, during years in which those aristocratic feline pets were bred, convinced me of this fact.

Maladies and accidents which would have placed any man or woman in bed, with trained nurses and doctors in attendance, were borne by them with only slight discomfort, and few evidences of pain. This consciousness has alone enabled me to endure the sight of the wrongs of my animal kin, everywhere evident, without becoming a nervous wreck.

Yet, I have seen cats and dogs suffer with almost human intensity.

After it had been asserted frequently that many of the universities experimented needlessly on animals, the New York Anti-Vivisection Society employed detectives, and they took courses at the Rockefeller Institute to ascertain what was being done. Here is some of the testimony:

"I went to the Rockefeller Institute

in November, 1907, and left there June, 1908. I couldn't stand the sight of the sufferings of the animals, and I left because I did not want to work in the operating-room. I took the places of different assistants to the different physicians at different times. I came in one morning about seven-thirty, the usual time; I opened the doors leading to the kennels, and there was a dog that had been operated on the day before for leg-transplantation. He had bitten through his thongs and stitches, and was trying to walk on his three legs, dangling the fourth leg, which had been grafted on, after him. It was a horrible sight, and the dog was in terrible condition. Without waiting to ask anybody, I chloroformed him immediately and when I told Doctor Carrel, he said I had done right."

"Doctor Carrel kept one dog for three weeks or more; the latter part of the time it was down in his room, lying on the floor, where it wasted away to nothing until it died. The dogs would moan and cry like a baby. Sometimes Dr. Carrel would take them off the stretched canvas, where they were tied down immovable, and make an incision in the wound and put in a rubber tube to drain off pus. He would often take hold of the dog's leg and turn and twist the grafted part to see if he could find out whether or not the bones had grown together. This hurt the dog terribly. It was sickening; so much so that I fainted. The dogs began to swell up about three hours after the leg-operation; the swelling always started at the paw, and went all the way up."*

In many of these institutions, a dog will be taken and laid, living, on the dissecting-

*From "Affidavits concerning the Atrocities and Abuses of Vivisection Laboratories." Published by the New York Anti-Vivisection Society.

table, then the nerves will be exposed along the neck and under the skin of the legs, and so on; or the bones of the skull are removed and certain parts of the brain stimulated; and while strapped down in this condition, a sudden injury may be caused by the application of a red-hot iron to a particular part of the brain, and the dog will bark; and then the professor will brutally say to the public, "See how we can make the dog bark by stimulating this particular portion of the brain." Now, if it be of the smallest value to any human being to know that a dog barks when a particular portion of the brain is in action, surely it must have satisfied intellectual curiosity to have proved this once for all; but to do it over and over again, simply to prove what everybody knows, is not only to torture the animal, but to brutalize the conscience and hearts of the young men, who learn to see agony with indifference and curiosity, as they watch the writhings of the tortured brute.

If Mr. John D. Rockefeller and his wife knew the exact facts concerning the experiments made in their institution, they would undoubtedly refuse to countenance such proceedings. But when they are known to be coming, it is stated by those who have worked in this place of horror, everything is cleaned up, and all evidences of the torture-room are hidden to such extent as is possible.

DO ANESTHETICS HELP?

Visitors are told that animals are etherized or chloroformed before being operated upon. But this is not always true; and when it is true it does not prevent suffering. One attendant, who left the institution because he could not endure the sight of so much anguish, saw a dog operated upon, sewn up, and put in the portable animal-house on the roof. Two days later, the dog was still lying there with his entrails hanging from his body. He was alive; his bladder was terribly swollen and no attention was paid to it. The attendant asked why the dog was not put to death; and the reply was that the doctor had not yet finished his experiment.

Was chloroform here used so as to prevent all pain? We know it was impossible.

In June, 1913, Dr. J. E. Sweet, assistant professor of surgical research in the medical department of the University of Pennsyl-

vania, was held in four hundred dollars' bail for court by Magistrate Haggerty, on a charge of cruelty to dogs brought by women prominent in society.

Doctor Sweet was held on the testimony of Miss Henrietta Ford Ogden, who admitted that on every Friday for six months she had crawled through a hole in a fence so that she could gain entrance to the kennels of the university and obtain the evidence which the society is using to stop the alleged abuses.

CRUELTY IN THE LABORATORY

Miss Ogden startled everyone by identifying the back-breaking machine which is used in the laboratories to crush out the lives of dogs. The machine is best described as a diminutive gallows. A heavy iron weight, operated by ropes and pulleys, descends with sufficient force to break the backbone of any animal held beneath it.

"We realize the right of the university to perform necessary experiments on animals; but there is nothing too severe for a person who would devise or use such an apparatus as this," said Magistrate Haggerty.

It is charged in the warrants that the surgeons and university physicians resorted to the inhuman practice of dropping twenty dogs off the roof of the medical laboratory, so as to break the backs of the animals, in order that they might study the functions of the motor and sensory centers in the spinal cord.

Doctor Winslow, one of the world's greatest authorities on mental diseases, delivered an address in Cardiff, Wales, in 1911, in which he said that forty years' study of the treatment of insanity in his official connection with three London hospitals had failed to elicit one single diagnosis or cure for which he had had to thank the vivisectors.

"In my present position, as senior physician to the British Hospital for Mental Disease, none of the medical men associated with it has ever in any way adopted remedial agencies as the result of any vivisection so-called discovery," he said.

The Theosophical Society is strongly opposed to vivisection. And this society is composed of many of the finest and most brilliant minds in the world. This society declares that a civilization which permits such crimes as vivisection and legalizes

them, must vanish and make way for a better one.

THE CRAZE FOR OPERATING

The craze for operating upon human beings, which has been growing so rapidly the last ten years, is an outgrowth of the vivisection mania. When physicians begin to thirst for the sight of blood, and to lose all sense of pity or sympathy in their desire to cut and slash and experiment, they cannot be satisfied with using only dumb creatures as victims. Thousands of young women are rendered barren, in our land, by the needless operations of surgeons. Domestic peace, maternal hopes, and the joy of life are killed in hundreds of homes every year, without the least compunction by the surgeons who have grown mad over the use of the knife. I have recently received a letter from a young woman who is fond of new experiences and of excitement and adventure. She tells me she had been annoyed by occasional pains in the region of the appendix, and suddenly made up her mind she would be operated upon. She was just recovering; and she adds, "The doctors and nurses have not yet decided whether I really needed the operation." The writer of this article was urged by eminent physicians to undergo a horrible mutilating and disfiguring operation three years ago, for a very slight trouble—a trouble which entirely disappeared through simple, natural methods of treatment, with a few violet- and X-ray applications.

We have long known that experiments upon animals may lead the surgeon astray. One of the most noted of American vivisectionists is Dr. Crile. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* of August 30, 1913, reviewing an article by Dr. Crile upon a certain operation, says that there "were two deaths, and these two apparently the most promising cases of all. The prognosis in these cases seemed so favorable, that he ventured to discard the full preliminary operations. In one case, he made no preliminary protective operation of any kind, and the patient died at the end of five weeks. In the other case . . . he did not perform a preliminary tracheotomy. . . . Death was the result of local absorption. . . . *Crile is convinced that had he made a preliminary tracheotomy, or had he allowed the trachea to remain in its bed, the patient would surely have recovered.*"

Comment upon such a confession is unnecessary. "He ventured to discard the full preliminary operations!"

A Woman's Indignation and Protective Association is being talked of, and it ought to be organized at once.

Every physician who advises an operation should be made to put his statement into writing, saying it is the only remedy which can save the patient's life. Should the patient recover without an operation, the physician should forfeit the respect of the public.

THE PHYSICIAN OF THE FUTURE

The physician of the future is one who will teach people how to breathe, how to exercise, how to think, and how to eat and drink; and people so taught will need few medicines and operations. And surgeons will be needed chiefly to remedy accidents or overcome deformities.

In the *New York Medical Journal* for November 11, 1911, is the following, "Of six cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis treated (O'Neill) four treated without serum ended in recovery and two treated with injections of Flexner's serum ended fatally." It is worthy of note that the serum had no "beneficial effect" on Doctors Ashley and Brown, in 1911, both of whom died, although the serum was administered by Doctor Flexner himself.

Here is the opinion of Max Meyer, M. D., "It is then evident that serumtherapy is not alone empirical and dangerous, but also uncertain and erroneous; hence we should *should abandon the path we have been induced to follow, and instead should study vegetable and mineral substances more carefully and thoroughly, because we can weigh, measure, and analyze them perfectly.*"

Here we have the key to the solution of this problem.

Let our medical men who have not yet become obsessed by the devils of animal experimentation, turn their attention to this limitless new field, where the furrows are scarcely broken and where unrevealed marvels lie awaiting discovery. Nature holds in its bosom cures and preventives for every malady invented by man.

He who seeks shall find. Fame shall yet crown with imperishable laurels the really great scientist who will explore this realm, and bring to light its merciful and tender secrets.

Kite-time in Coonville

By E. W. Kemble



I

"Land o' Goodness, but dat's gwine ter scare some culled kid!"



II

"Hol' on! Help! I'se gwine up!"



III

"O Lord, help dis chile!"



IV

"I won't nebber do it no mo'; fo' shuah I won't, Mister Bird."

